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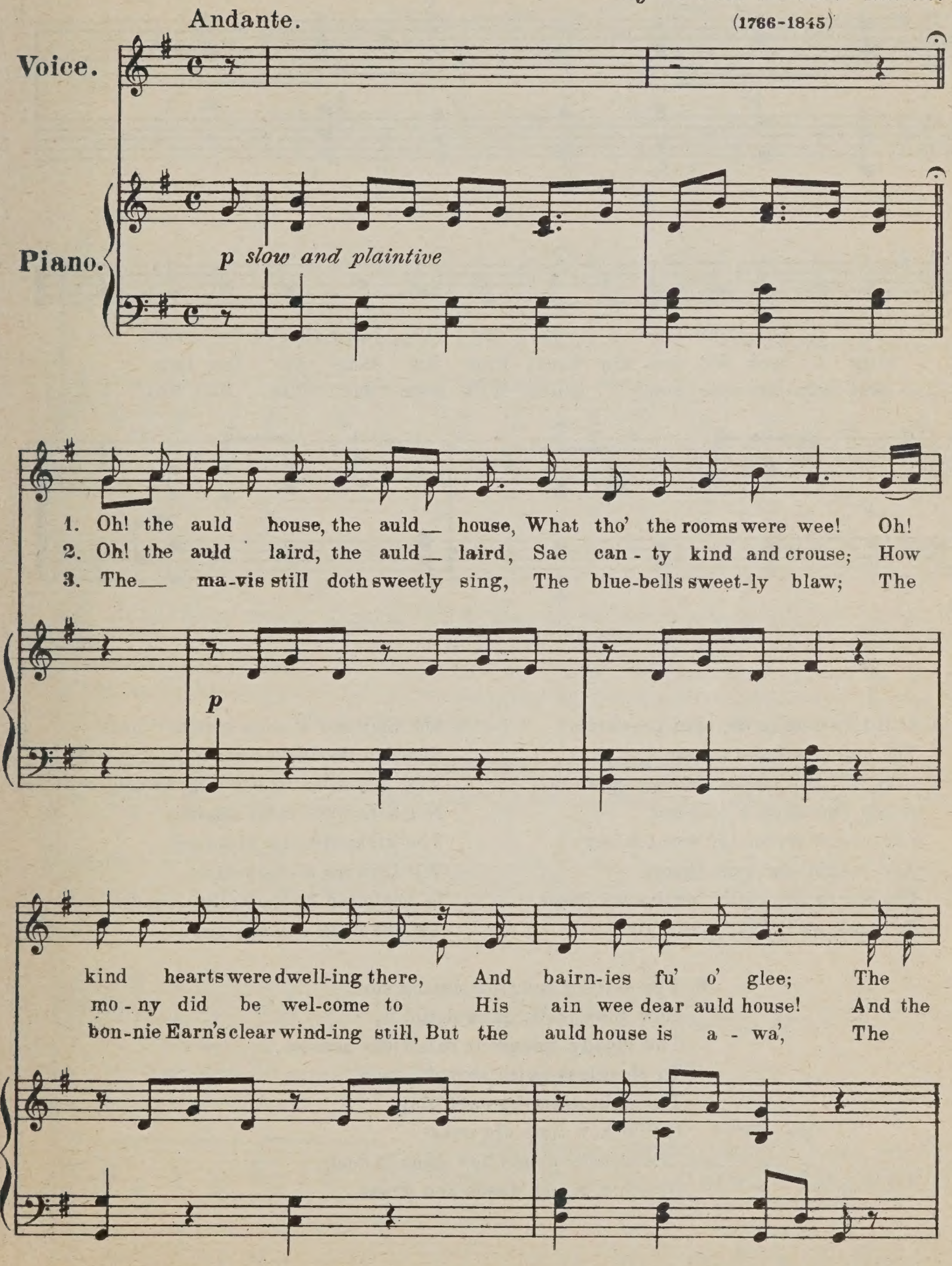
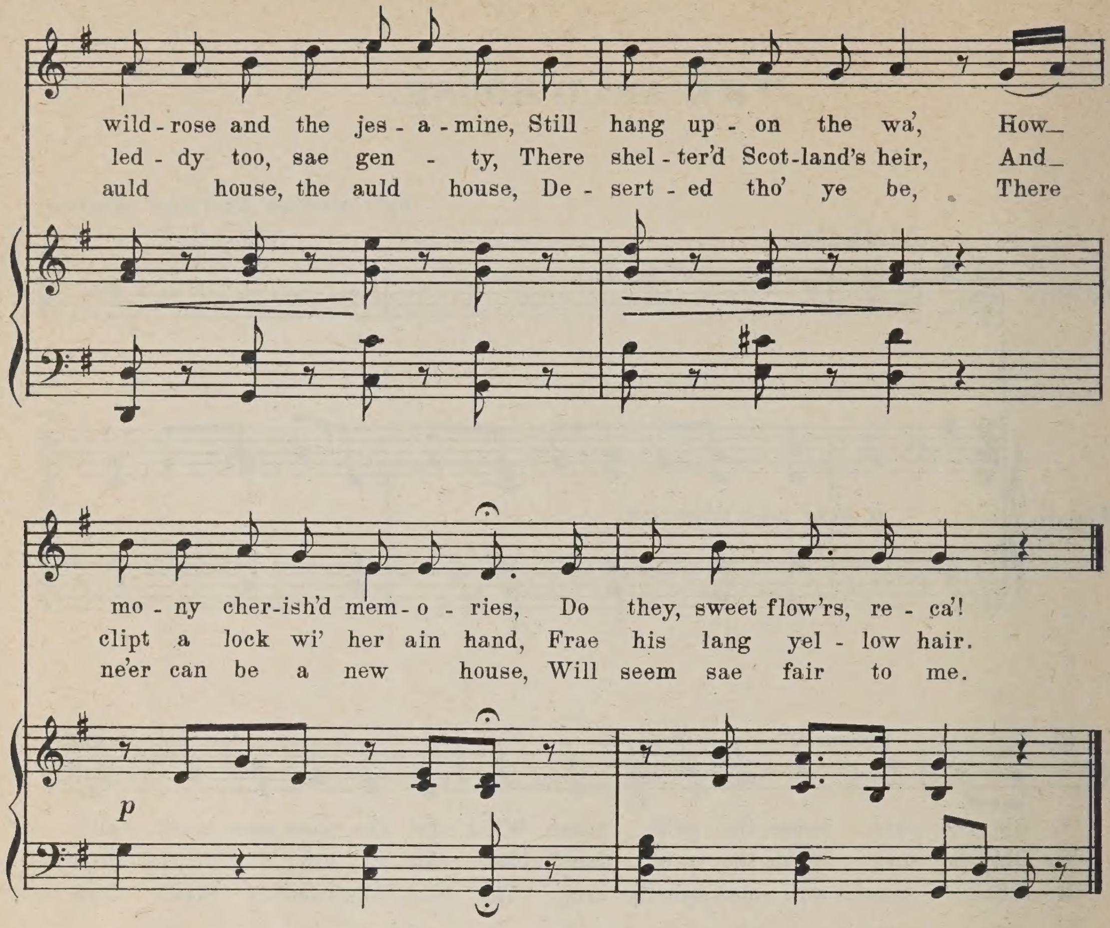
THE AULD HOUSE.

By Caroline Baroness Nairne.
(1766-1845)


Andante.
Voice.
Piano.
p slow and plaintive
1. Oh! the auld house, the auld_ house, What tho' the rooms were wee! Oh!
2. Oh! the auld laird, the auld_ laird, Sae can - ty kind and crouse; How
3. The_ ma-vis still doth sweetly sing, The blue-bells sweet-ly blaw; The
p
kind hearts were dwell-ing there, And bairn-ies fu' o' glee; The
mo - ny did be wel-come to His ain wee dear auld house! And the
bon-nie Earn's clear wind-ing still, But the auld house is a - wa', The


wild-rose and the jes-a-mine, Still hang up-on the wa', How
led-dy too, sae gen-ty, There shel-ter'd Scot-land's heir, And
auld house, the auld house, De-sert-ed tho' ye be, There
mo-ny cher-ish'd mem-o-ries, Do they, sweet flow'rs, re-ca'!
clipt a lock wi' her ain hand, Frae his lang yel-low hair.
ne'er can be a new house, Will seem sae fair to me.
p

4. Still flourishing the auld pear tree,
The bairnies liked to see;
And, Oh! how aften did they spier,
When ripe they a' wad be?
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet,
Aye rinnin' here and there;
The merry shout Oh! whiles we greet,
To think we'll hear nae mair.

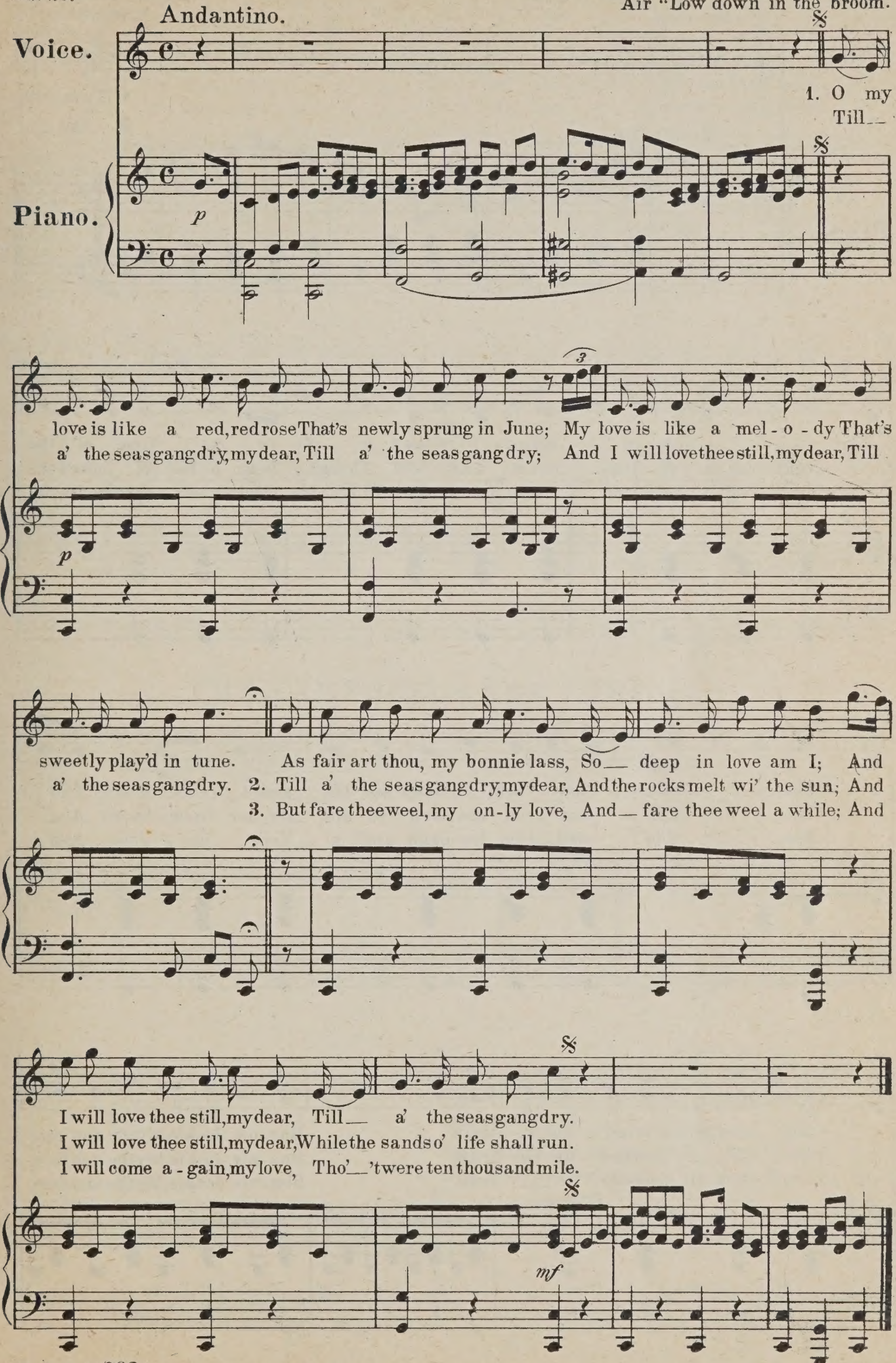
5. For they are a' wide scatter'd noo!
Some to the Indies gane;
And ane alas! to her lang hame;
Not here we'll meet again –
The kirkyard, the kirkyard
Wi' flowers o' every hue;
Is sheltered by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

6. The setting sun, the setting sun!
How glorious it gaed doun!
The cloudy splendour rais'd our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon!
The auld dial, the auld dial!
It told how time did pass:
The wintry winds ha'e dang it doun,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Burns.

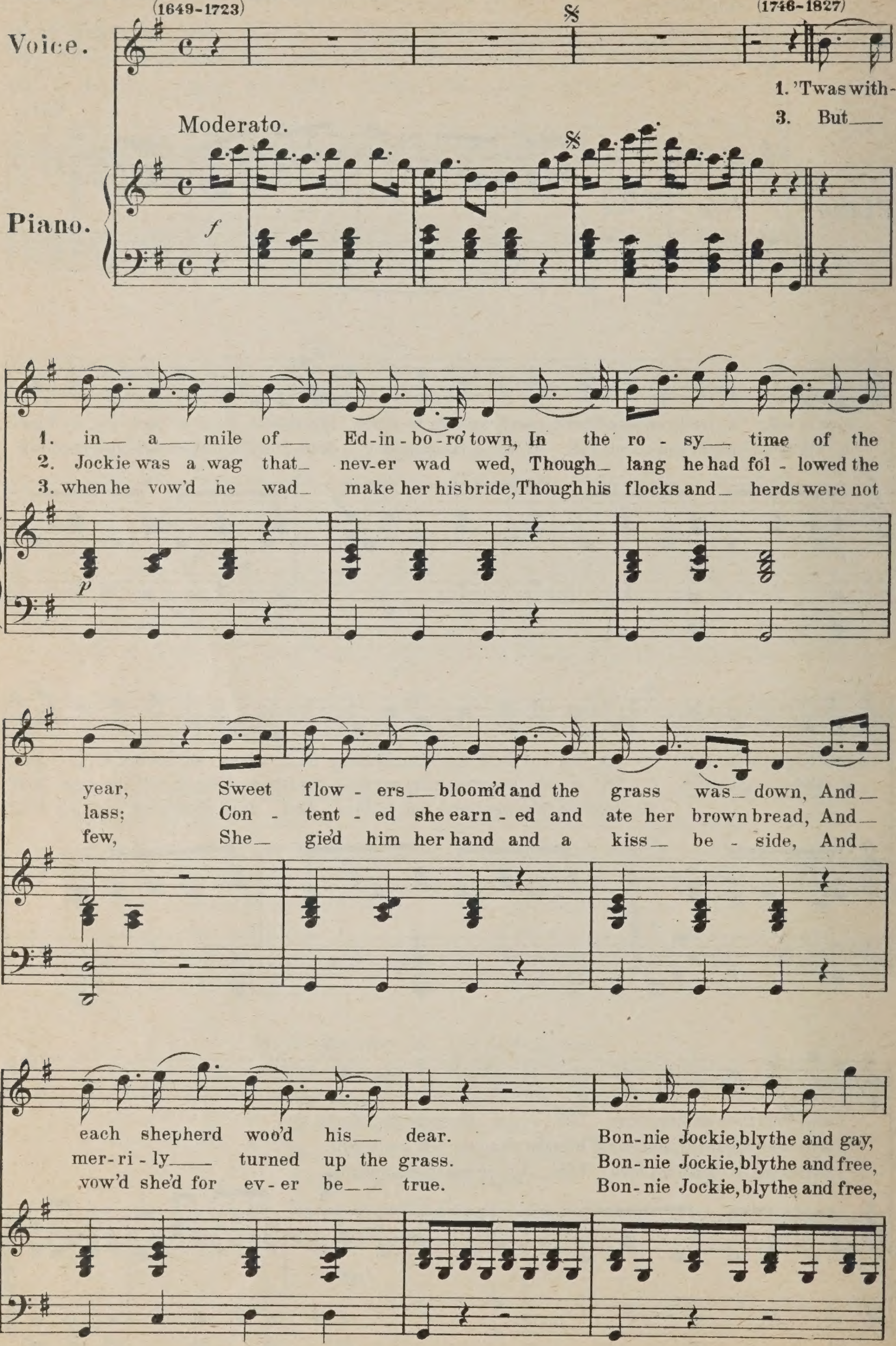
Air "Low down in the broom."

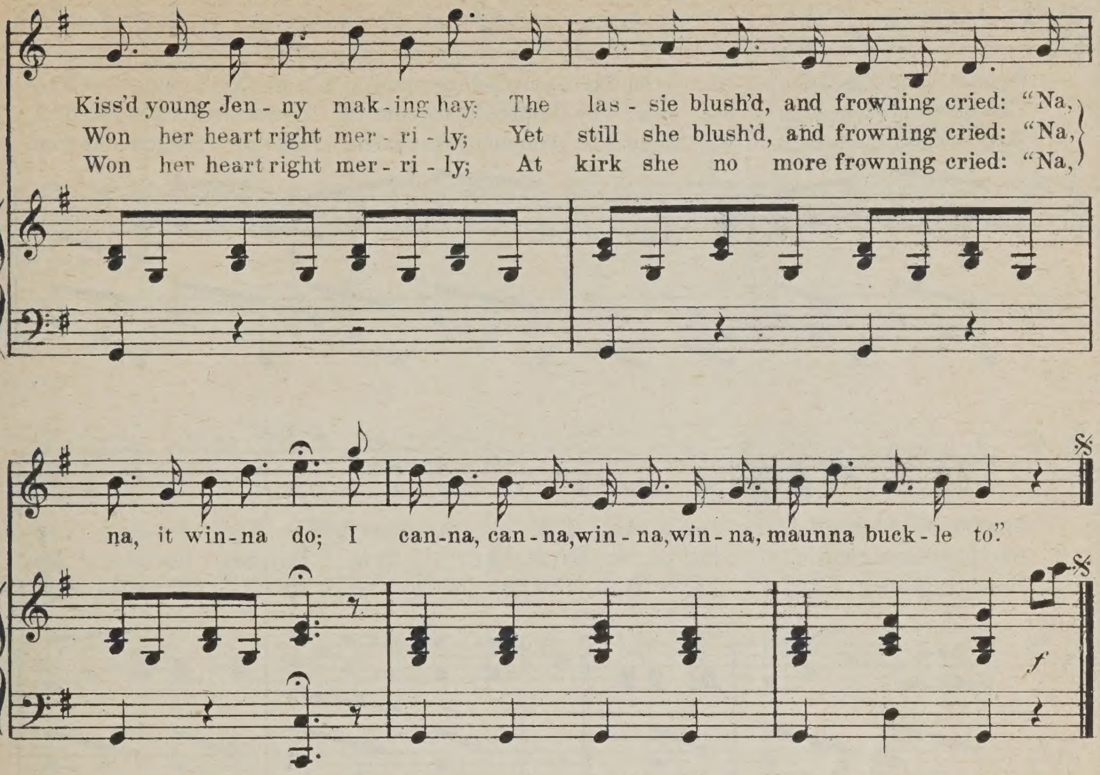

Andantino.
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. O my
Till
love is like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June; My love is like a mel - o - dy That's
a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till
sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in love am I; And
a' the seas gang dry. 2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; And
3. But fare thee weel, my on-ly love, And fare thee weel a while; And
I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.
I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
3
mf

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO' TOWN.

Altered from a poem by Thomas D'Urfey.
(1649-1723)

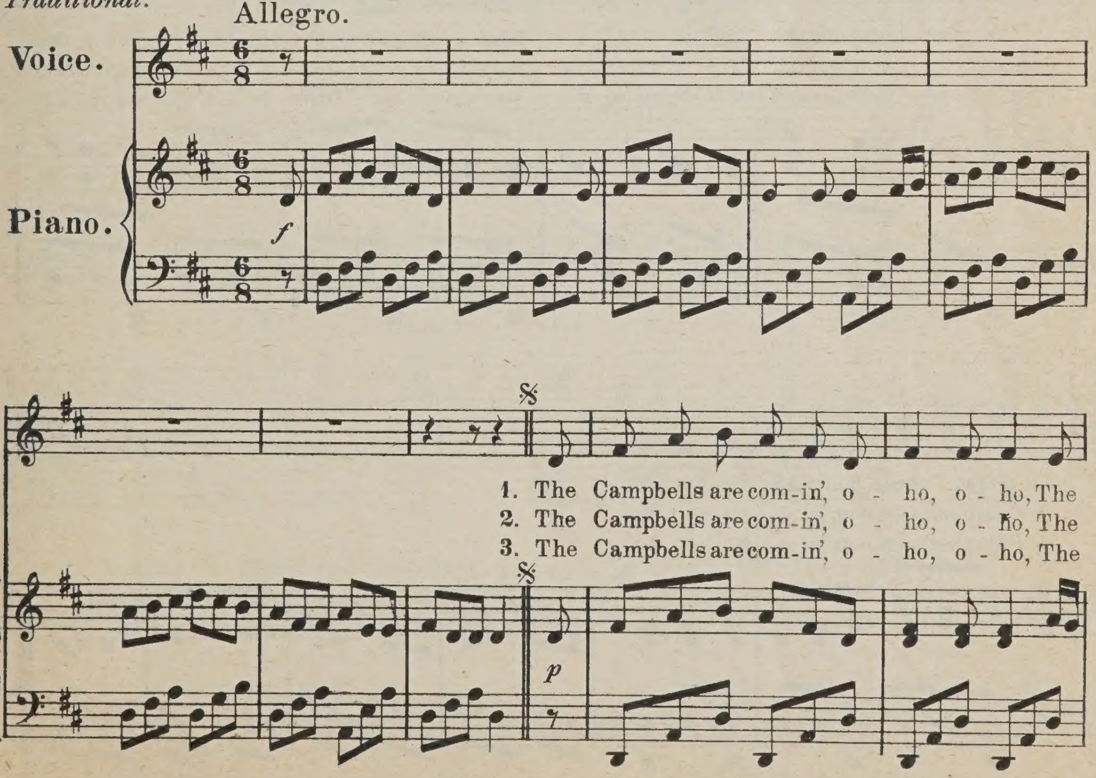
Air by James Hook.
(1746-1827)

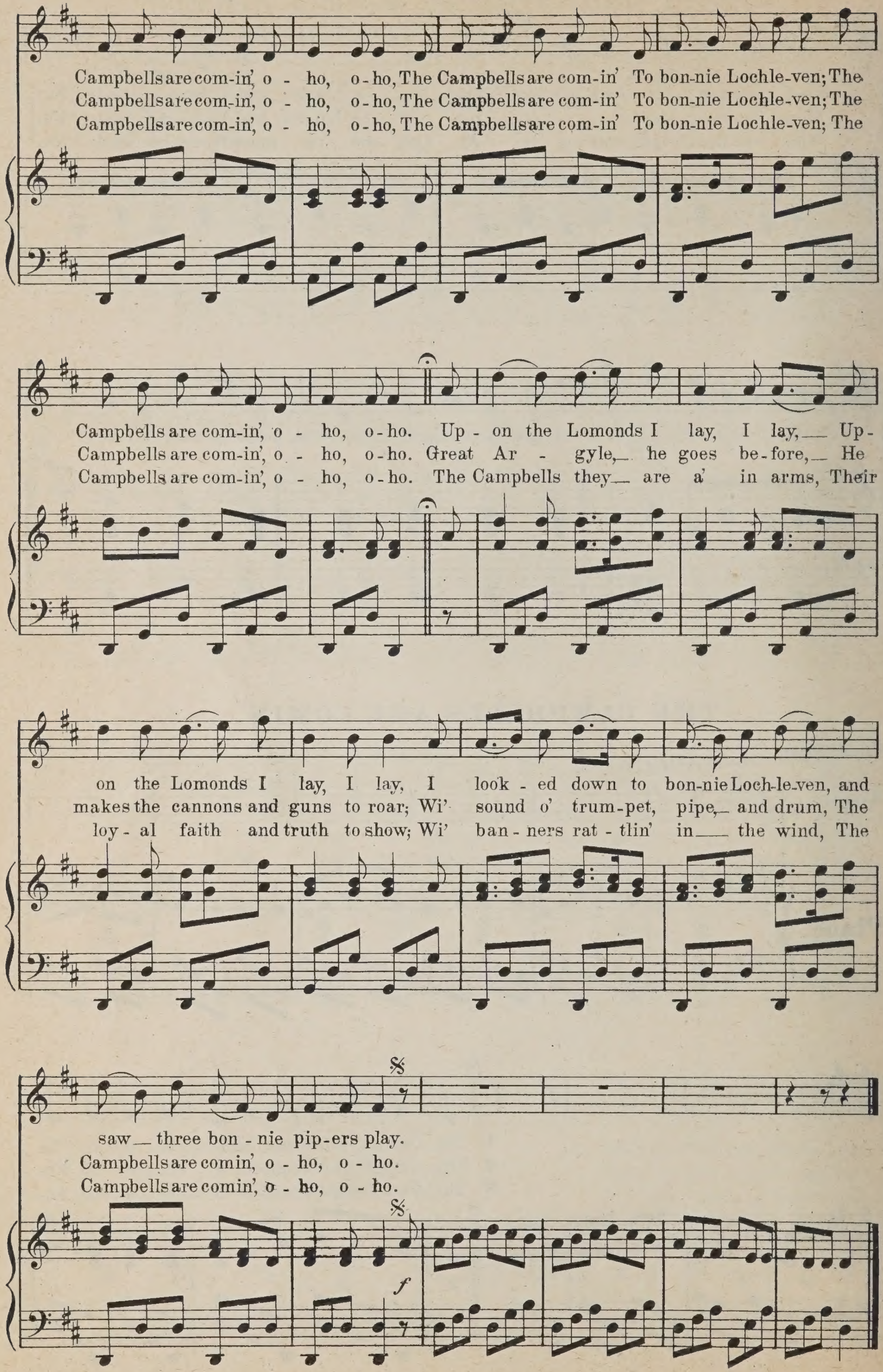

Voice.
Piano.
Moderato.
f
p
1. 'Twas with-
3. But
1. in a mile of Ed-in-bo-ro' town, In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
2. Jockie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol-lowed the lass; Con-tent-ed she earn-ed and ate her brown bread, And mer-ri-ly turned up the grass.
3. when he vow'd he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be-side, And vow'd she'd for ev-er be true.
Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and gay,
Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and free,
Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and free,


Kiss'd young Jen - ny mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na,
Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na,
Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na,
na, it win-na do; I can-na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maunna buck - le to."
f

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

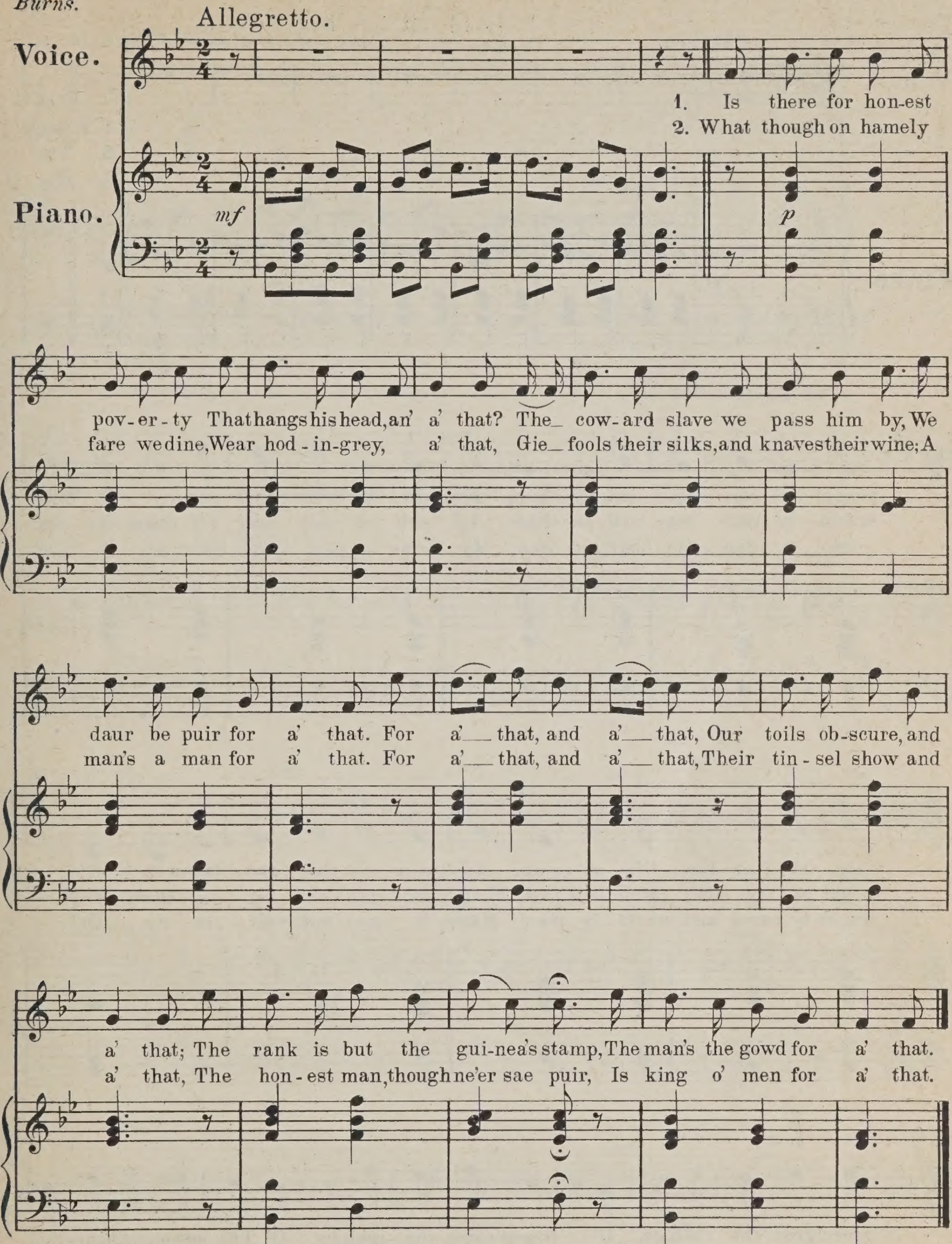
Traditional.


Allegro.
Voice.
Piano.
f
p
1. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The
2. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The
3. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The


Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o-ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lochle-ven; The
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o-ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lochle-ven; The
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o-ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lochle-ven; The
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o-ho. Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o-ho. Great Ar - gyle, he goes be-fore, He
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o-ho. The Campbells they are a' in arms, Their
on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, and
makes the cannons and guns to roar; Wi' sound o' trum-pet, pipe, and drum, The
loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tlin' in the wind, The
saw three bon - nie pip-ers play.
Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.
Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.
𝄋
f

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Burns.


Allegretto.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. Is there for hon-est pov-er-ty That hangs his head, an' a' that? The_ cow-ard slave we pass him by, We daur be puir for a' that. For a'_ that, and a'_ that, Our toils ob-scure, and a' that; The rank is but the gui-nea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.
2. What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hod-in-grey, a' that, Gie_ fools their silks, and knaves their wine; A man's a man for a' that. For a'_ that, and a'_ that, Their tin-sel show and a' that, The hon-est man, though ne'er sae puir, Is king o' men for a' that.

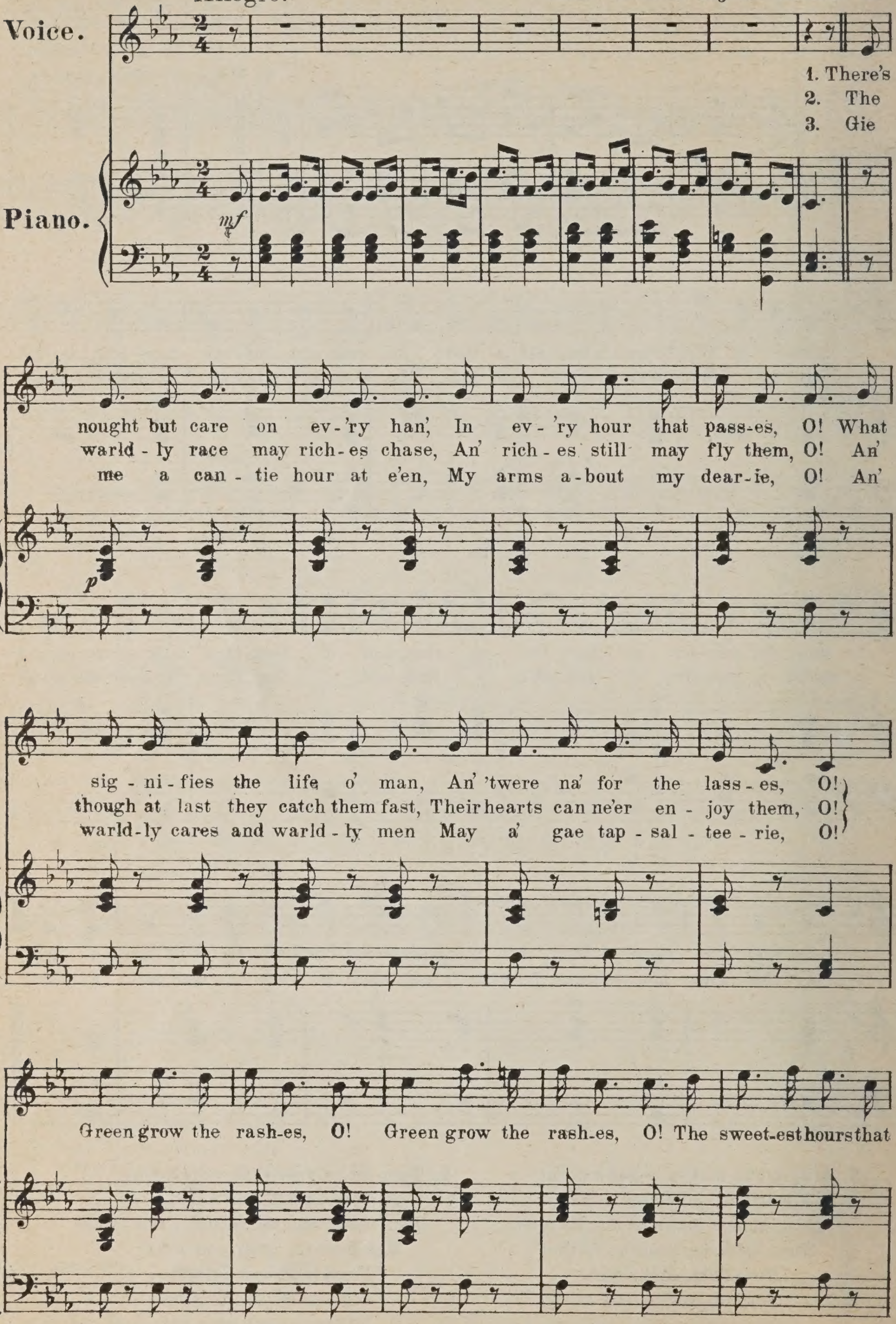
3. A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his micht,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

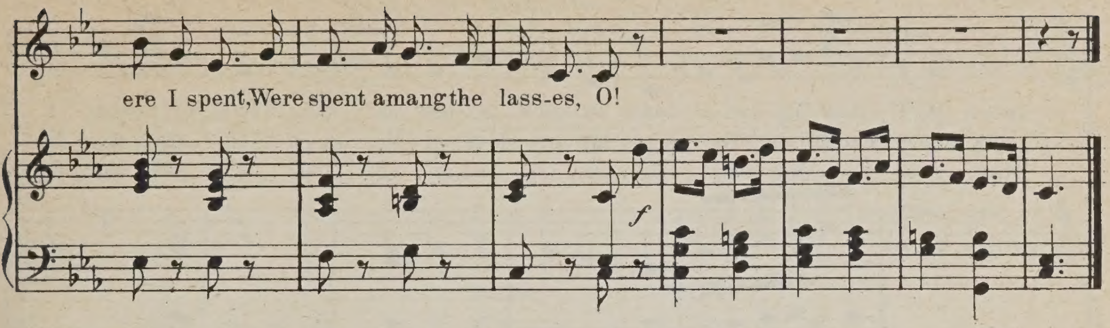
4. Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

Burns.

Allegro. *Tune "We're a' dry wi' drinkin' ot."*


Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. There's nought but care on ev-'ry han', In ev-'ry hour that pass-es, O! What sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An' 'twere na' for the lass-es, O!
2. The warld-ly race may rich-es chase, An' rich-es still may fly them, O! An' though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en-joy them, O!
3. Gie me a can-tie hour at e'en, My arms a-bout my dear-ie, O! An' warld-ly cares and warld-ly men May a' gae tap-sal-tee-rie, O!
Green grow the rash-es, O! Green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that

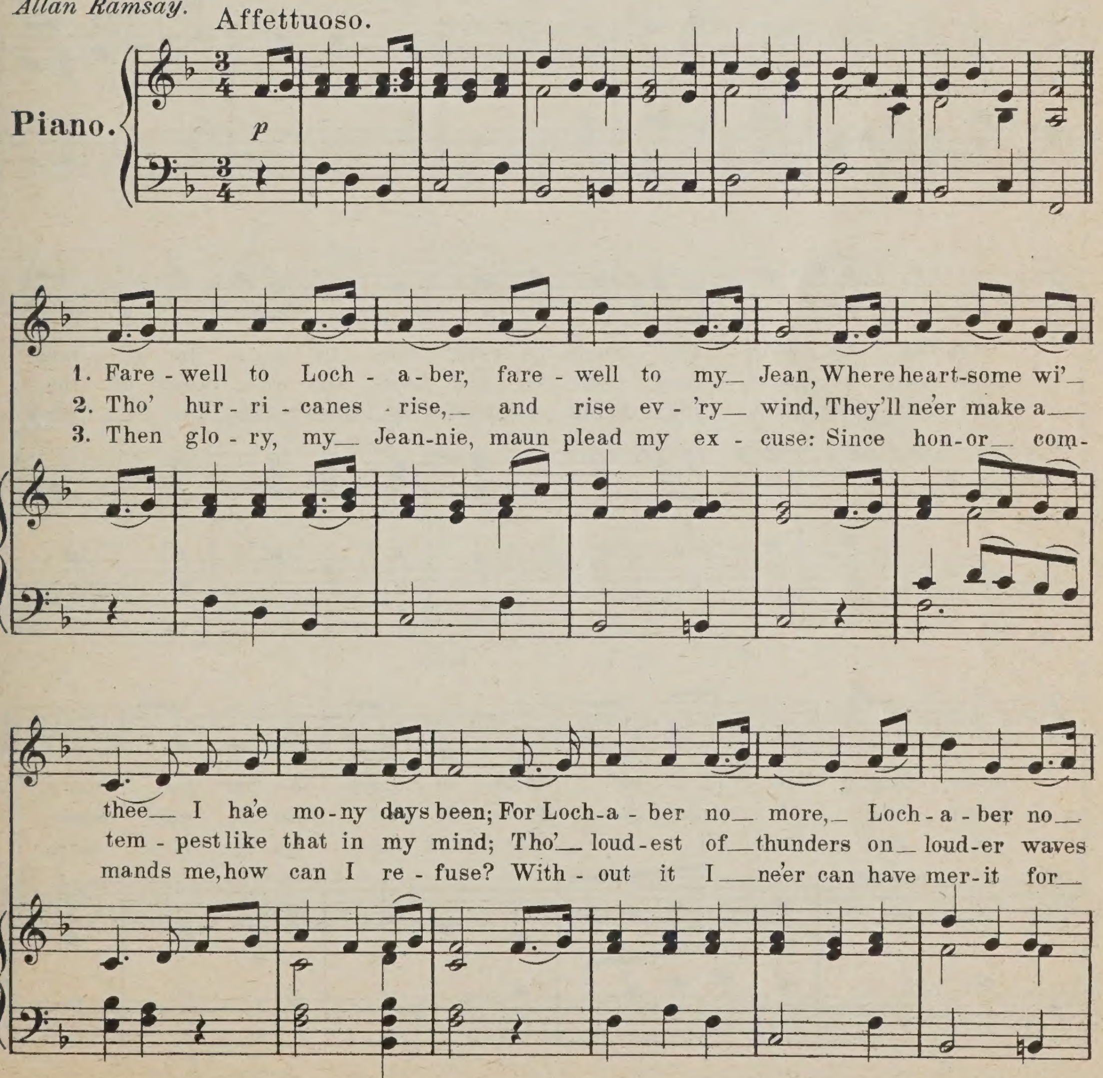

ere I spent, Were spent amang the lass-es, O!
f

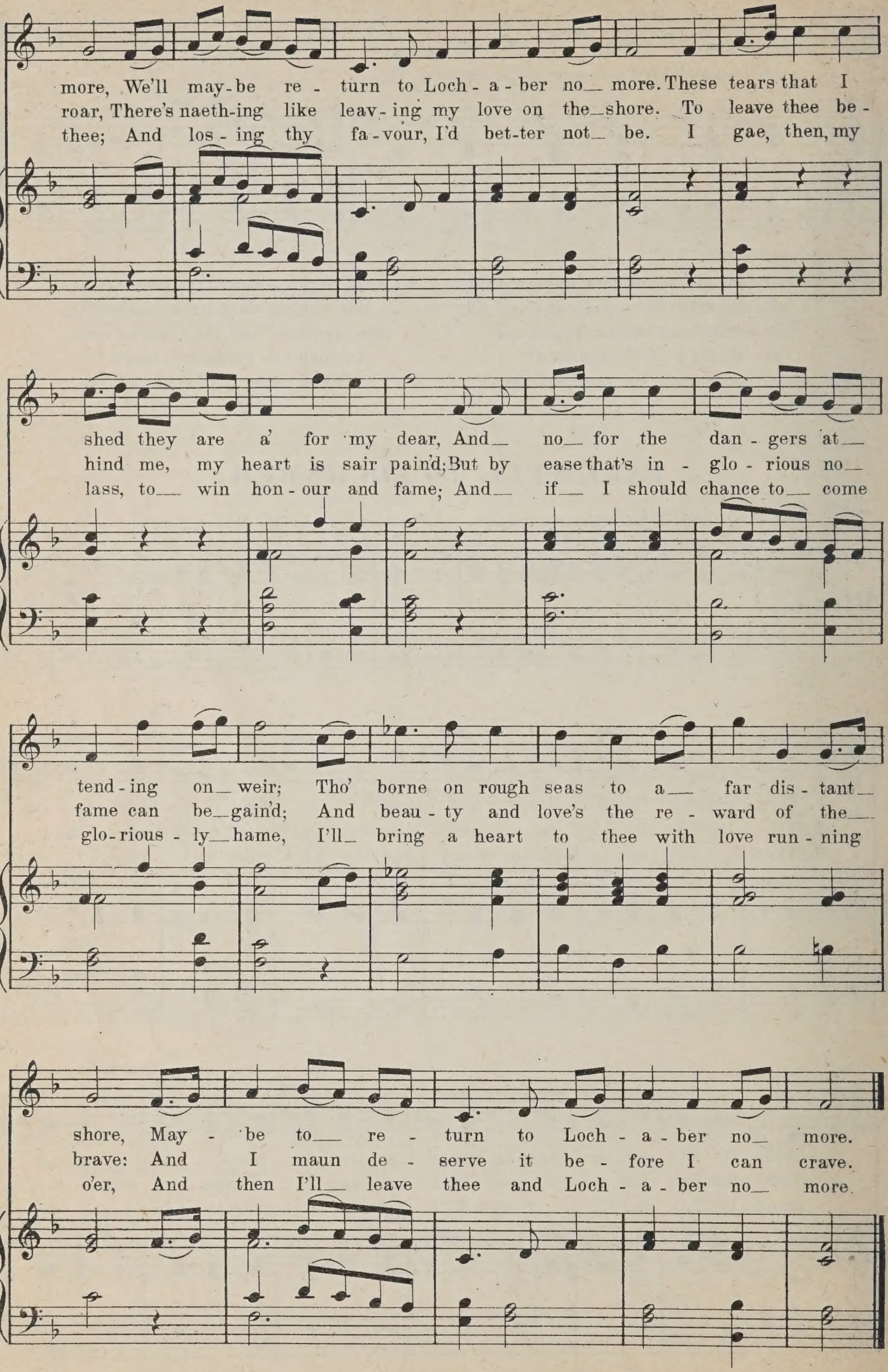
4. And you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

5. Auld Nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest works she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

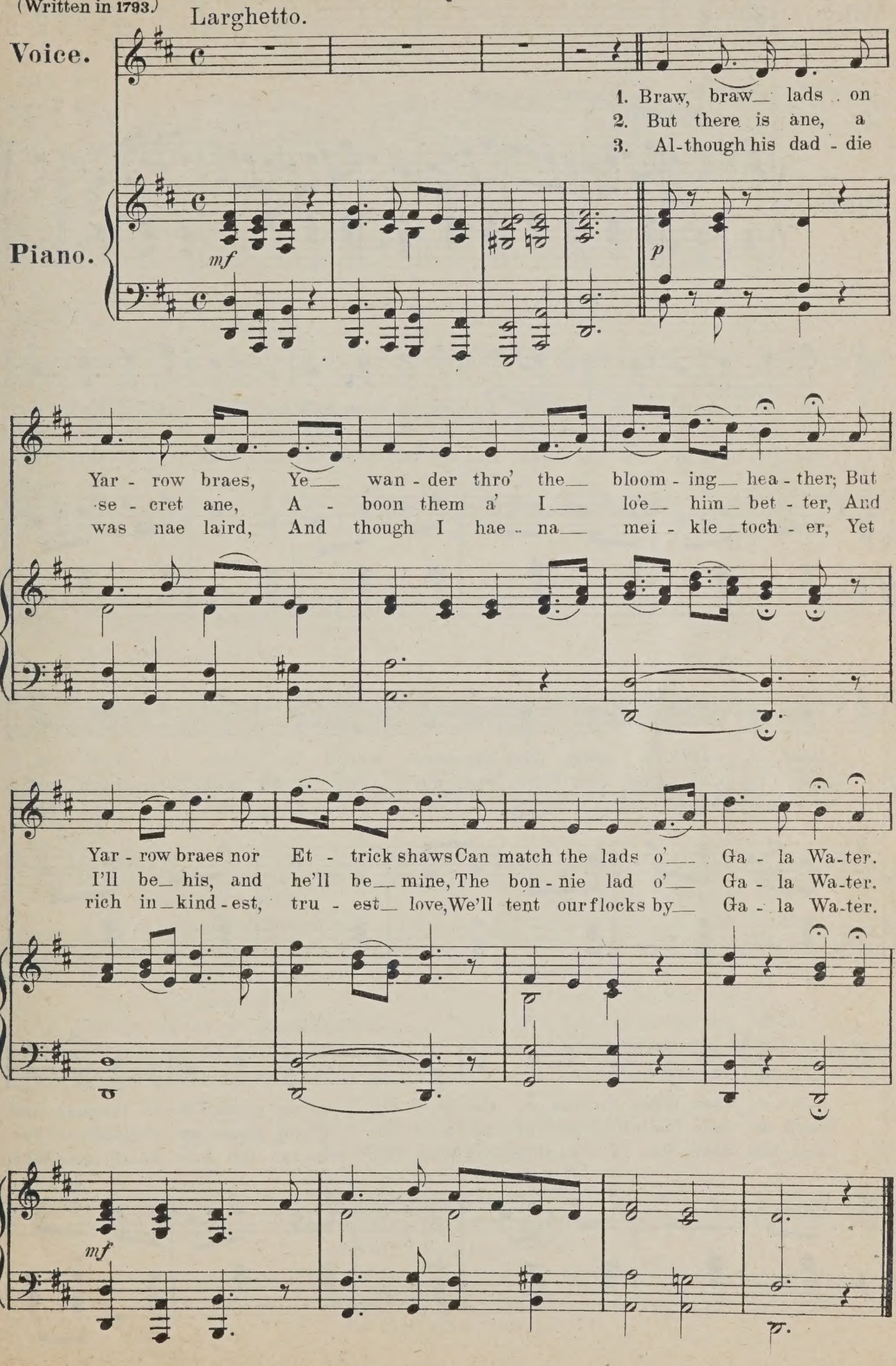
Allan Ramsay.


Affettuoso.
Piano.
p
1. Fare - well to Loch - a-ber, fare - well to my_ Jean, Where heart-some wi'_ thee_ I ha'e mo-ny days been; For Loch-a - ber no_ more,_ Loch-a - ber no_
2. Tho' hur - ri - canes rise,_ and rise ev - 'ry_ wind, They'll ne'er make a_ tem - pest like that in my mind; Tho'_ loud-est of_ thunders on_ loud-er waves
3. Then glo - ry, my_ Jean-nie, maun plead my ex - cuse: Since hon-or_ com-mands me, how can I re - fuse? With - out it I_ ne'er can have mer-it for_


more, We'll may-be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no— more. These tears that I
roar, There's naeth-ing like leav - ing my love on the—shore. To leave thee be -
thee; And los - ing thy fa - vour, I'd bet-ter not— be. I gae, then, my
shed they are a' for my dear, And— no— for the dan - gers at—
hind me, my heart is sair pain'd; But by ease that's in - glo - rious no—
lass, to— win hon - our and fame; And— if— I should chance to— come
tend - ing on— weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a— far dis - tant—
fame can be—gain'd; And beau - ty and love's the re - ward of the—
glo - rious - ly—hame, I'll— bring a heart to thee with love run - ning
shore, May - be to— re - turn to Loch - a - ber no— more.
brave: And I maun de - serve it be - fore I can crave.
o'er, And then I'll— leave thee and Loch - a - ber no— more.

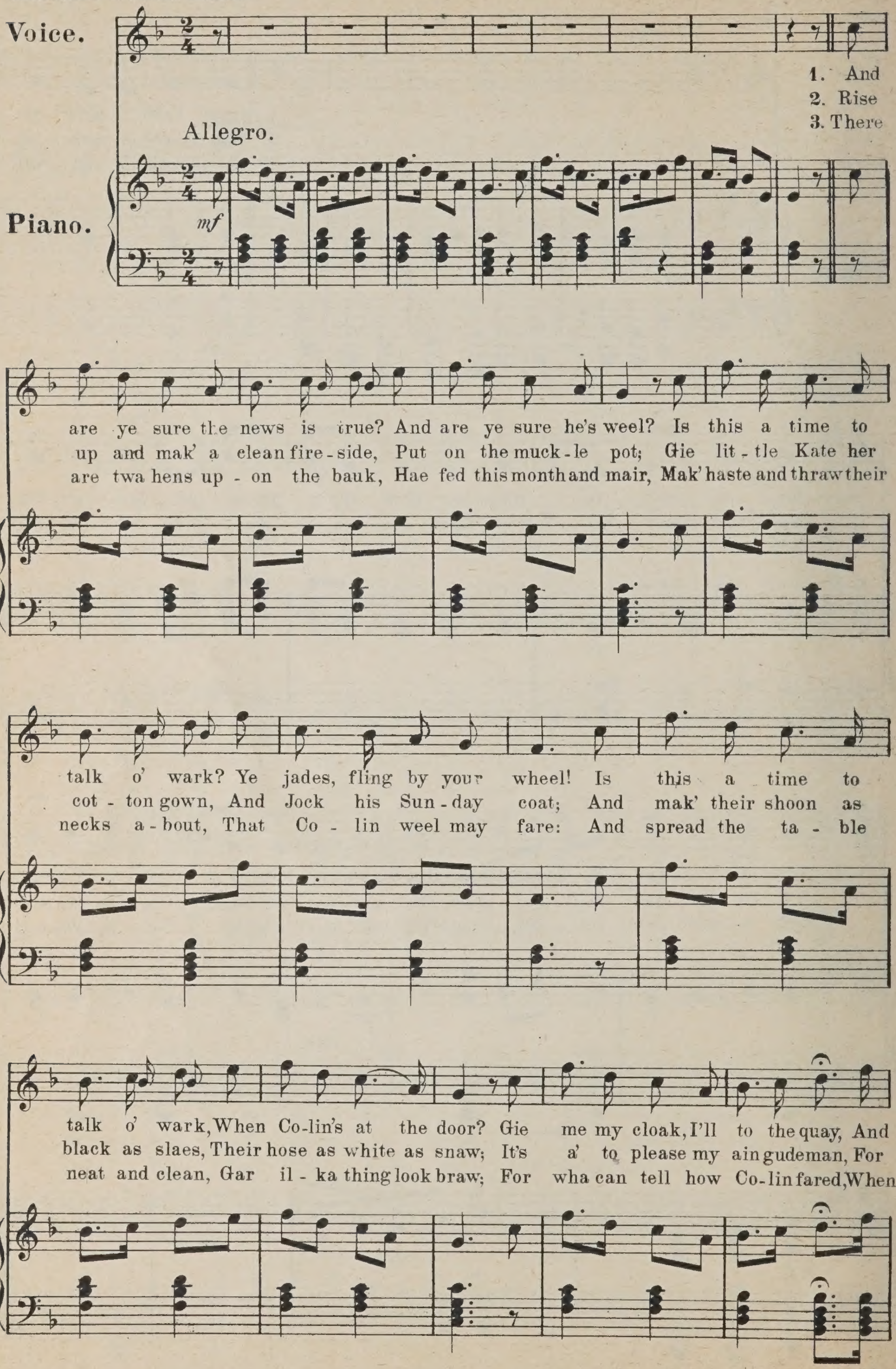
BRAW, BRAW LADS.

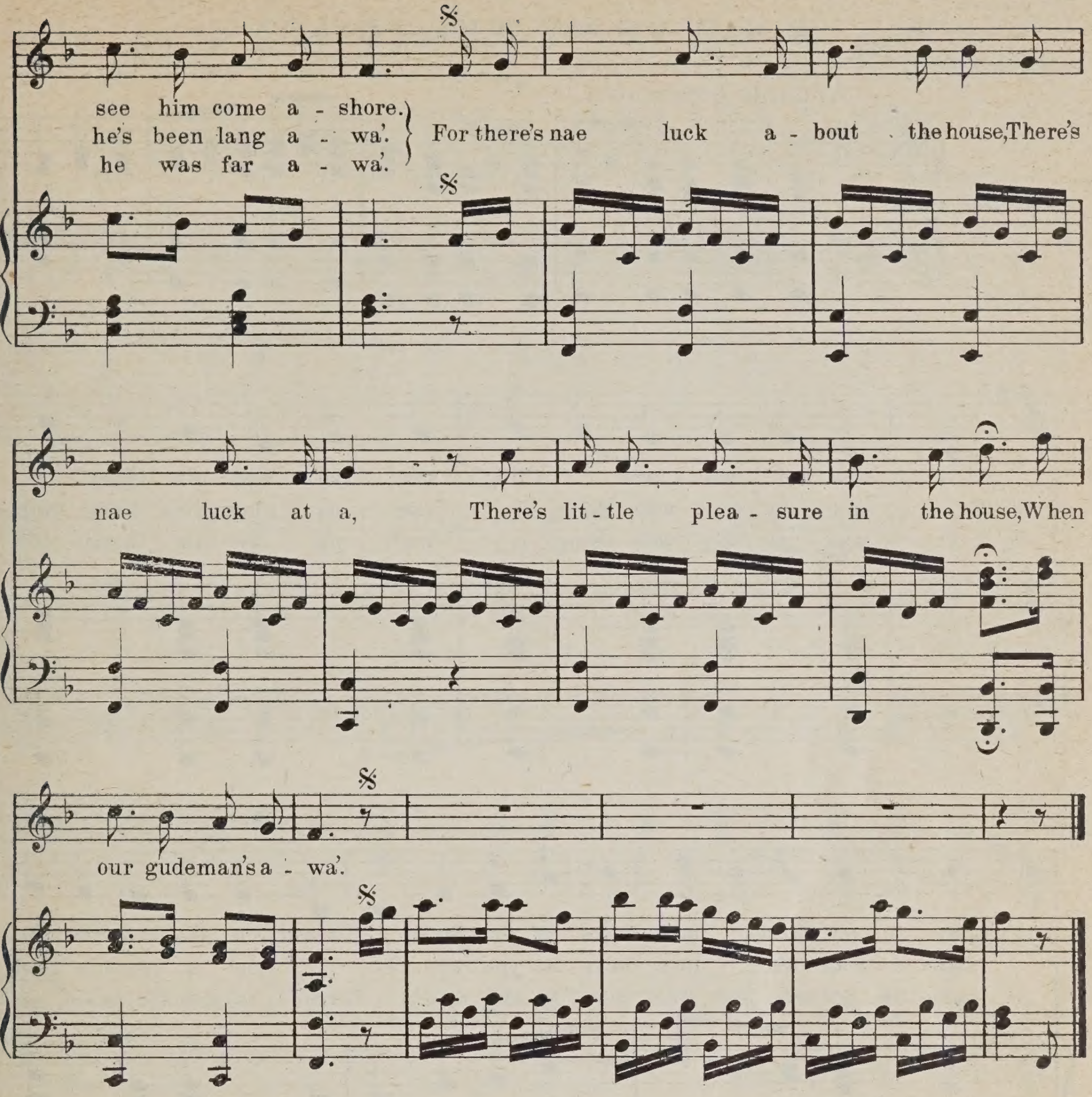
Words by Burns.
(Written in 1793.)


Larghetto.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, Ye wander thro' the blooming heather; But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws Can match the lads o' Gala Water.
2. But there is ane, a secret ane, Aboon them a' I lo'e him better, And I'll be his, and he'll be mine, The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.
3. Although his daddie was nae laird, And though I hae na meikle tocher, Yet rich in kindest, truest love, We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.
mf

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Attributed to Julius Mickle.


Voice.
1. And
2. Rise
3. There
Allegro.
Piano.
mf
are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to
up and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muck-le pot; Gie lit-tle Kate her
are twa hens up-on the bauk, Hae fed this month and mair, Mak' haste and thraw their
talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to
cot-ton gown, And Jock his Sun-day coat; And mak' their shoon as
necks a-bout, That Co-lin weel may fare: And spread the ta-ble
talk o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And
black as slaes, Their hose as white as snaw; It's a' to please my ain gudeman, For
neat and clean, Gar il-ka thing look braw; For wha can tell how Co-lin fared, When


see him come a - shore.
he's been lang a - wa'.
he was far a - wa'.
For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's
nae luck at a, There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, When
our gudeman's a - wa'.

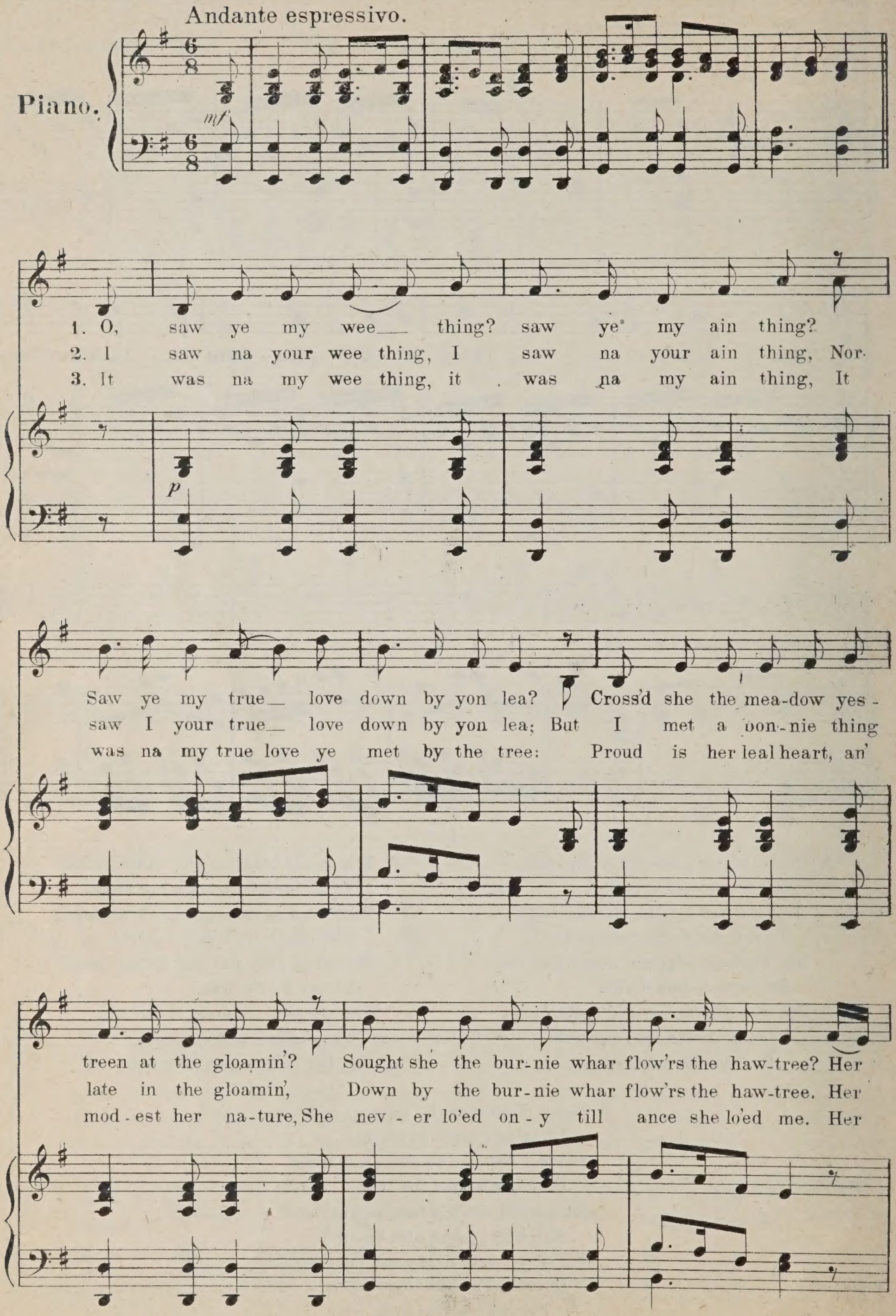
4. Come, gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown;
And rin and tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Turkey-slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, etc.

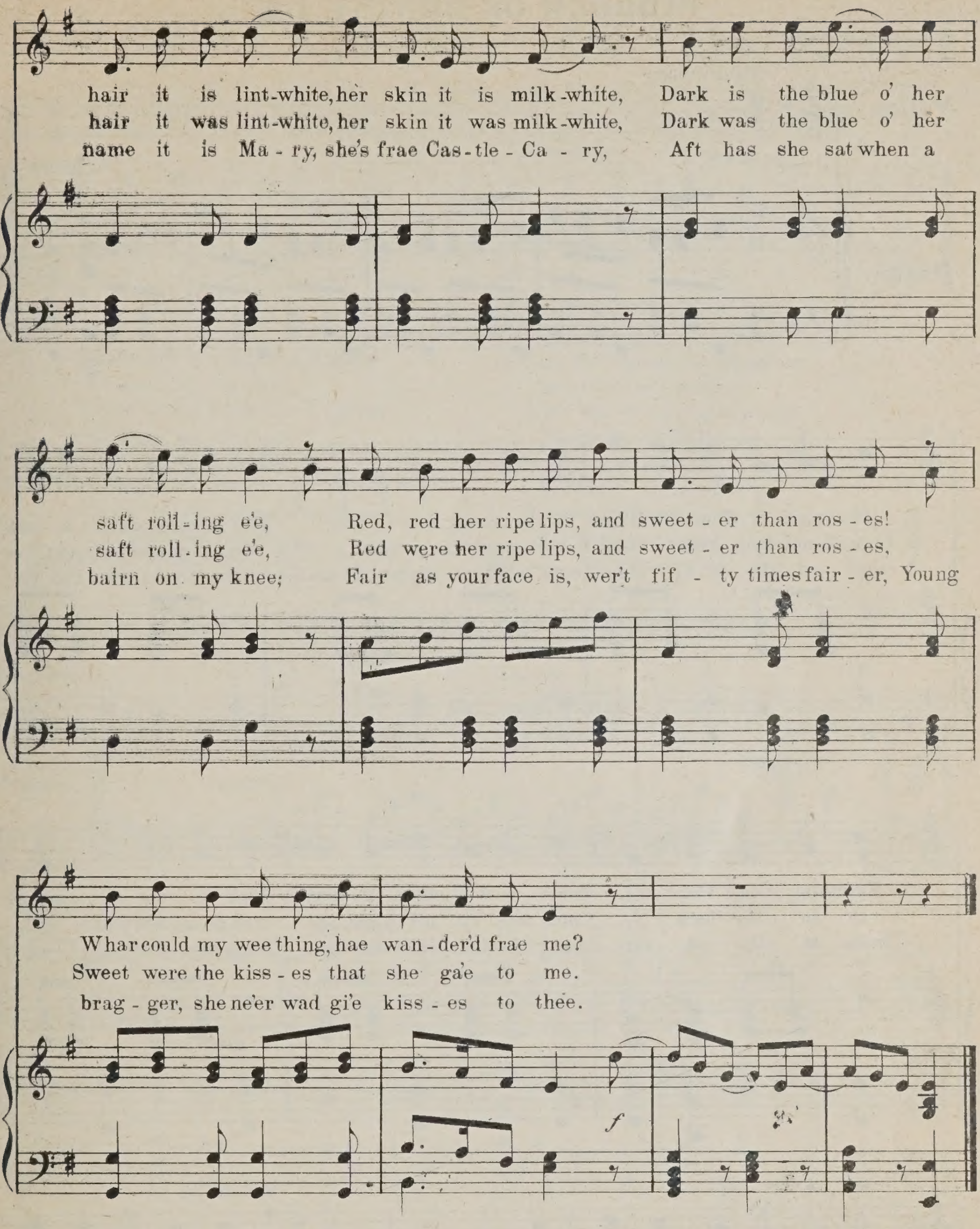
5. The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They've a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!
For there's nae luck, etc.

6. Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc.

O, SAW YE MY WEE THING?

Hector Macneill.


Andante espressivo.
Piano.
mf
1. O, saw ye my wee__ thing? saw ye my ain thing?
2. I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing, Nor.
3. It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing, It
p
Saw ye my true__ love down by yon lea? Cross'd she the mea-dow yes-
saw I your true__ love down by yon lea; But I met a bon-nie thing
was na my true love ye met by the tree: Proud is her leal heart, an'
treen at the gloamin'? Sought she the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree? Her
late in the gloamin', Down by the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree. Her
mod-est her na-ture, She nev-er lo'ed on-y till ance she lo'ed me. Her

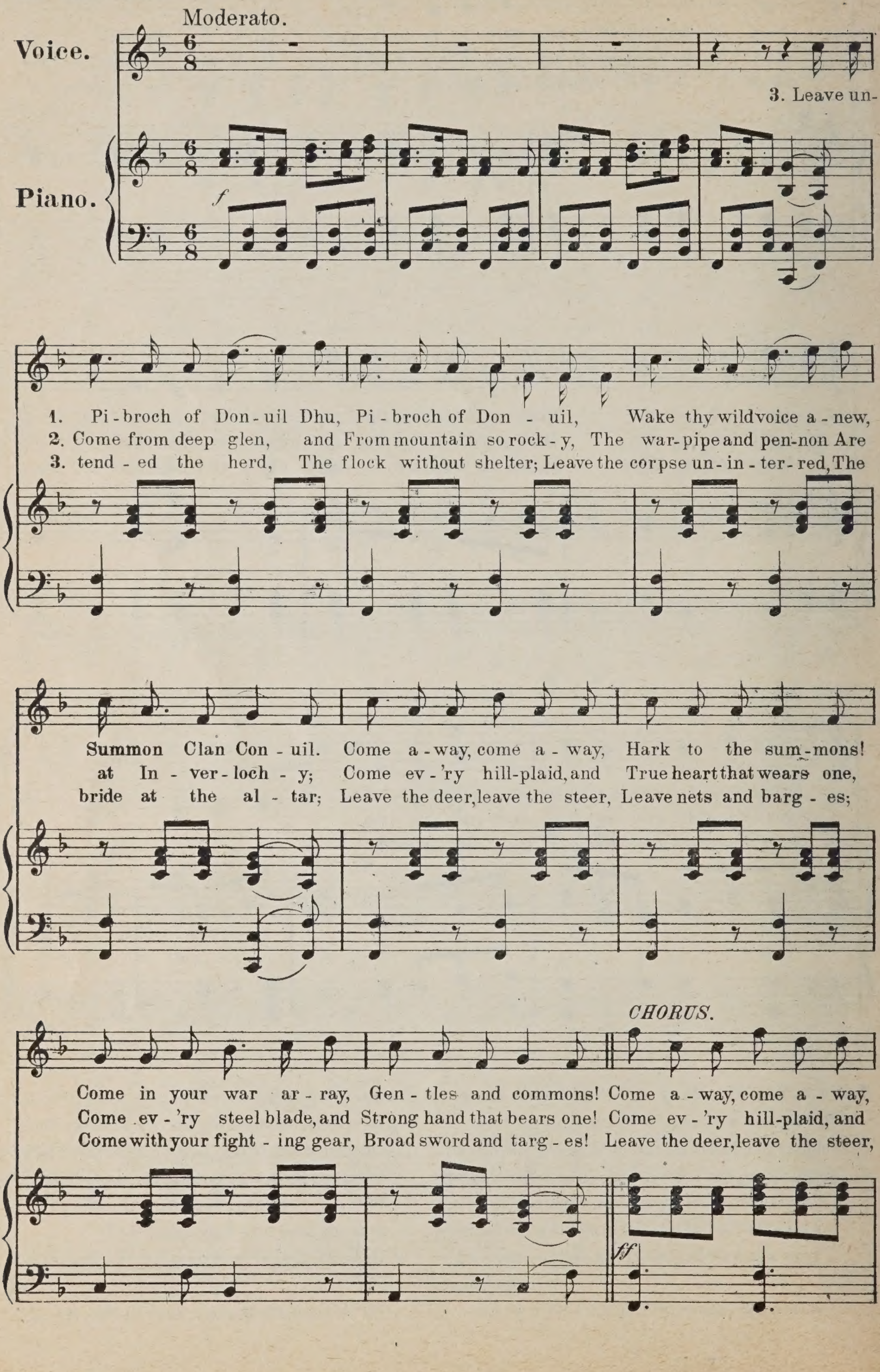

hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white, Dark is the blue o' her
hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white, Dark was the blue o' her
name it is Ma - ry, she's frae Cas - tle - Ca - ry, Aft has she sat when a
saft roll - ing e'e, Red, red her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ros - es!
saft roll - ing e'e, Red were her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ros - es,
bairn on my knee; Fair as your face is, wer't fif - ty times fair - er, Young
Whar could my wee thing, hae wan - der'd frae me?
Sweet were the kiss - es that she ga'e to me.
brag - ger, she ne'er wad gi'e kiss - es to thee.
f

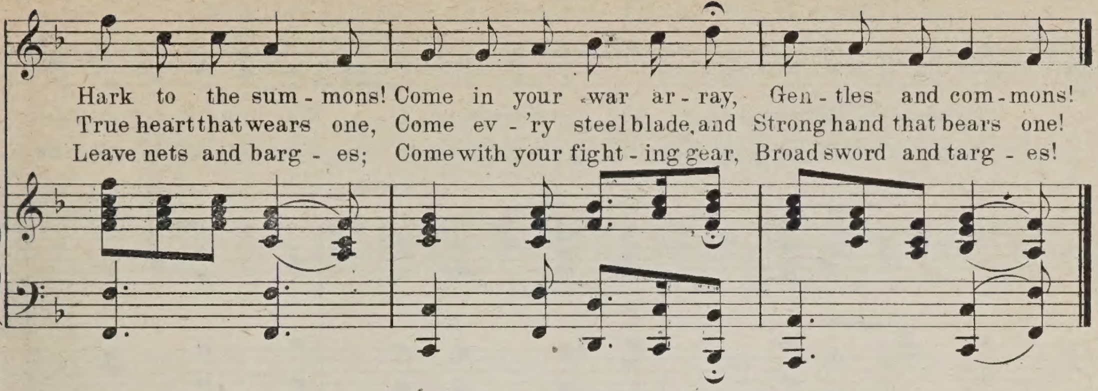
4. It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, dark-red his cheek grew,
And wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e,
Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

5. Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling;—
Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?
O, Jamie, forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Sir Walter Scott.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
f
3. Leave un-
1. Pi-broch of Don-uil Dhu, Pi-broch of Don - uil, Wake thy wild voice a-new, Summon Clan Con-uil. Come a-way, come a-way, Hark to the sum-mons! Come in your war ar-ray, Gen-tles and commons! Come a-way, come a-way,
2. Come from deep glen, and From mountain so rock-y, The war-pipe and pen-non Are at In-ver-loch-y; Come ev-'ry hill-plaid, and True heart that wears one, Come ev-'ry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one! Come ev-'ry hill-plaid, and
3. tend-ed the herd, The flock without shelter; Leave the corpse un-in-ter-red, The bride at the al-tar; Leave the deer, leave the steer, Leave nets and barg-es; Come with your fight-ing gear, Broad sword and targ-es! Leave the deer, leave the steer,
CHORUS.
ff

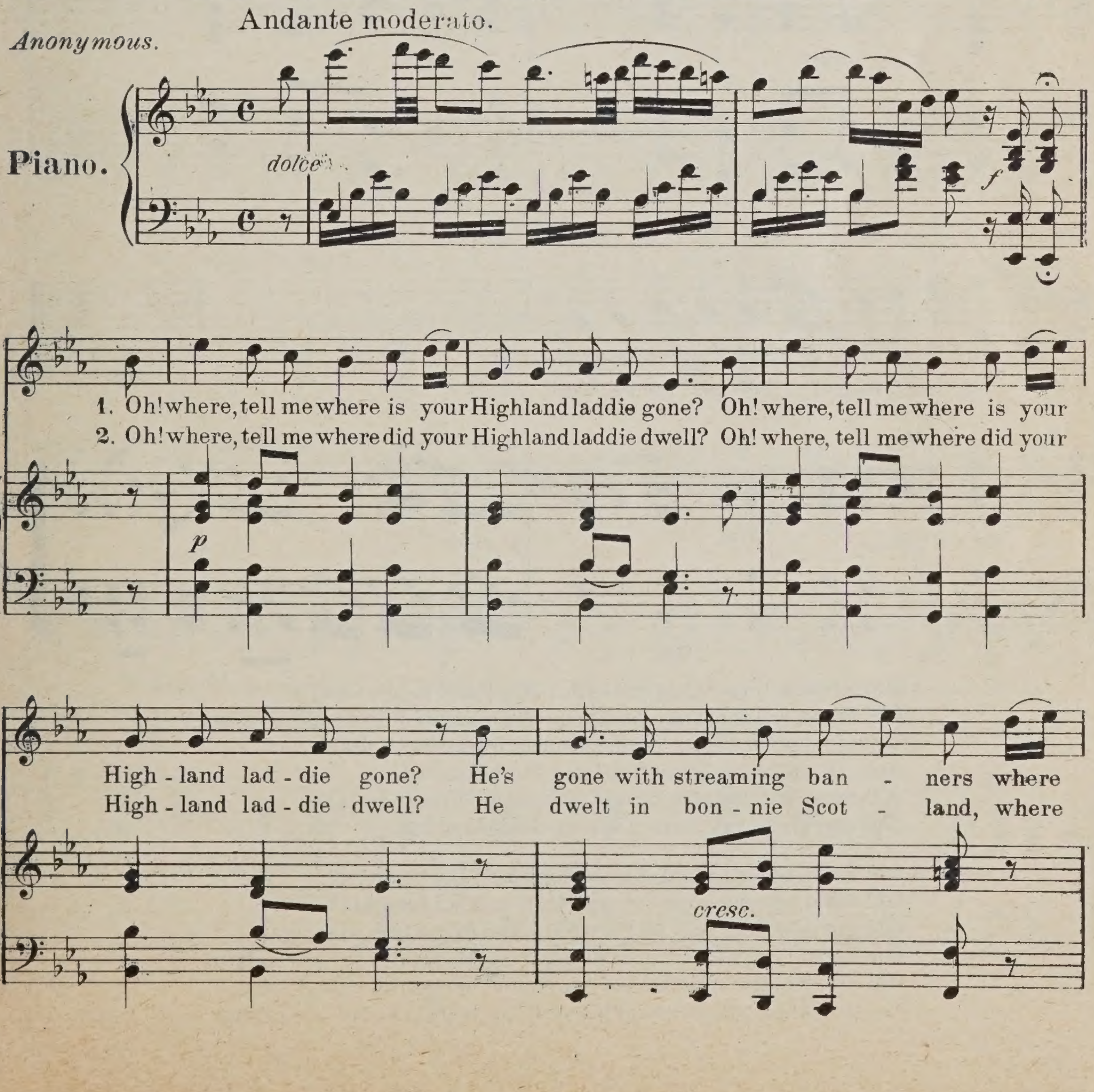

Hark to the sum - mons! Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and com - mons!
True heart that wears one, Come ev - 'ry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one!
Leave nets and barg - es; Come with your fight - ing gear, Broad sword and targ - es!

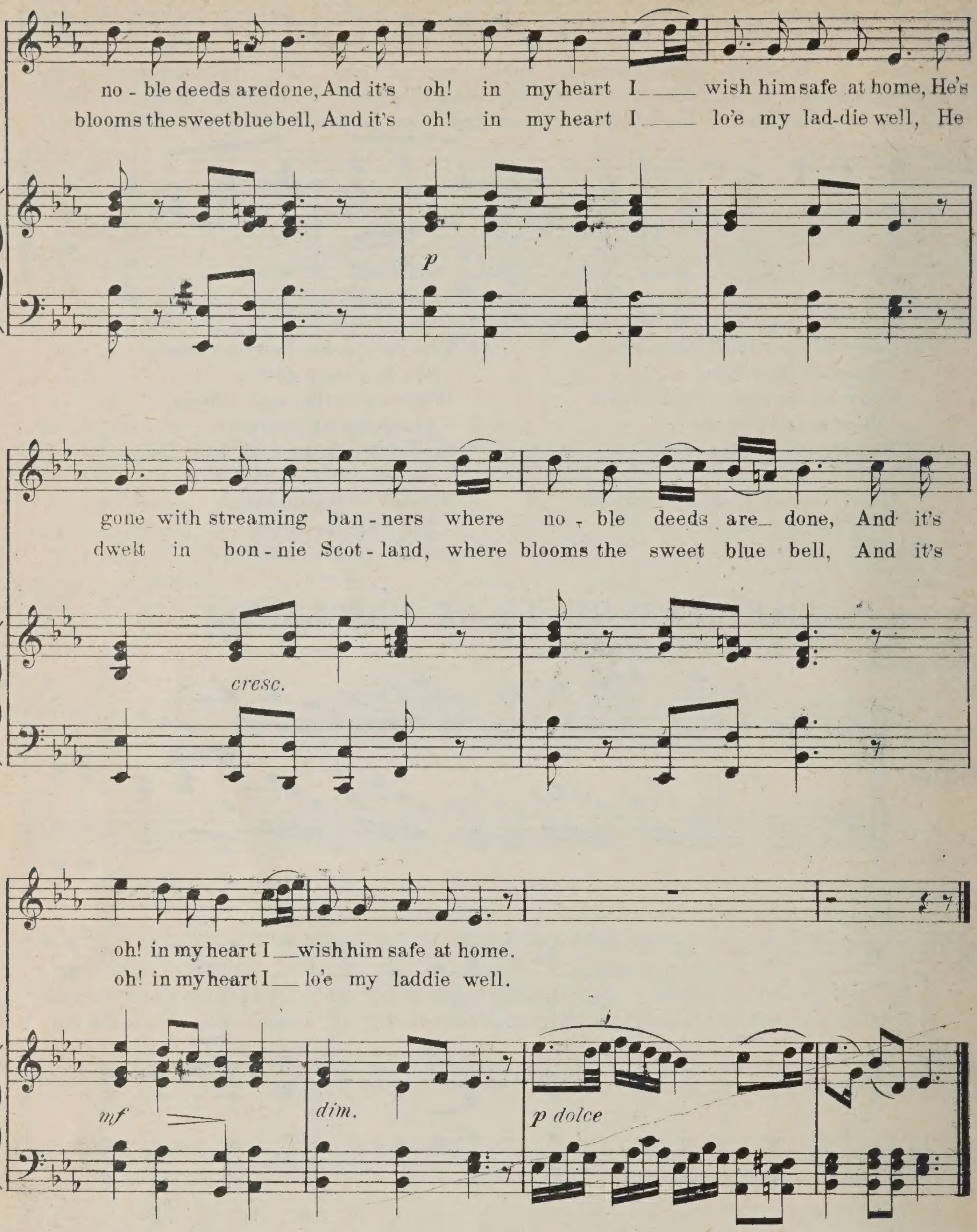
4. Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!
Chorus.— Faster come, etc.

5. Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!
Chorus.— Cast your plaids, etc.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Anonymous.


Andante moderato.
Piano.
dolce
f
p
1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
High - land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
High - land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where
cresc.

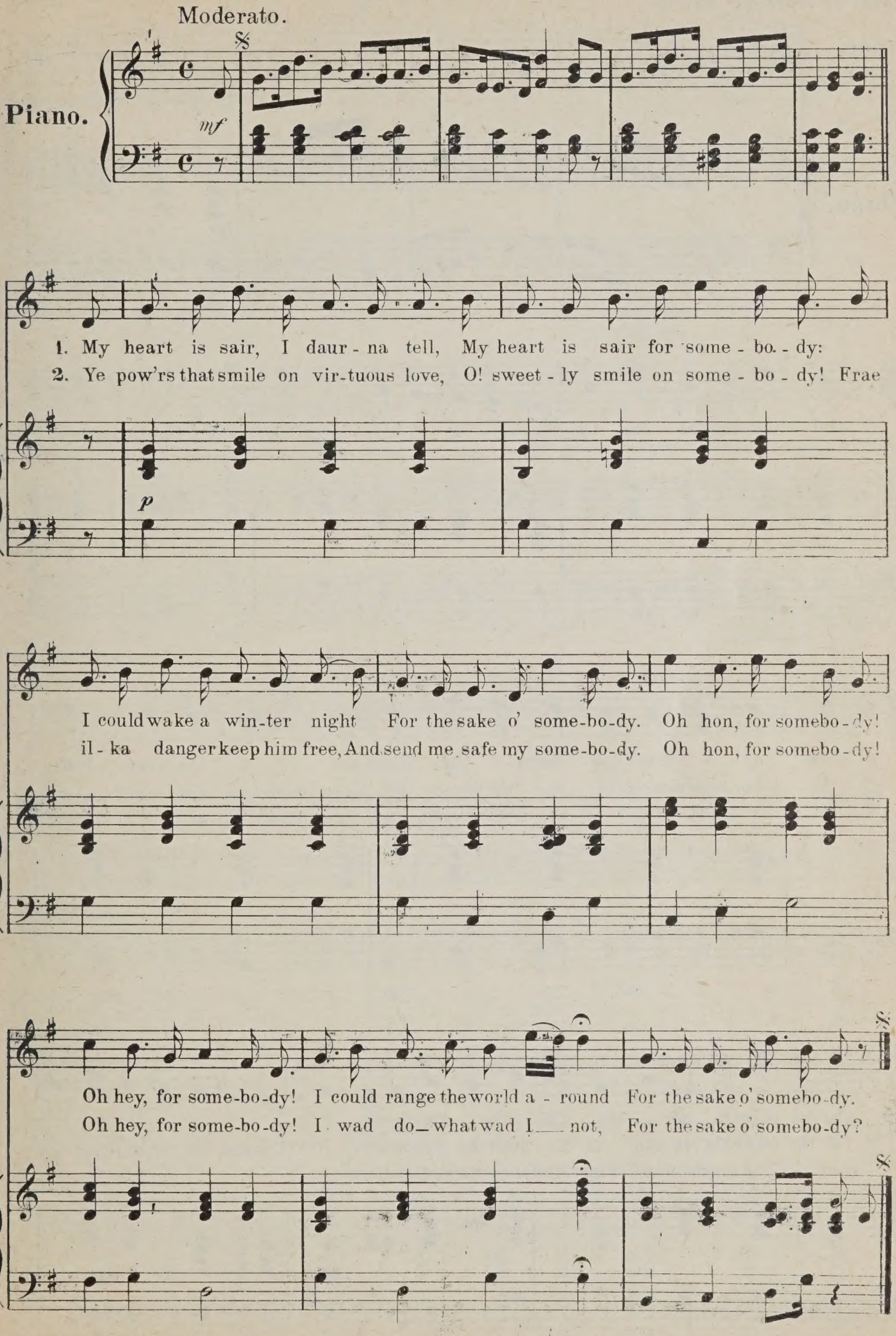

no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home, He's
blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my lad-die well, He
p
gone with streaming ban - ners where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
cresc.
oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.
oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.
mf
dim.
p dolce

3. Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad,
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.

4. Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

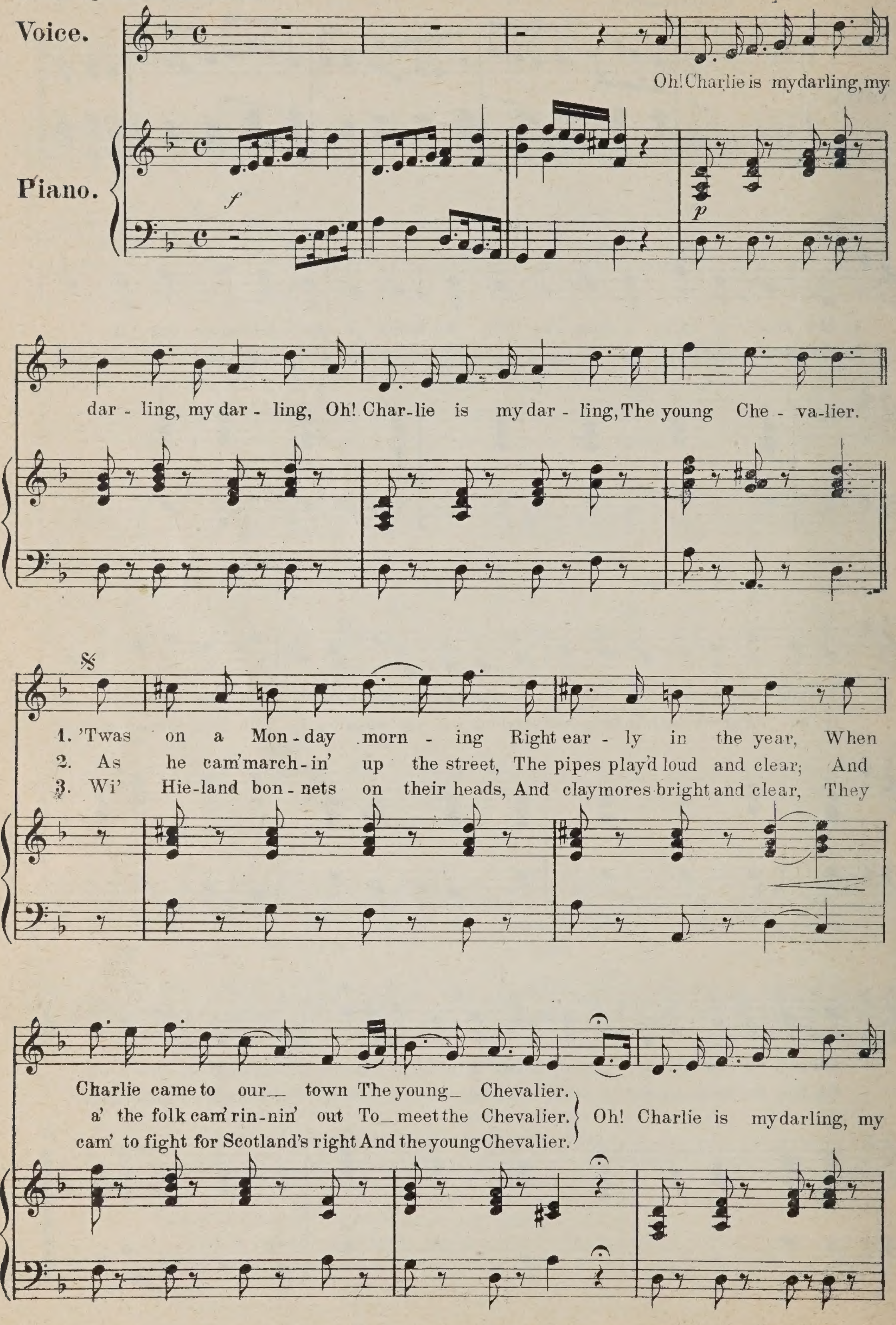
MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

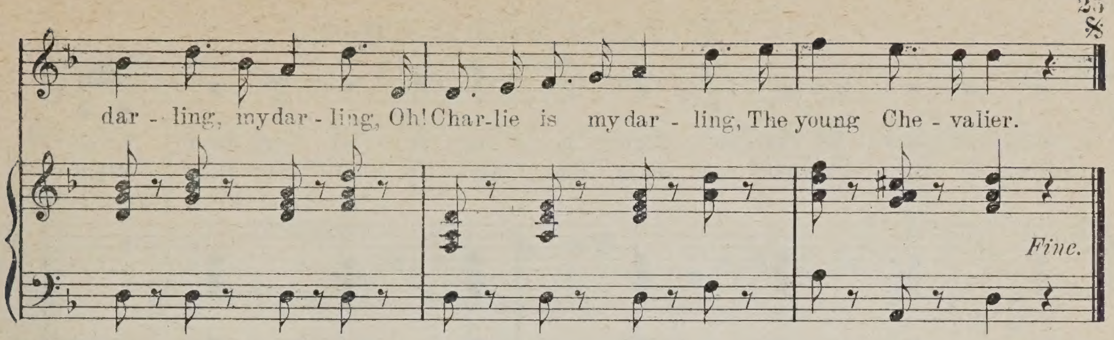
Burns.


Moderato.
Piano.
mf
p
1. My heart is sair, I daur - na tell, My heart is sair for some - bo - dy:
2. Ye pow'rs that smile on vir-tuous love, O! sweet - ly smile on some - bo - dy! Frae
I could wake a win-ter night For the sake o' some-bo-dy. Oh hon, for somebo - dy!
il - ka danger keep him free, And send me safe my some-bo-dy. Oh hon, for somebo - dy!
Oh hey, for some-bo-dy! I could range the world a - round For the sake o' somebo-dy.
Oh hey, for some-bo-dy! I wad do — what wad I — not, For the sake o' somebo-dy?

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Words by Baroness Nairne.


Voice.
Piano.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, my
dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh! Char-lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va-lier.
1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing Right ear - ly in the year, When
2. As he cam' march - in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear; And
3. Wi' Hie-land bon - nets on their heads, And claymores bright and clear, They
Charlie came to our_ town The young_ Chevalier.
a' the folk cam' rin-nin' out To_ meet the Chevalier.
cam' to fight for Scotland's right And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, my
f
p


dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh! Char-lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - valier.
Fine.

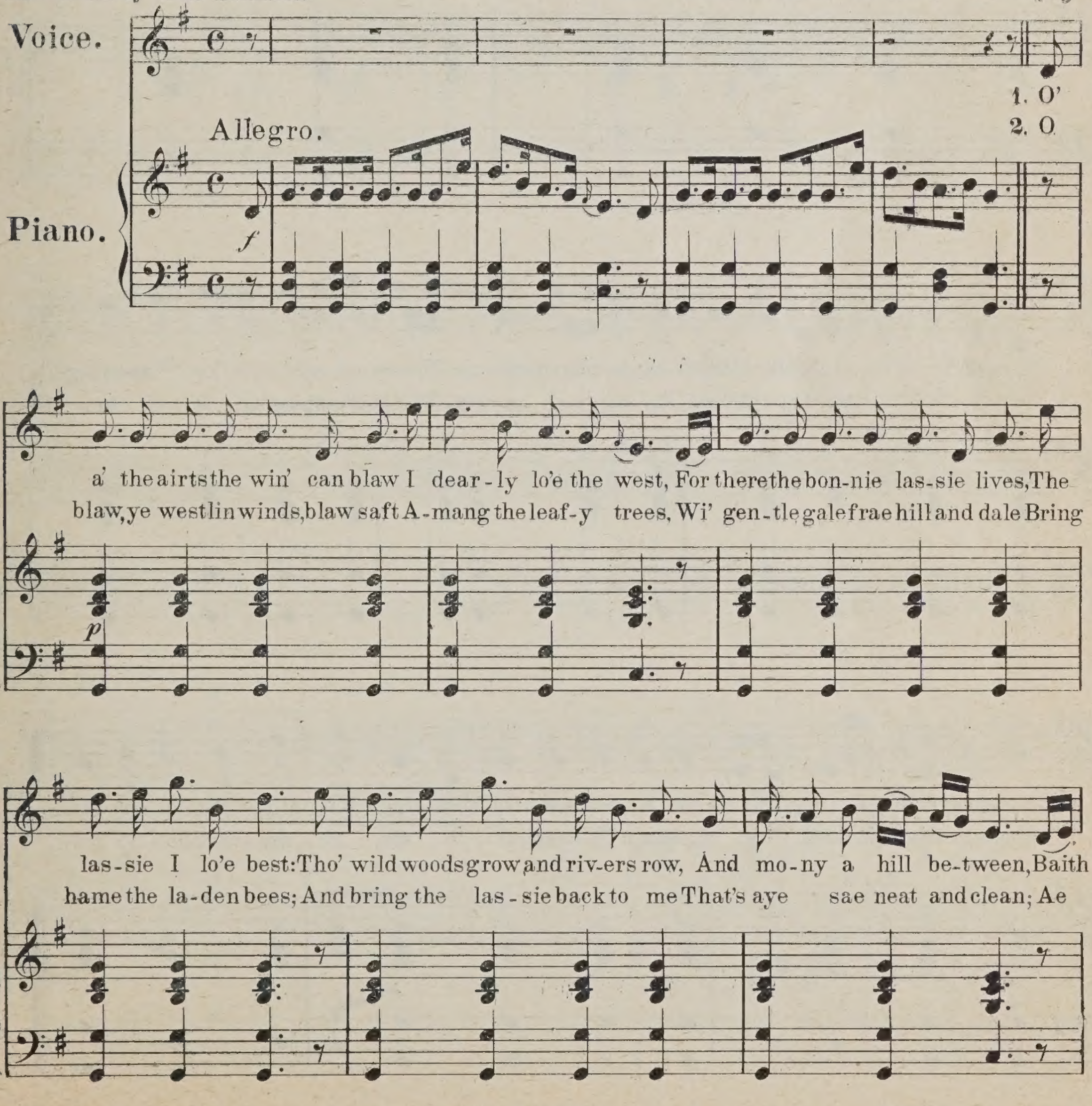
4. They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

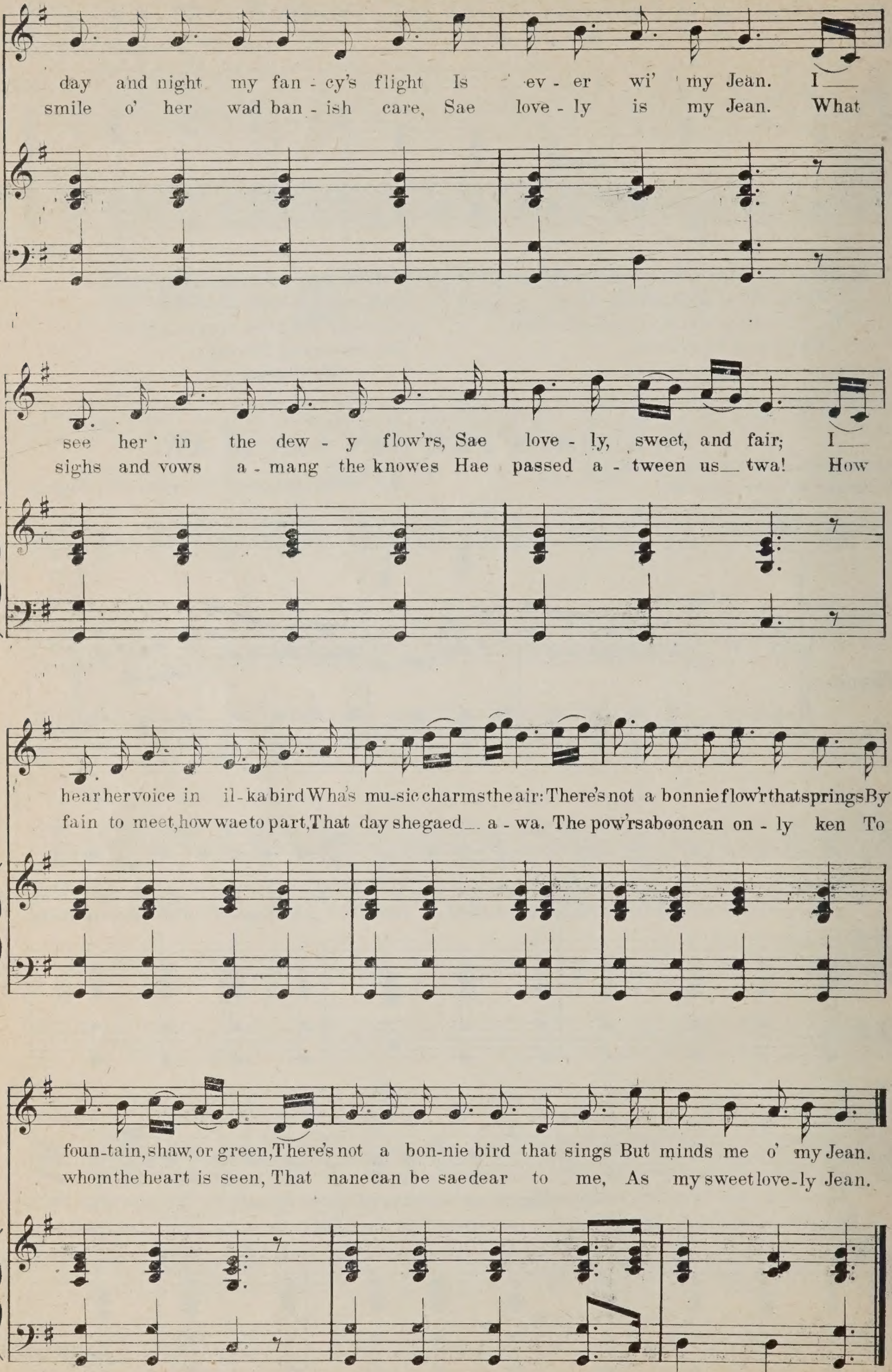
5. Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

The first verse is written by Burns (1761-1814)
The second by John Hamilton

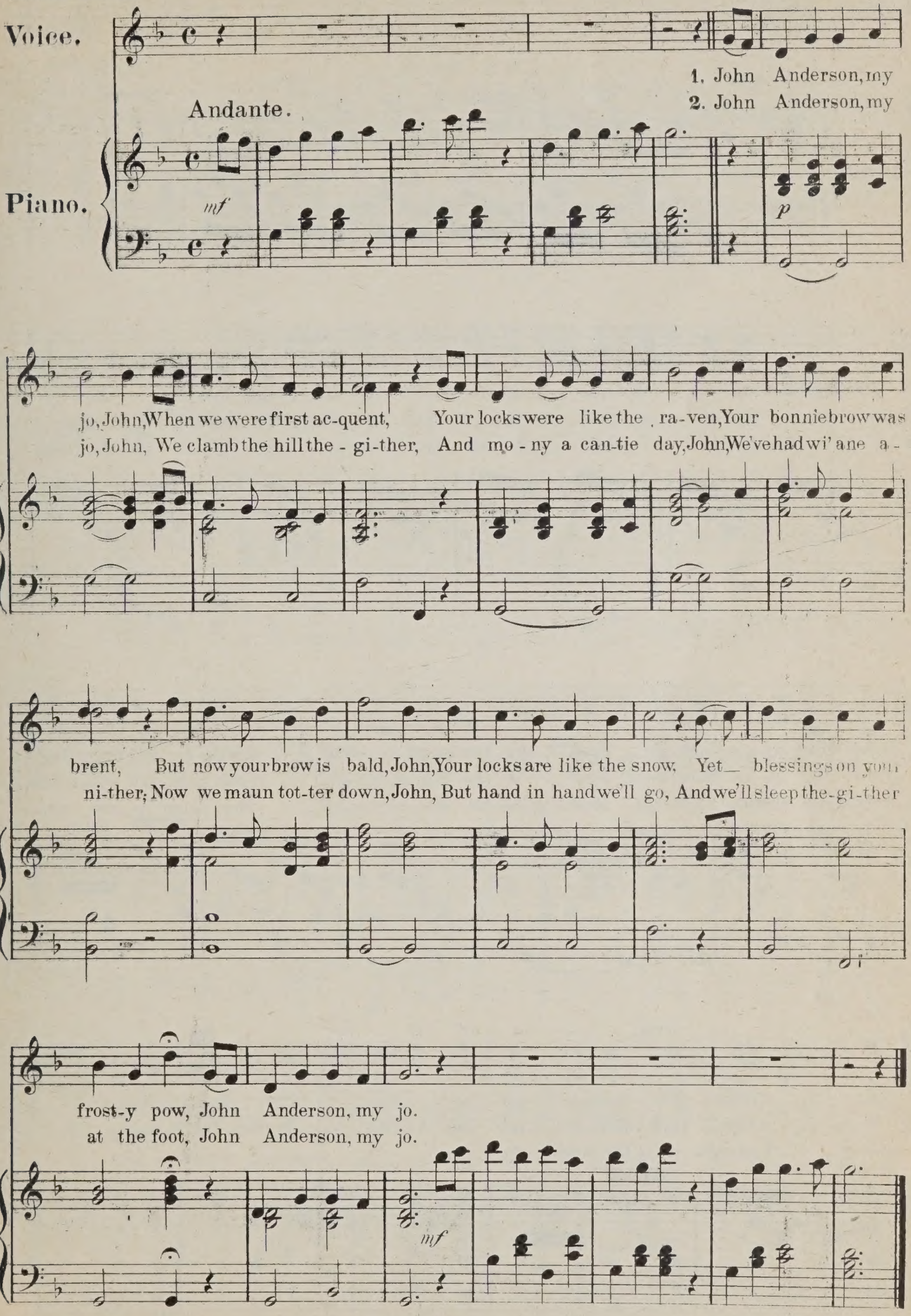
Air "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."


Voice.
Piano.
Allegro.
f
1. O'
2. O
a' the airts the win' can blaw I dear-ly lo'e the west, For there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The
blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft A-mang the leaf-y trees, Wi' gen-tle gale frae hill and dale Bring
p
las-sie I lo'e best: Tho' wild woods grow and riv-ers row, And mo-ny a hill be-tween, Baith
hame the la-den bees; And bring the las-sie back to me That's aye sae neat and clean; Ae


day and night my fan - cy's flight Is ev - er wi' my Jean. I__
smile o' her wad ban - ish care, Sae love - ly is my Jean. What
see her in the dew - y flow'rs, Sae love - ly, sweet, and fair; I__
sighs and vows a - mang the knowes Hae passed a - tween us__ twa! How
hear her voice in il - ka bird Wha's mu-sic charms the air: There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs By
fain to meet, how wae to part, That day she gaed__ a - wa. The pow'rs aboon can on - ly ken To
foun-tain, shaw, or green, There's not a bon-nie bird that sings But minds me o' my Jean.
whom the heart is seen, That nane can be sae dear to me, As my sweet love-ly Jean.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

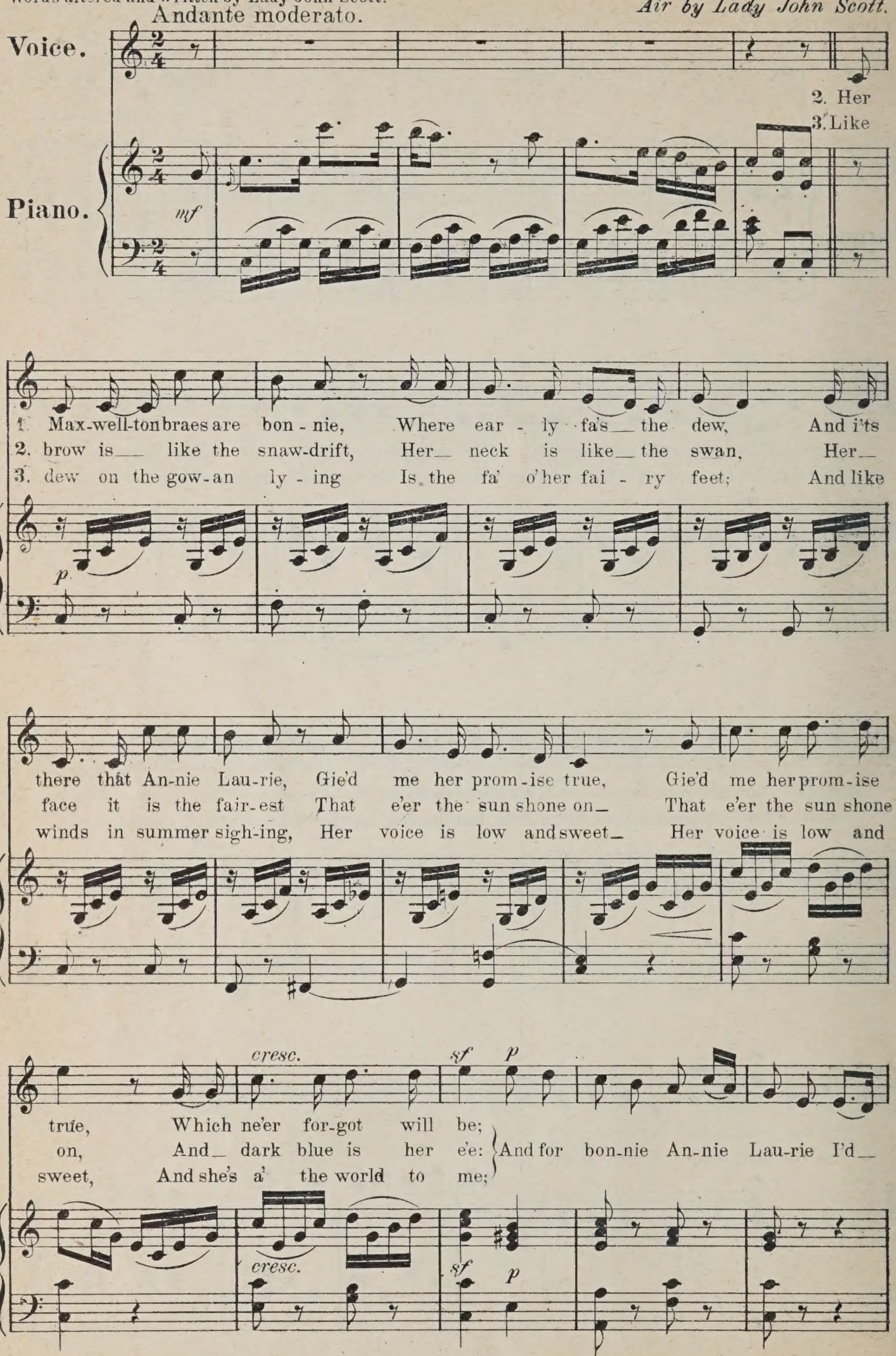
Burns.
(Written in 1789)

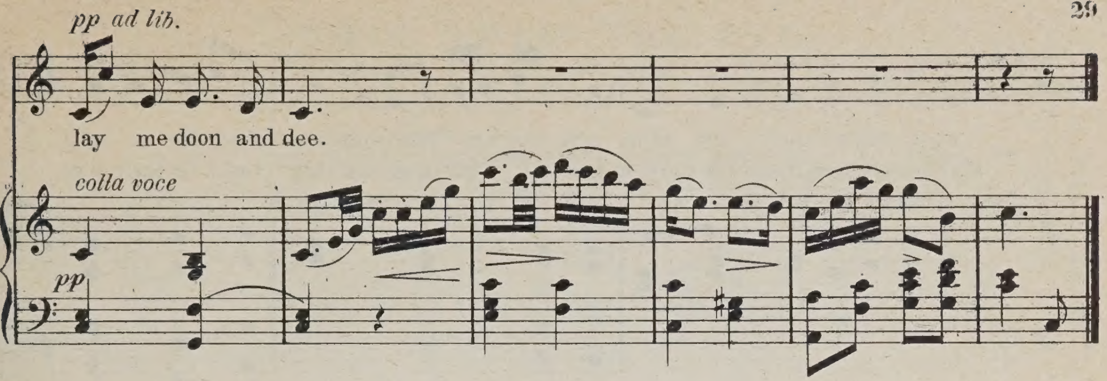

Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
mf
p
1. John Anderson, my
2. John Anderson, my
jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bonnie brow was
jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gi-ther, And mo-ny a can-tie day, John, We've had wi' ane a-
brent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow. Yet_ blessings on your
ni-ther; Now we maun tot-ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep the-gi-ther
frost-y pow, John Anderson, my jo.
at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.
mf

ANNIE LAURIE.

Words altered and written by Lady John Scott.

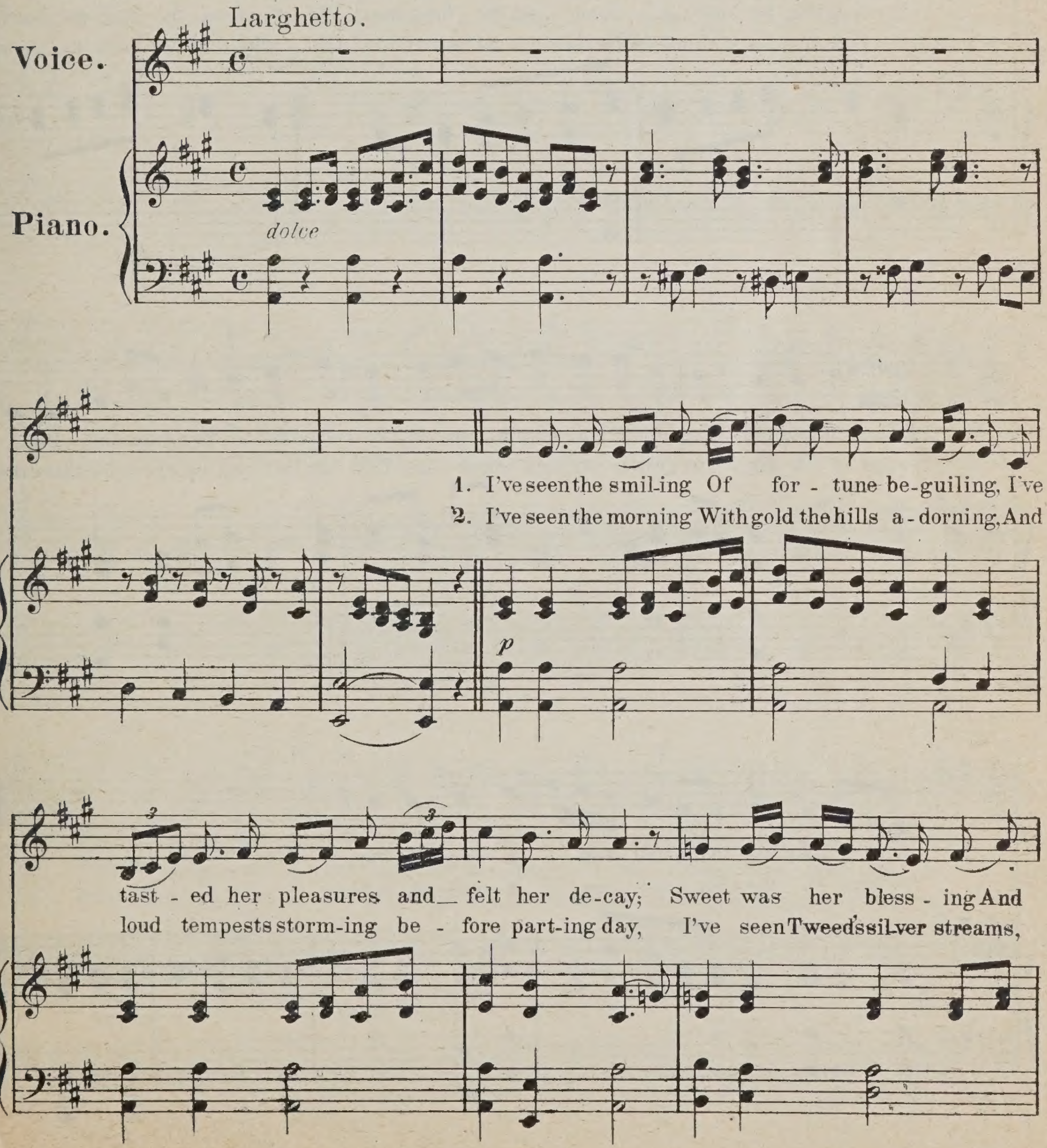
Air by Lady John Scott.

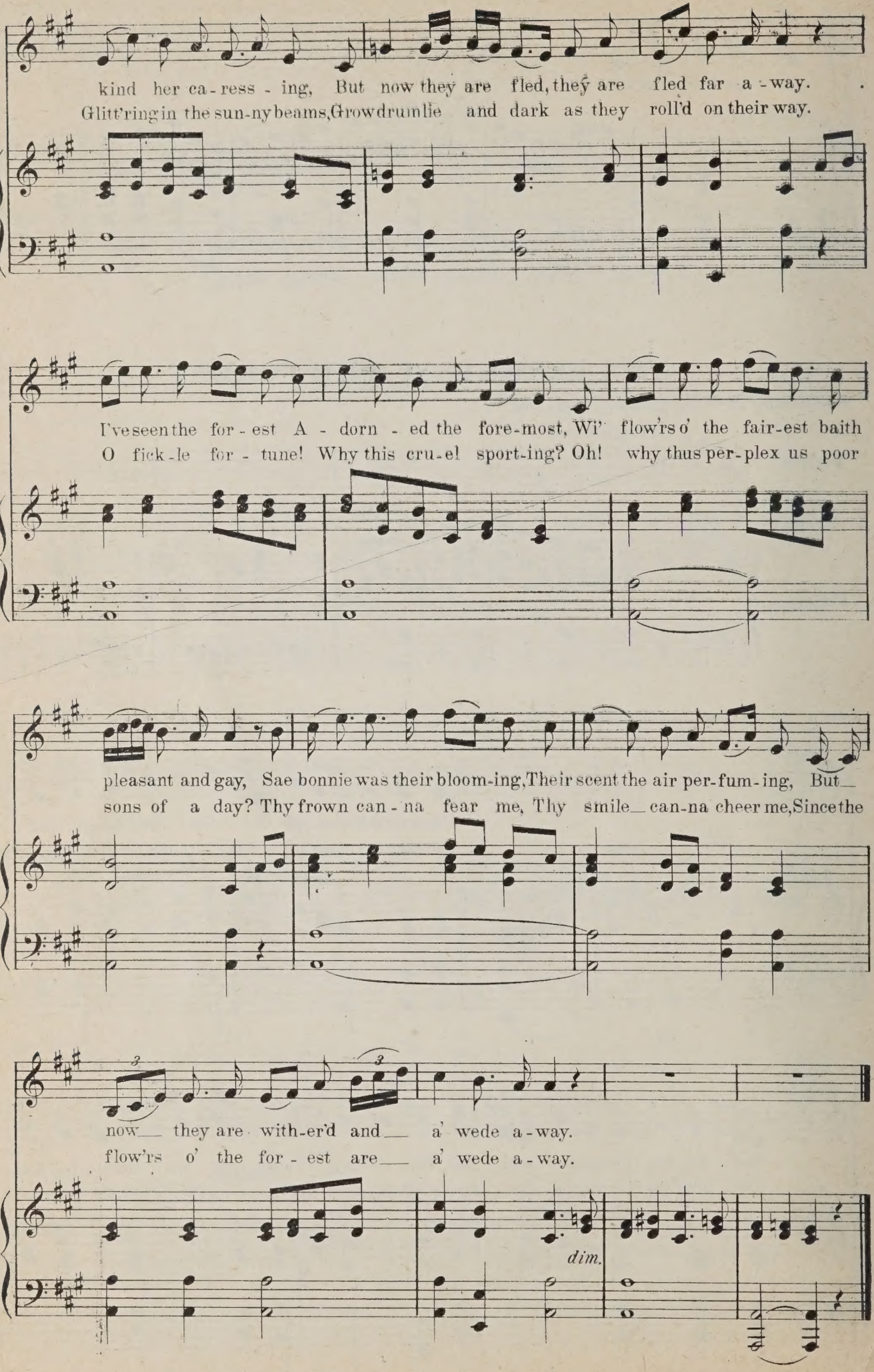

Andante moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
2. Her
3. Like
1. Max-well-ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And it's
2. brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her
3. dew on the gow-an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet; And like
there that An-nie Lau-rie, Gie'd me her prom-ise true, Gie'd me her prom-ise
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on That e'er the sun shone
winds in summer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet Her voice is low and
cresc.
sf
p
true, Which ne'er for-got will be;
on, And dark blue is her e'e:
sweet, And she's a' the world to me;
And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd


pp ad lib.
lay me doon and dee.
colla voce
pp

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

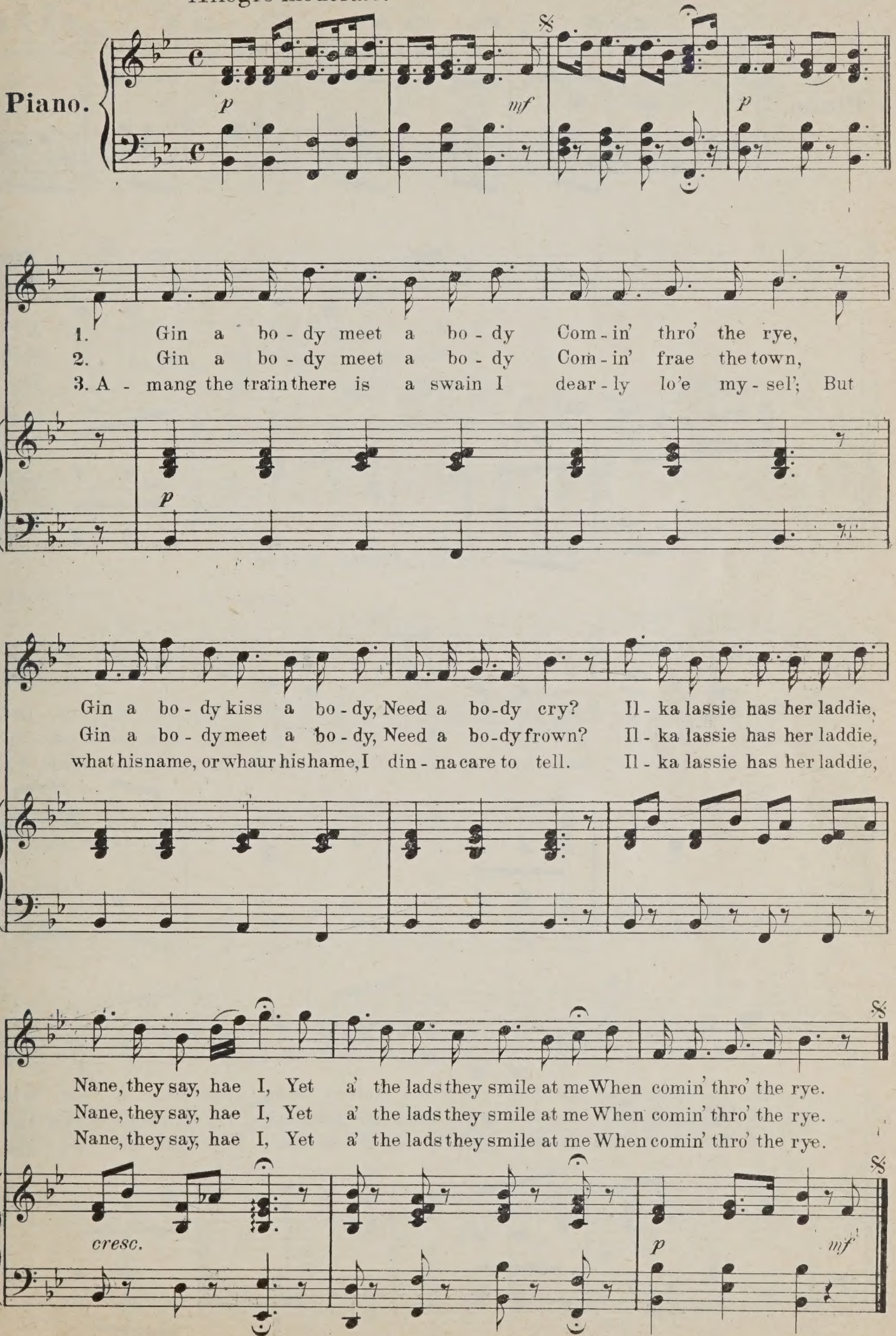
Written by Mrs Cockburn. (1712-1794)


Larghetto.
Voice.
Piano.
dolce
p
1. I've seen the smil-ing Of for - tune be-guiling, I've tast - ed her pleasures and felt her de-cay; Sweet was her bless - ing And
2. I've seen the morning With gold the hills a - dorning, And loud tempests storm-ing be - fore part-ing day, I've seen Tweed's sil-ver streams,


kind her ca-ress - ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a - way.
Glitt'ring in the sun-ny beams, Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.
I've seen the for - est A - dorn - ed the fore-most, Wi' flow'rs o' the fair-est baith
O fick-le for - tune! Why this cru-el sport-ing? Oh! why thus per-plex us poor
pleasant and gay, Sae bonnie was their bloom-ing, Their scent the air per-fum-ing, But
sons of a day? Thy frown can - na fear me, Thy smile can-na cheer me, Since the
now they are with-er'd and a' wede a-way.
flow'rs o' the for - est are a' wede a-way.
dim.

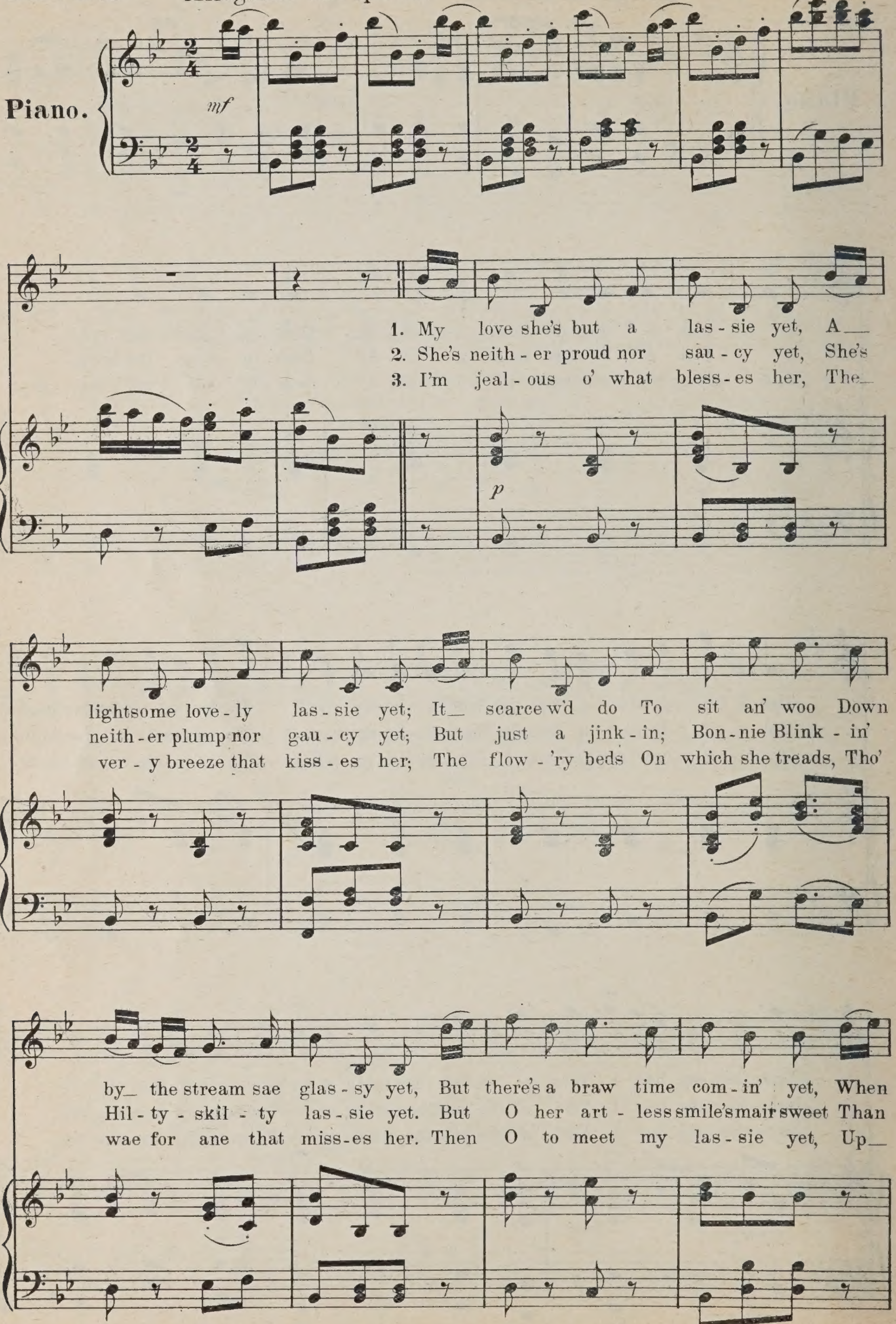
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

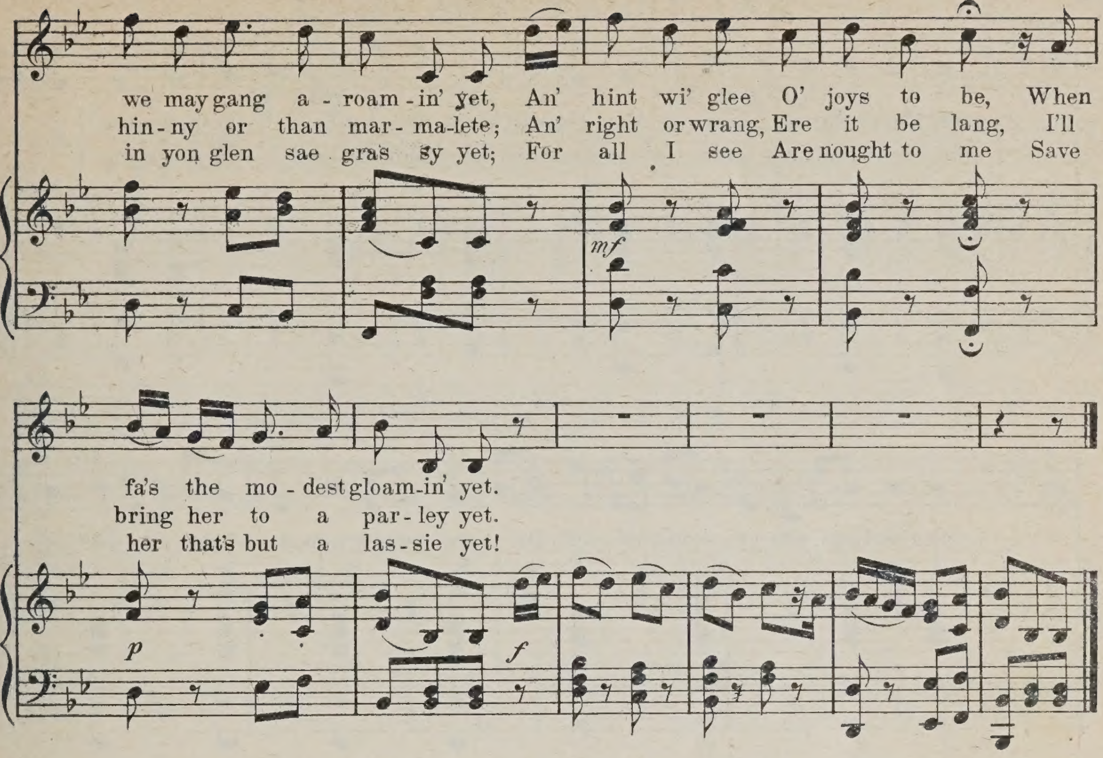
Words by Burns. Allegro moderato. *Air "The Miller's daughter."*


Piano.
p
mf
p
1. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' thro' the rye,
2. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' frae the town,
3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel'; But
p
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry? Il - ka lassie has her laddie,
Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy frown? Il - ka lassie has her laddie,
what his name, or whaur his hame, I din - na care to tell. Il - ka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
cresc.
p
mf

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

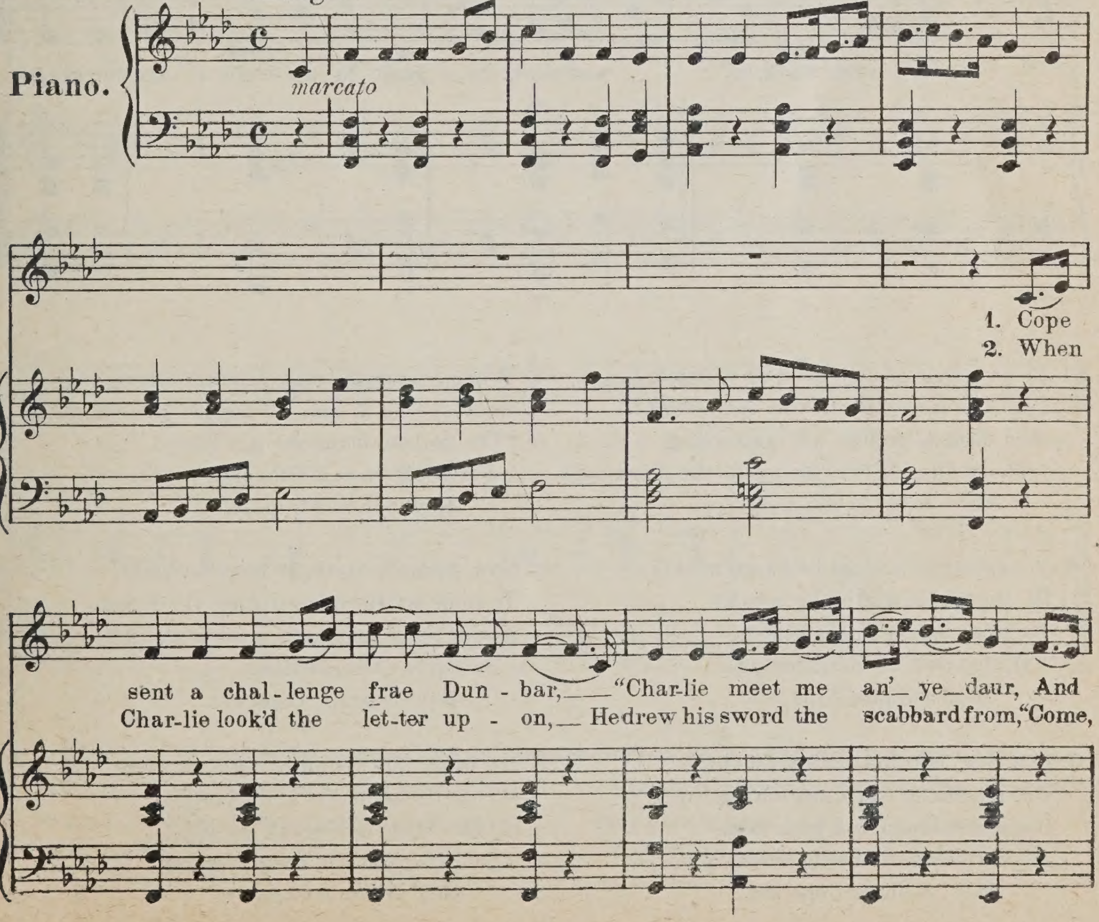
James Hogg. Allegretto con spirito. *Air "Put up your dagger, Jamie."*

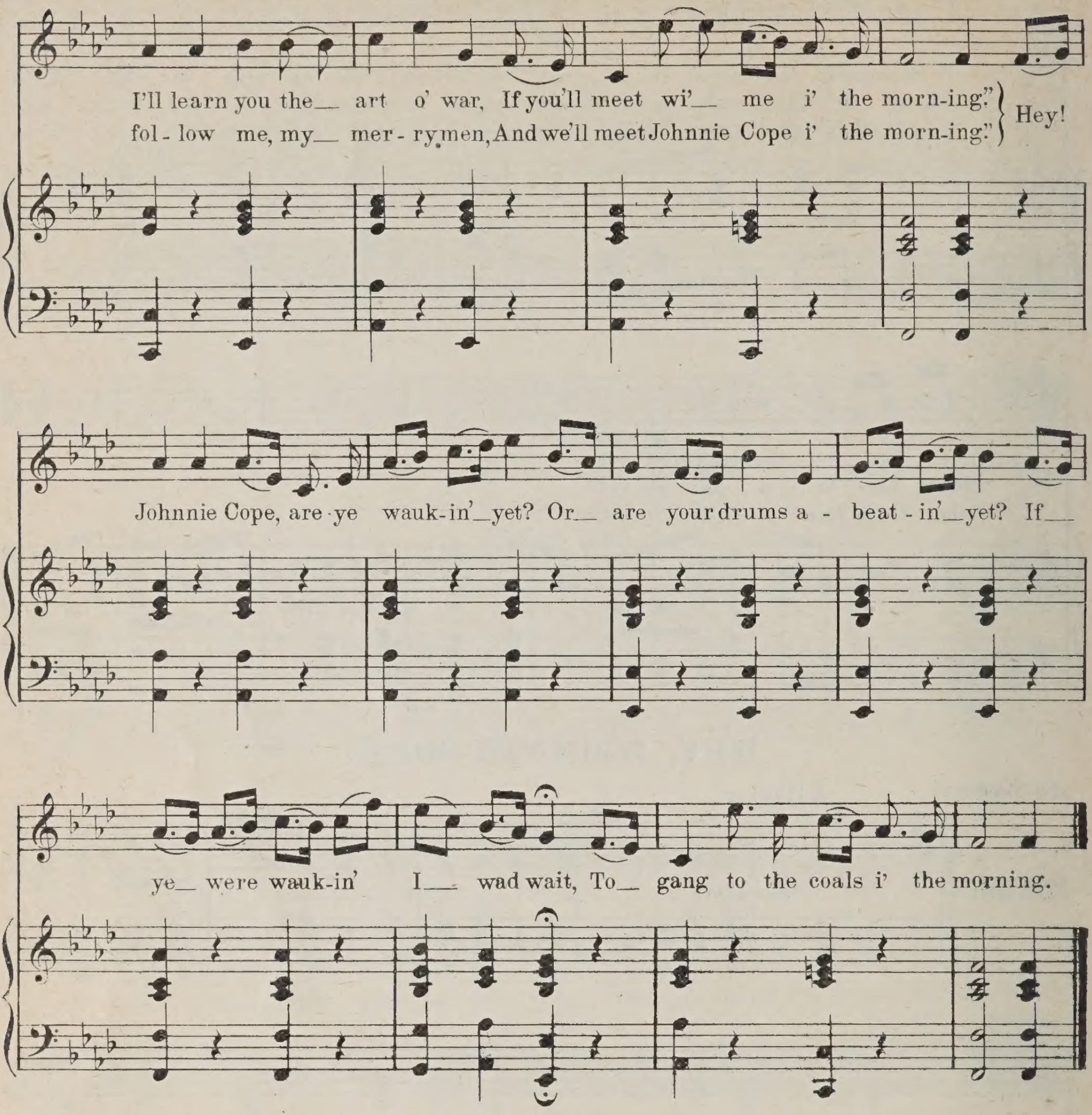

Piano.
mf
p
1. My love she's but a lassie yet, A lightsome lovely lassie yet; It scarce w'd do To sit an' woo Down by the stream sae glassy yet, But there's a braw time comin' yet, When
2. She's neither proud nor saucy yet, She's neither plump nor gaucy yet; But just a jinkin; Bonnie Blinkin' Hilty-skilty lassie yet. But O her artless smile's mair sweet Than
3. I'm jealous o' what blesses her, The very breeze that kisses her; The flow'ry beds On which she treads, Tho' wae for ane that misses her. Then O to meet my lassie yet, Up


we may gang a - roam - in' yet, An' hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When
hin - ny or than mar - ma-lete; An' right or wrang, Ere it be lang, I'll
in yon glen sae gra's sy yet; For all I see Are nought to me Save
mf
fa's the mo - dest gloam-in' yet.
bring her to a par - ley yet.
her that's but a las - sie yet!
p
f

HEY, JOHNNIE COPE.

Anonymous. Allegro.


Piano.
marcato
1. Cope
2. When
sent a chal - lenge frae Dun - bar, "Char-lie meet me an' ye daur, And
Char-lie look'd the let-ter up - on, He drew his sword the scabbard from, "Come,


I'll learn you the__ art o' war, If you'll meet wi'__ me i' the morn-ing."
fol-low me, my__ mer-ry men, And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morn-ing."
Hey!
Johnnie Cope, are ye wauk-in'__yet? Or__ are your drums a-beat-in'__yet? If__
ye__ were wauk-in' I__ wad wait, To__ gang to the coals i' the morning.

3. "Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
Come, let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frighted bird
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning."
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

4. When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be a-miss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' i' the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

5. Fye, now, Johnnie, get up an' rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

6. When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speir'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

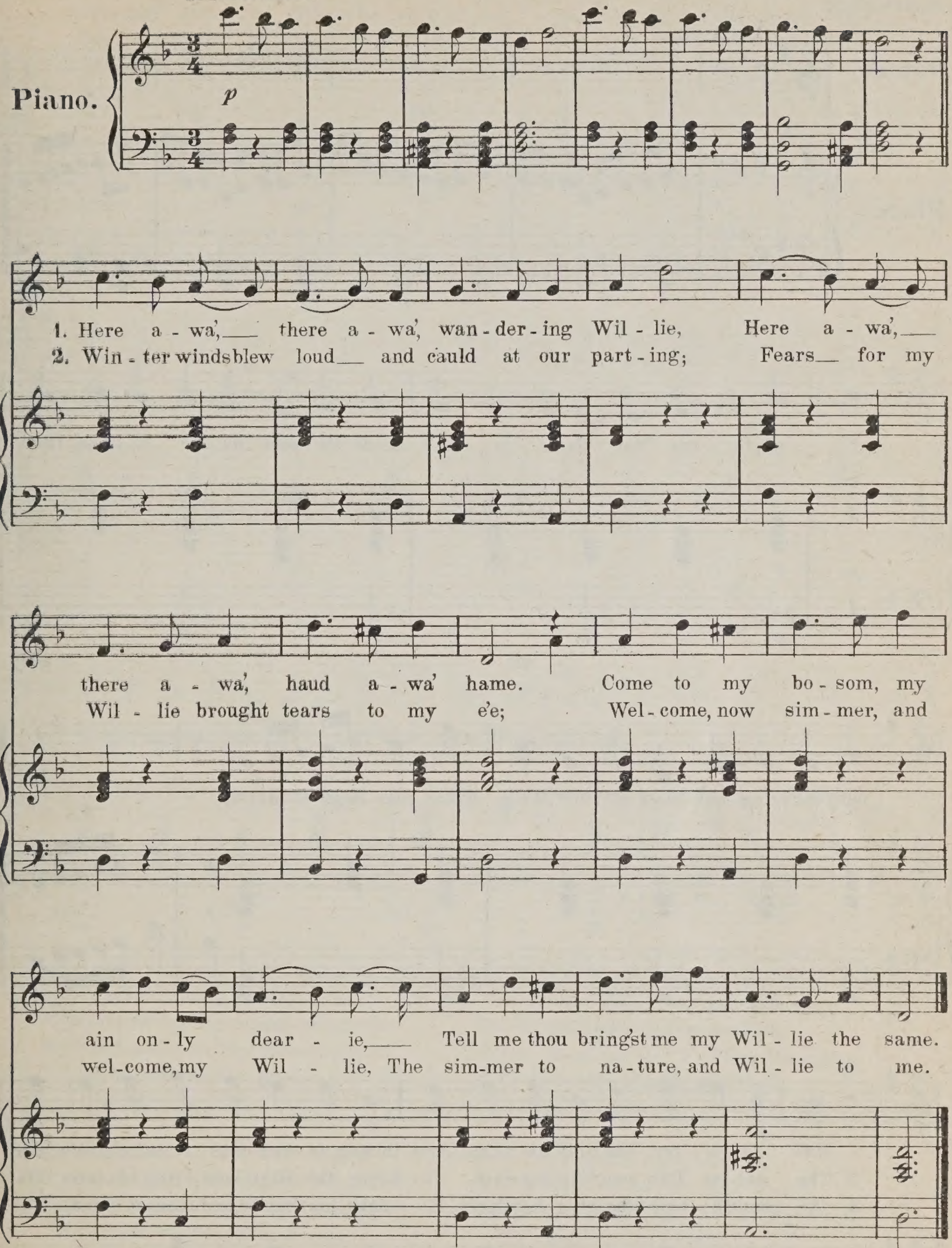
7. Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in a sic a strait,
So early i' the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

8. "In faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got sic fiegs,
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' a good morning."
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Burns.

Affettuoso.

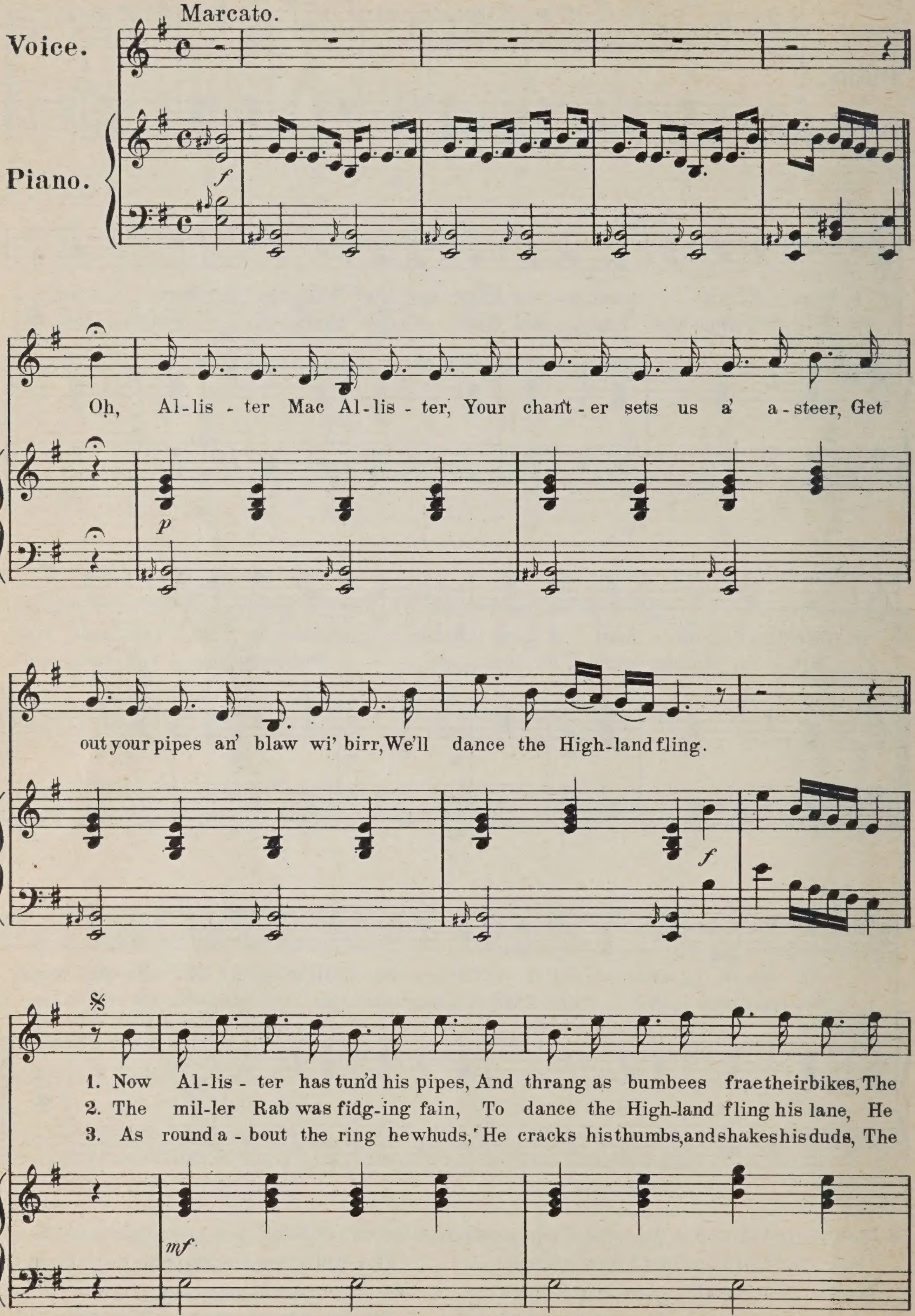

Piano.
p
1. Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa', there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame. Come to my bo - som, my ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.
2. Win - ter winds blew loud and cauld at our part - ing; Fears for my Wil - lie brought tears to my e'e; Wel - come, now sim - mer, and wel - come, my Wil - lie, The sim - mer to na - ture, and Wil - lie to me.

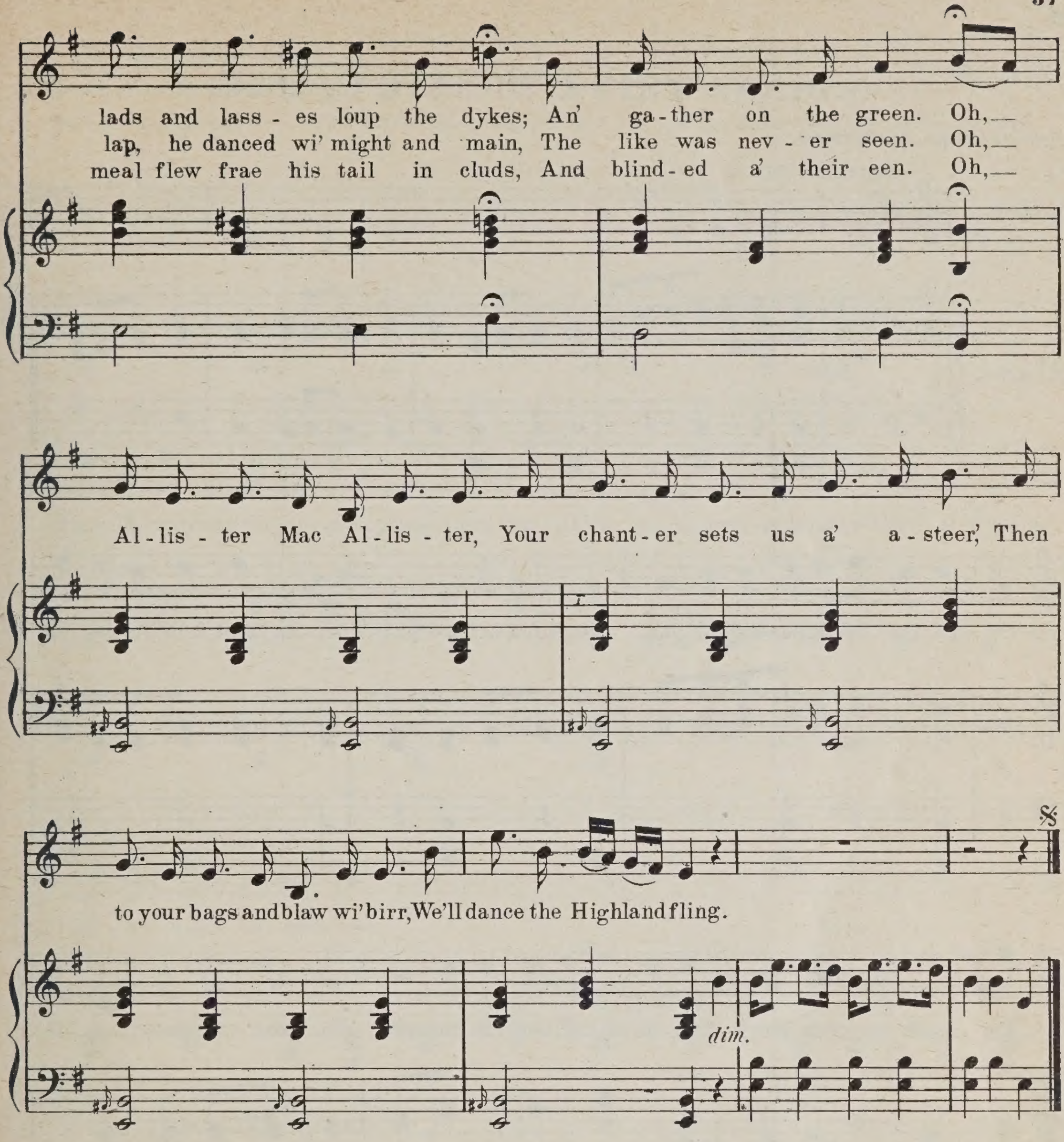
3. Rest, ye wild storms in the caves of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

4. But oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

ALLISTER MACALLISTER.

James Hogg.


Marcato.
Voice.
Piano.
f
Oh, Al-lis - ter Mac Al-lis - ter, Your chant - er sets us a' a - steer, Get
p
out your pipes an' blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High-land fling.
f
1. Now Al-lis - ter has tun'd his pipes, And thrang as bumbees frae their bikes, The
2. The mil-ler Rab was fidg-ing fain, To dance the High-land fling his lane, He
3. As round a - bout the ring he whuds, He cracks his thumbs, and shakes his duds, The
mf


lads and lass - es loup the dykes; An' ga-ther on the green. Oh,—
lap, he danced wi' might and main, The like was nev - er seen. Oh,—
meal flew frae his tail in cluds, And blind-ed a' their een. Oh,—
Al-lis - ter Mac Al-lis - ter, Your chant-er sets us a' a-steer, Then
to your bags and blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the Highland fling.
dim.

4. Neist rackle handed smithy Jock,
A' blacken'd o'er with coom an' smoke,
Wi' bletherin bleer-e'ed Bess did yoke,
That harum scarum queen.
Oh, Allister, etc.

5. He shook his doublets in the wind,
His feet like hammers strak the grund;
The very moudie warts were stunn'd
Or kenn'd what it could mean.
Oh, Allister, etc.

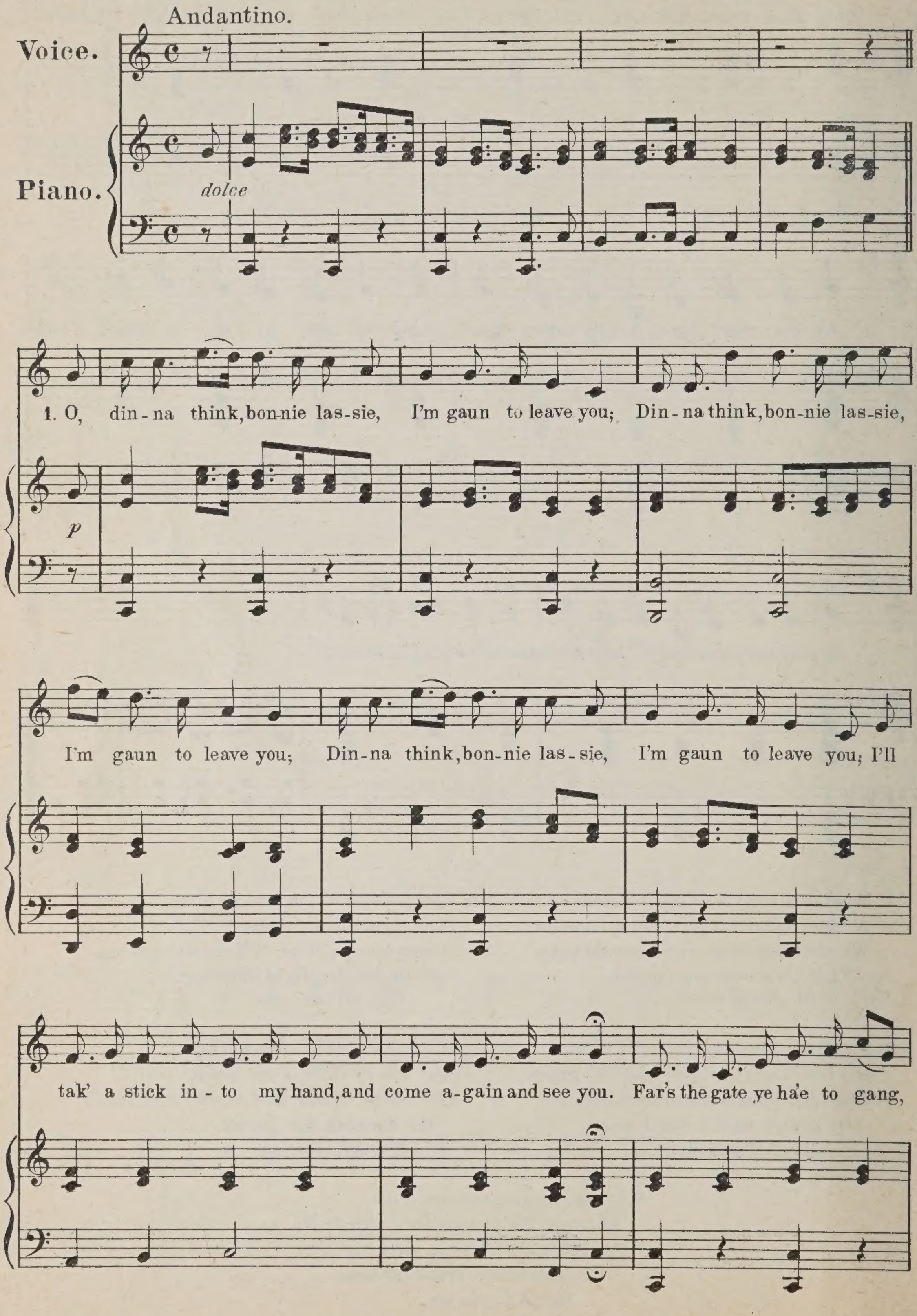
6. Now wanton Willie was na blate,
For he got haud o' winsome Kate;
"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate
To dance the Highland fling."
Oh, Allister, etc.

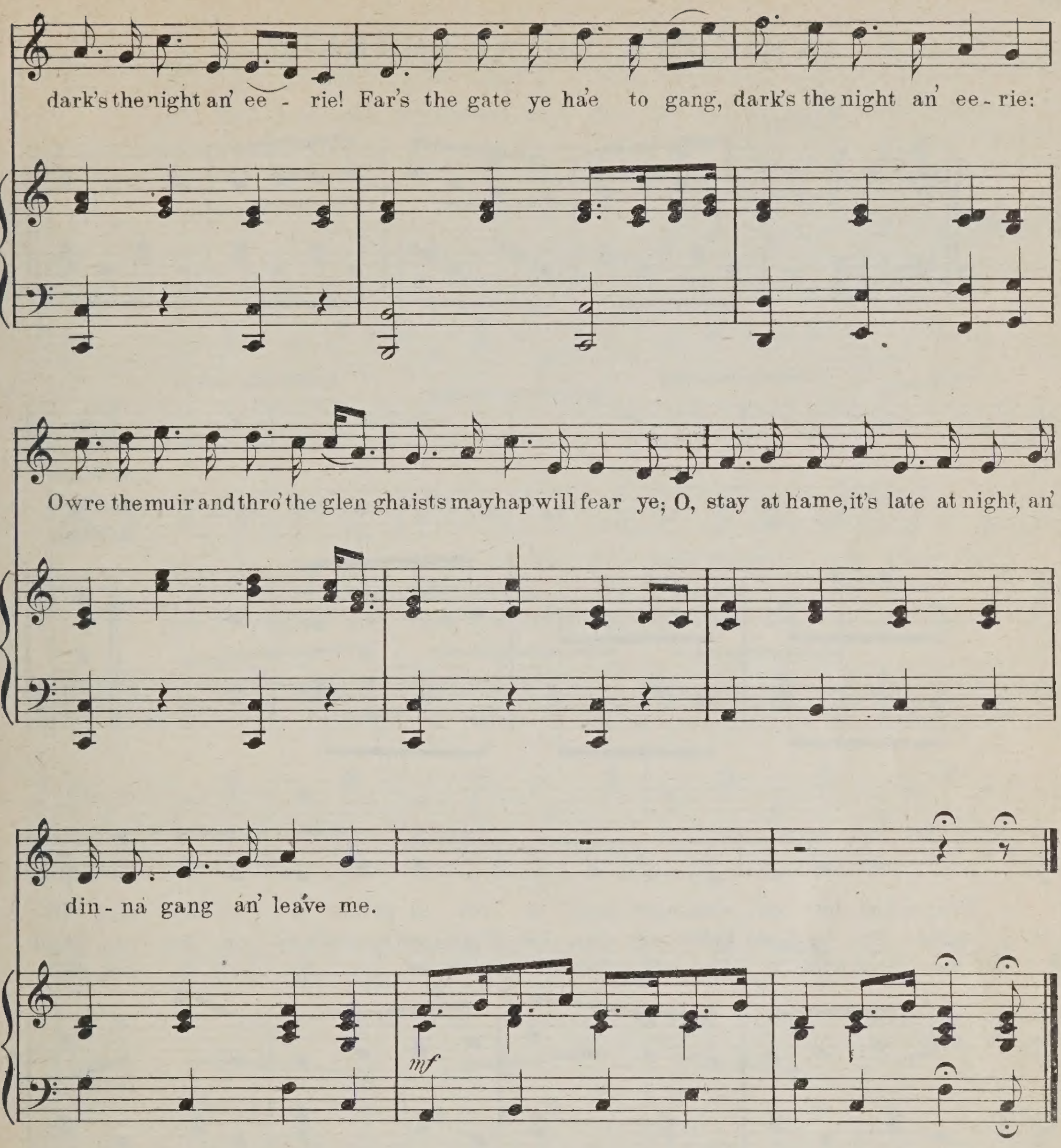
7. Now Allister has done his best,
And weary stumps are needin' rest;
Besides wi' drouth they're sair distress'd,
Wi' dancing sae I ween.
Oh, Allister, etc.

8. I trow the gauntree got a lift;
An' round the bickers flew like drift;
An' Allister that very nicht,
Could scarcely stand his lane.
Oh, Allister, etc.

O, DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

Ancient and Anonymus.


Andantino.
Voice.
Piano.
dolce
p
1. O, din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,
I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; I'll
tak' a stick in-to my hand, and come a-gain and see you. Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang,

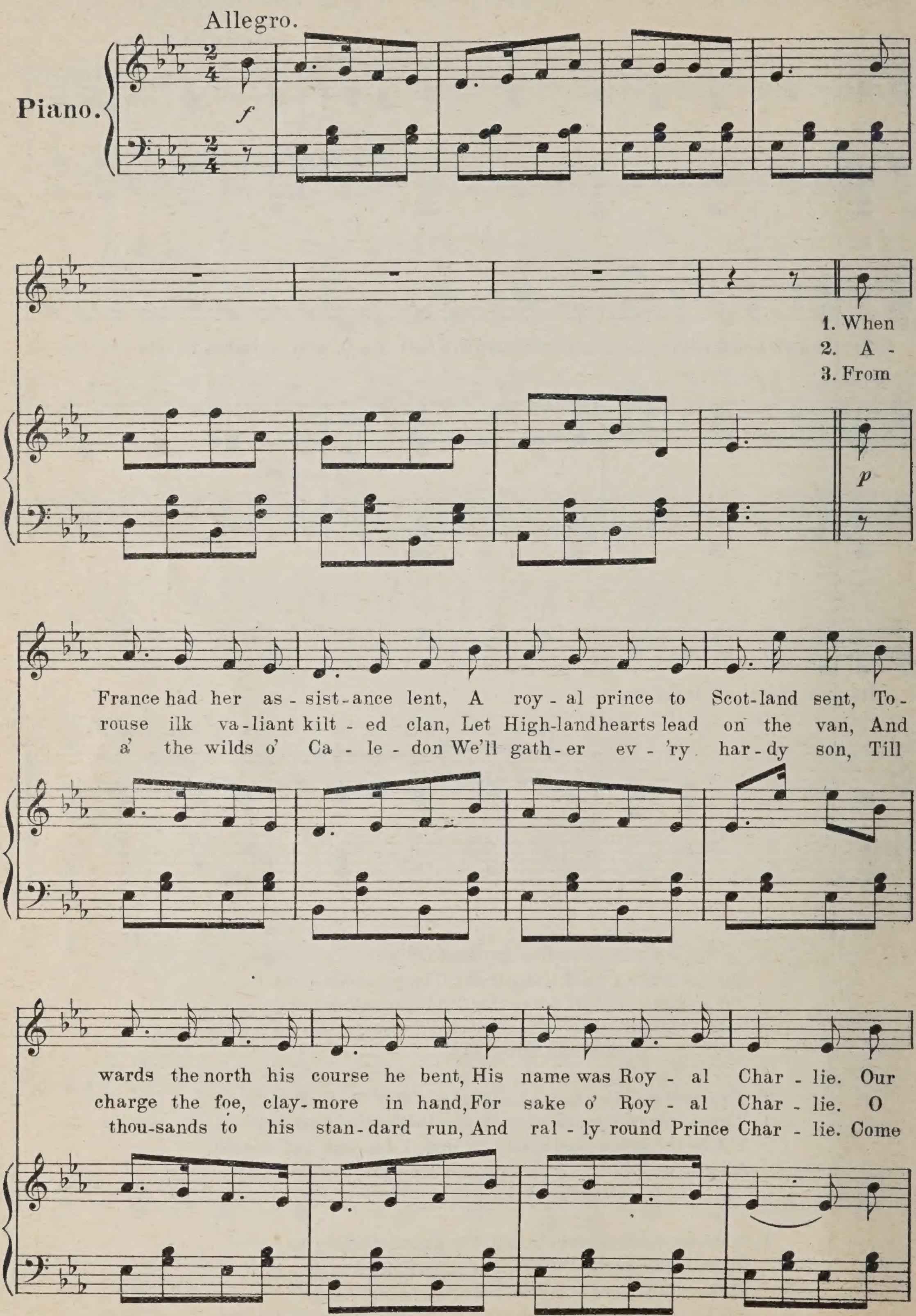

dark's the night an' ee - rie! Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang, dark's the night an' ee - rie:
Owre the muir and thro' the glen ghaists mayhap will fear ye; O, stay at hame, it's late at night, an'
din - na gang an' leave me.
mf

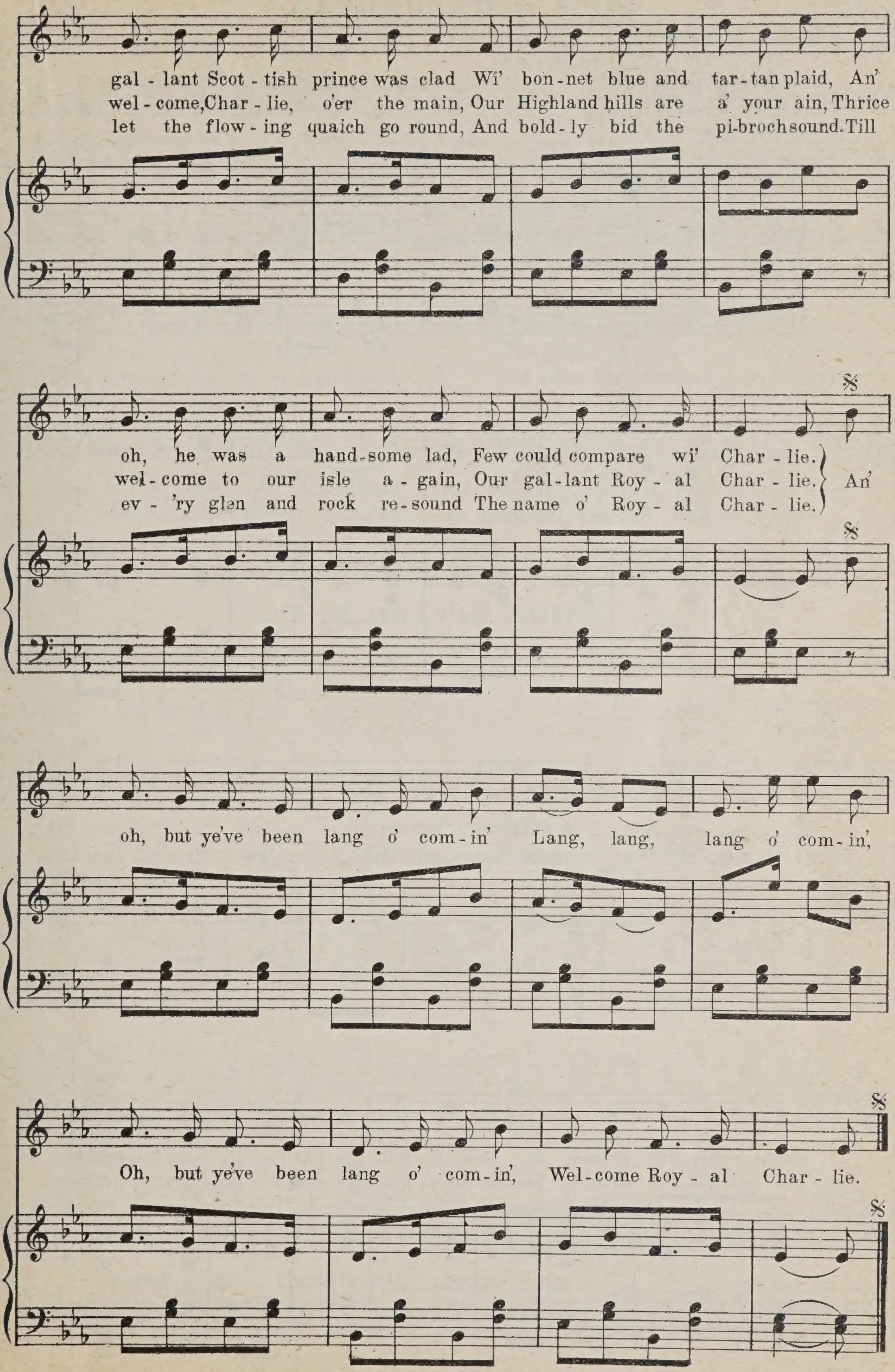
2. It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
When the sun gaes west the loch I'll come again an' see thee.
O, dinna think, etc.

3. Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae and dreary;
An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.
O, dinna think, etc.

4. O, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
For let the warld gae as it will, I'll come again and see you.
O, dinna think, etc.

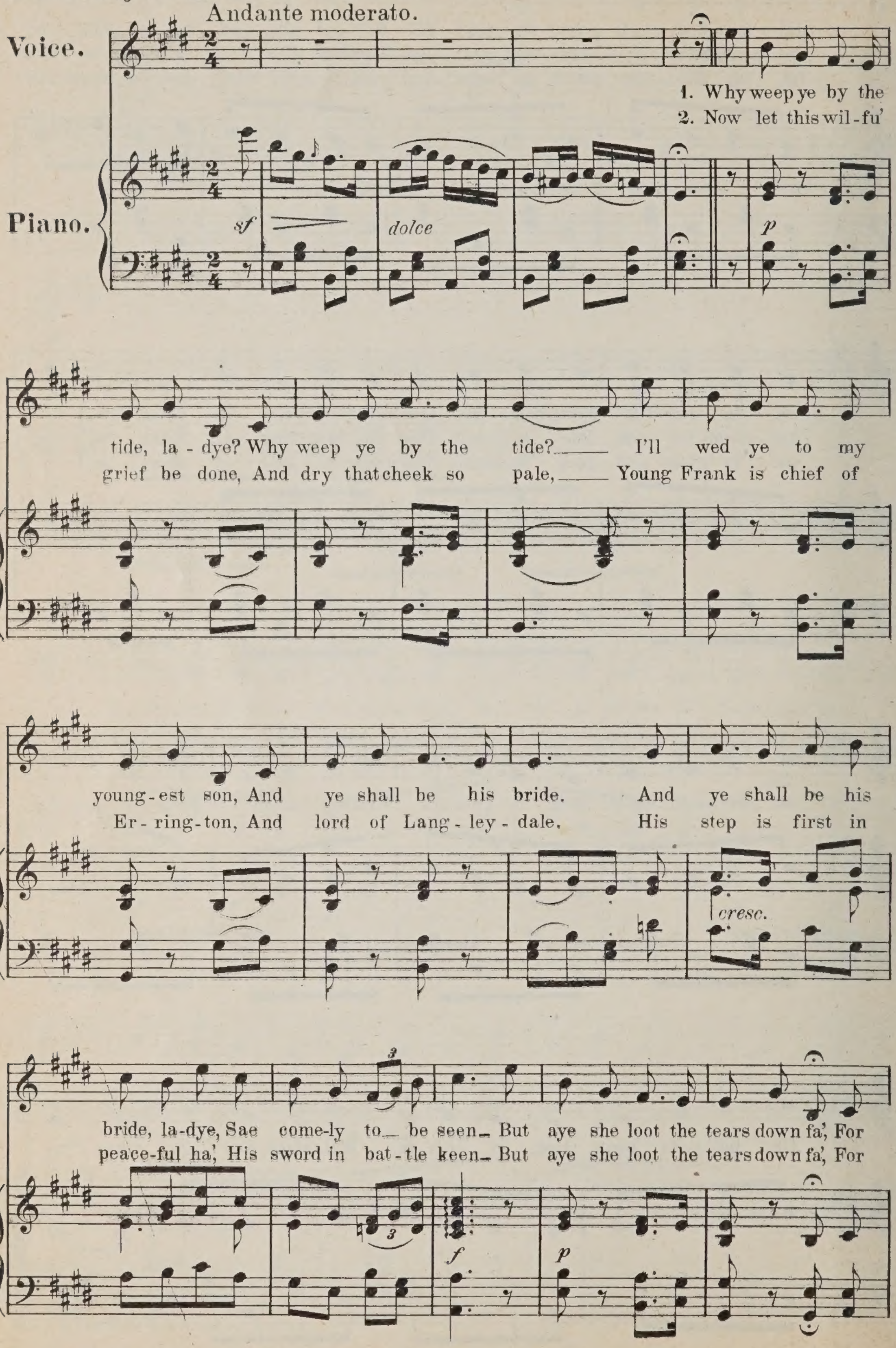
WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

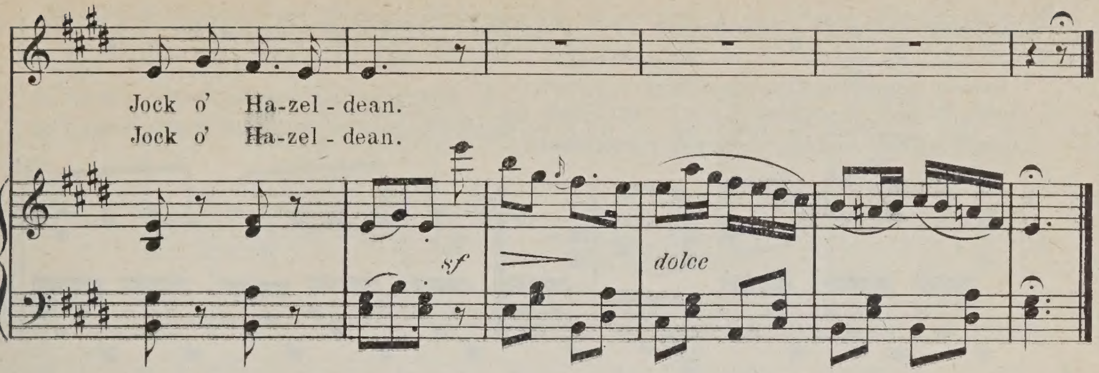

Allegro.
Piano.
f
p
1. When
2. A -
3. From
France had her as - sist-ance lent, A roy - al prince to Scot-land sent, To -
rouse ilk va-liant kilt - ed clan, Let High-land hearts lead on the van, And
a' the wilds o' Ca - le - don We'll gath - er ev - 'ry har - dy son, Till
wards the north his course he bent, His name was Roy - al Char - lie. Our
charge the foe, clay-more in hand, For sake o' Roy - al Char - lie. O
thou-sands to his stan-dard run, And ral - ly round Prince Char - lie. Come


gal - lant Scot - tish prince was clad Wi' bon-net blue and tar-tan plaid, An'
wel - come,Char - lie, o'er the main, Our Highland hills are a' your ain, Thrice
let the flow - ing quaich go round, And bold - ly bid the pi-broch sound. Till
oh, he was a hand-some lad, Few could compare wi' Char - lie.
wel - come to our isle a - gain, Our gal-lant Roy - al Char - lie.
ev - 'ry glen and rock re-sound The name o' Roy - al Char - lie.
An'
oh, but ye've been lang o' com - in' Lang, lang, lang o' com - in',
Oh, but ye've been lang o' com - in', Wel-come Roy - al Char - lie.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

The words by Sir Walter Scott. (1771-1832)


Andante moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
sf
dolce
p
1. Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye shall be his bride. And ye shall be his bride, la-dye, Sae come-ly to be seen. But aye she loot the tears down fa', For
2. Now let this wil-fu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, Young Frank is chief of Er-ring-ton, And lord of Lang - ley - dale, His step is first in peace-ful ha', His sword in bat-tle keen. But aye she loot the tears down fa', For
cresc.
3
f
p

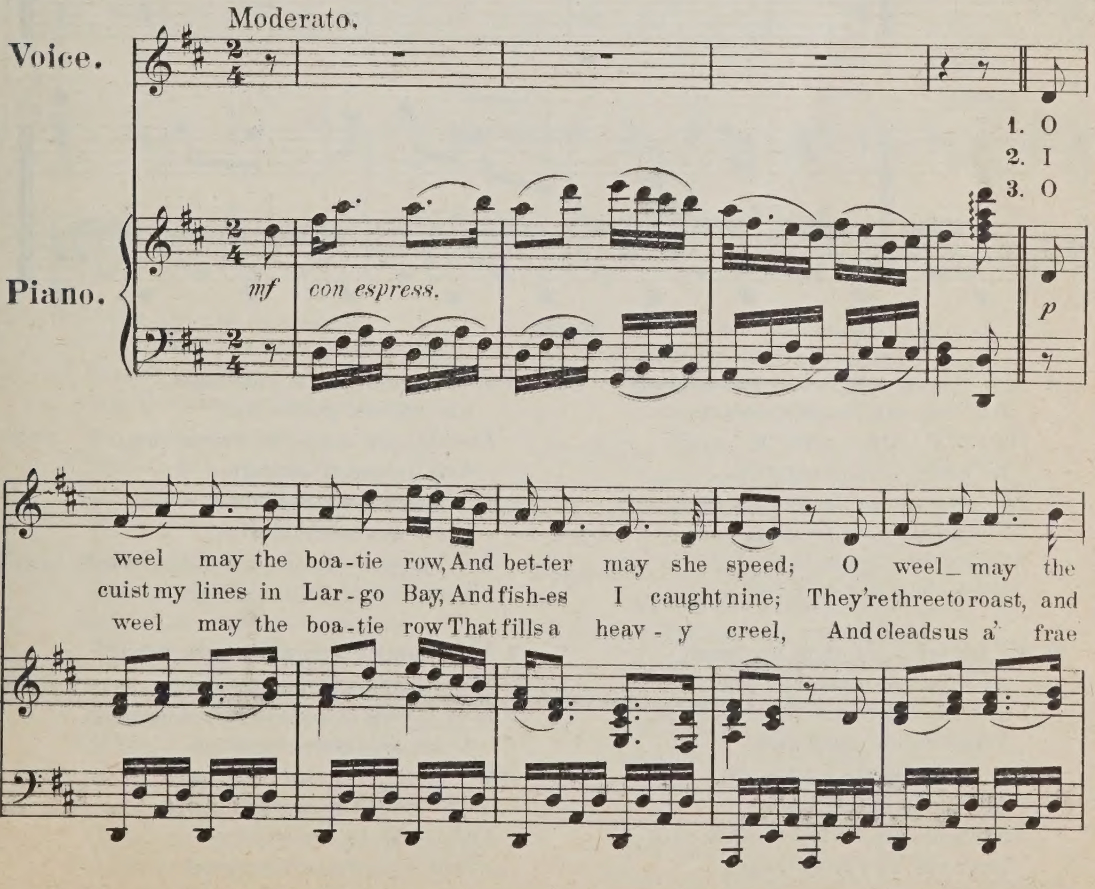

Jock o' Ha-zel - dean.
Jock o' Ha-zel - dean.
sf
dolce

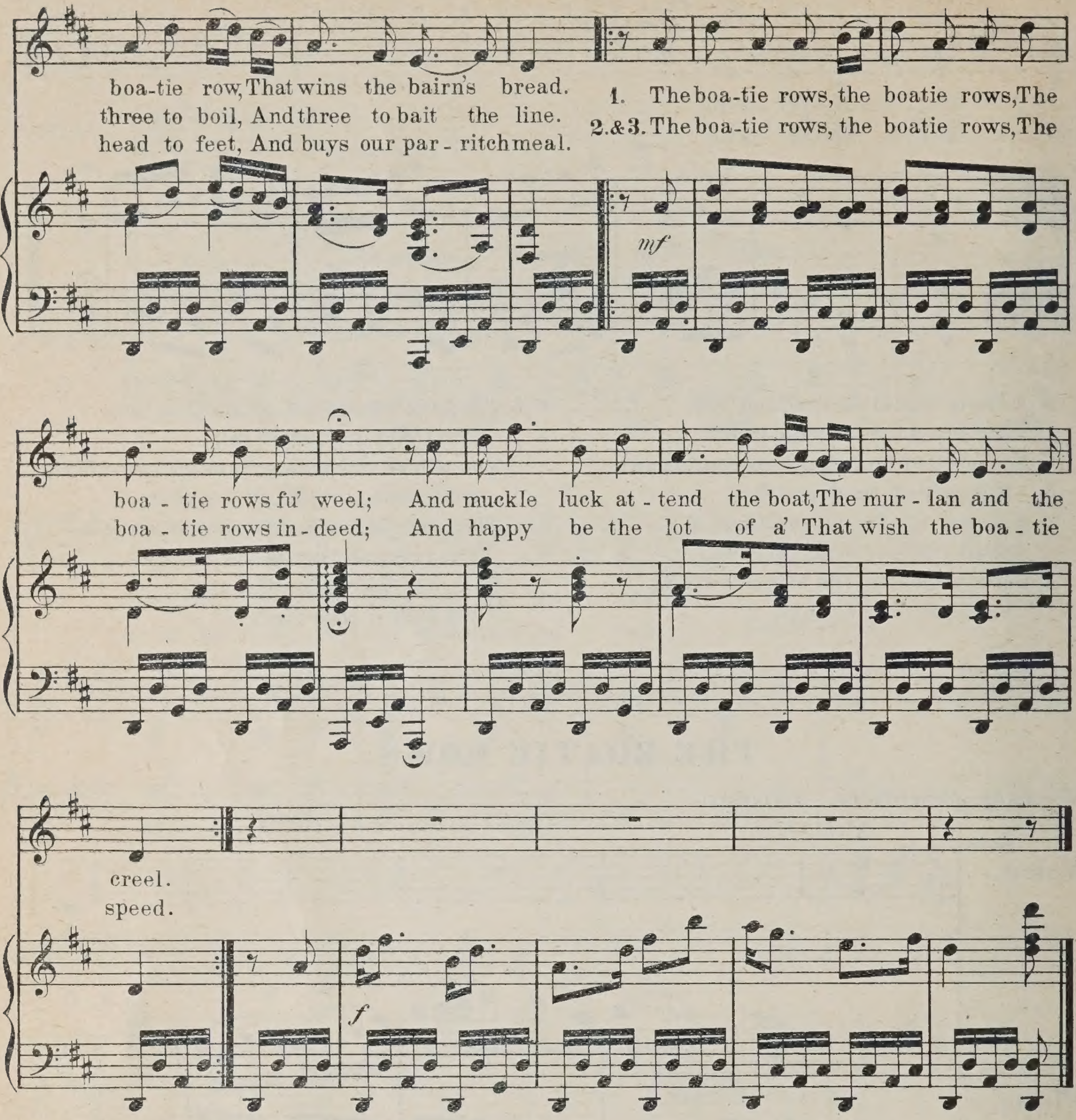
3. A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen –
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

4. The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The taper glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen;
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Words by John Ewen. (1741-1821)


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
con espress.
p
1. O
2. I
3. O
weel may the boa-tie row, And bet-ter may she speed; O weel_ may the
cuist my lines in Lar-go Bay, And fish-es I caught nine; They're three to roast, and
weel may the boa-tie row That fills a heav-y creel, And cleads us a' frae


boa-tie row, That wins the bairn's bread.
three to boil, And three to bait the line.
head to feet, And buys our par - ritch meal.
1. The boa-tie rows, the boatie rows, The
2.&3. The boa-tie rows, the boatie rows, The
mf
boa - tie rows fu' weel; And muckle luck at - tend the boat, The mur - lan and the
boa - tie rows in - deed; And happy be the lot of a' That wish the boa - tie
creel.
speed.
f

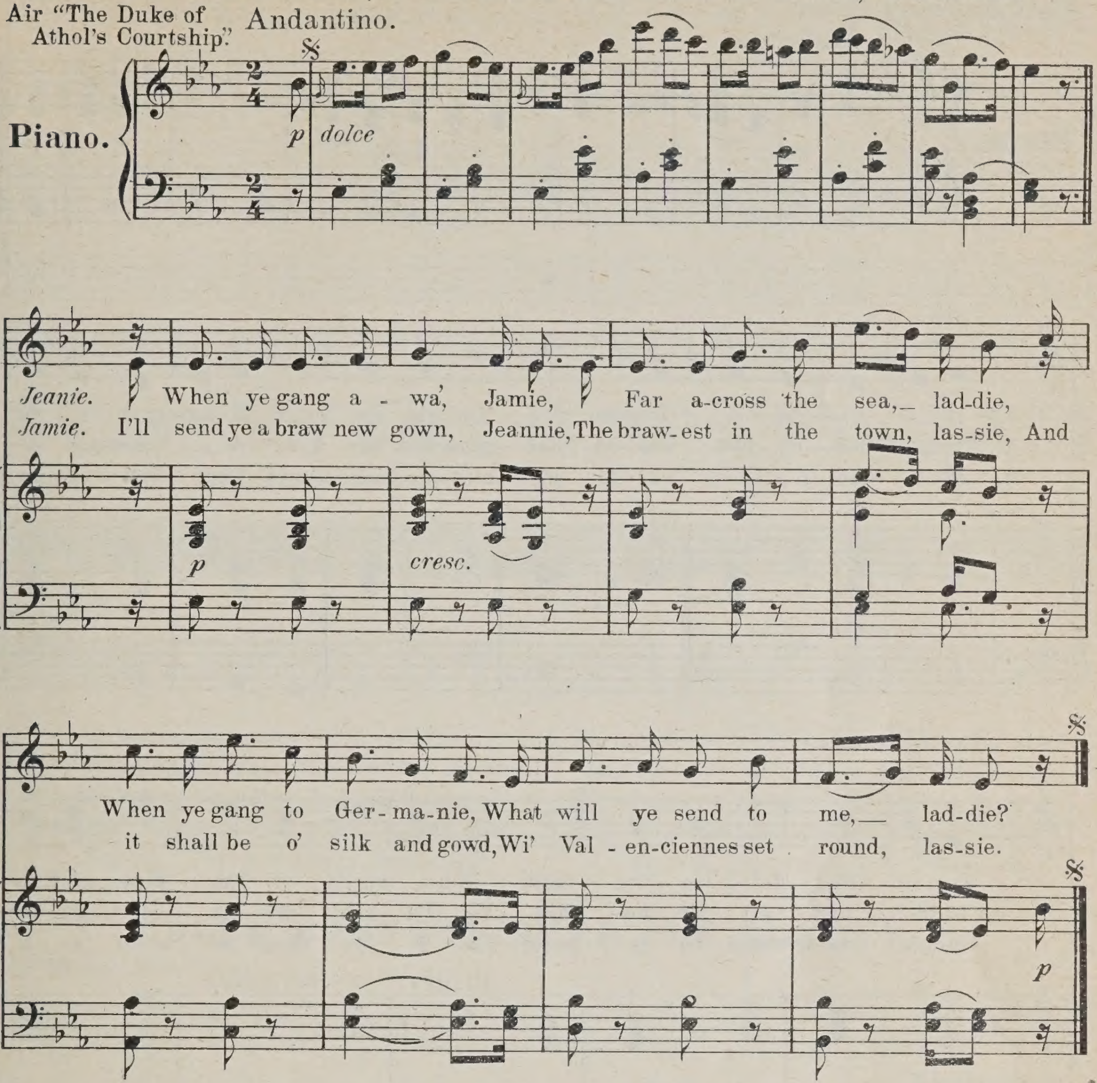
4. When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan my youthful heart;
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

5. My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was dowf and wae
When Jamie gaed awa'
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That has an honest heart.

6. When Sandy, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten-lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be the heart thet bears
The merlan and the creel.

7. And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll help to keep us dry and warm
As we did them before:
Then weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairn's bread,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

HUNTINGTOWER; or "WHEN YE GANG AWA', JAMIE."


Air "The Duke of Athol's Courtship."
Andantino.
Piano.
p dolce
Jeanie. When ye gang a - wa', Jamie, Far a-cross the sea,_ lad-die,
Jamie. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeannie, The braw-est in the town, las-sie, And
p
cresc.
When ye gang to Ger-ma-nie, What will ye send to me,_ lad-die?
it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Val - en-ciennes set round, las-sie.
p

Jeanie. That's nae gift ava, Jamie,
Silk and gowd and a', laddie,
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
I'd like when ye're awa', laddie.

Jamie. When I come back again, Jeanie,
Frae a foreign land, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

Jeanie. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
Marry me yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

Jamie. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

Jeanie. Ye should hae telt me that in tim , Jamie,
Ye should hae telt me that lang syne,
For had I kent o'your fause heart, [laddie.
Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

Jamie. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
I couldna help mysel', lassie.

Jeanie. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A braken heart like me, laddie.

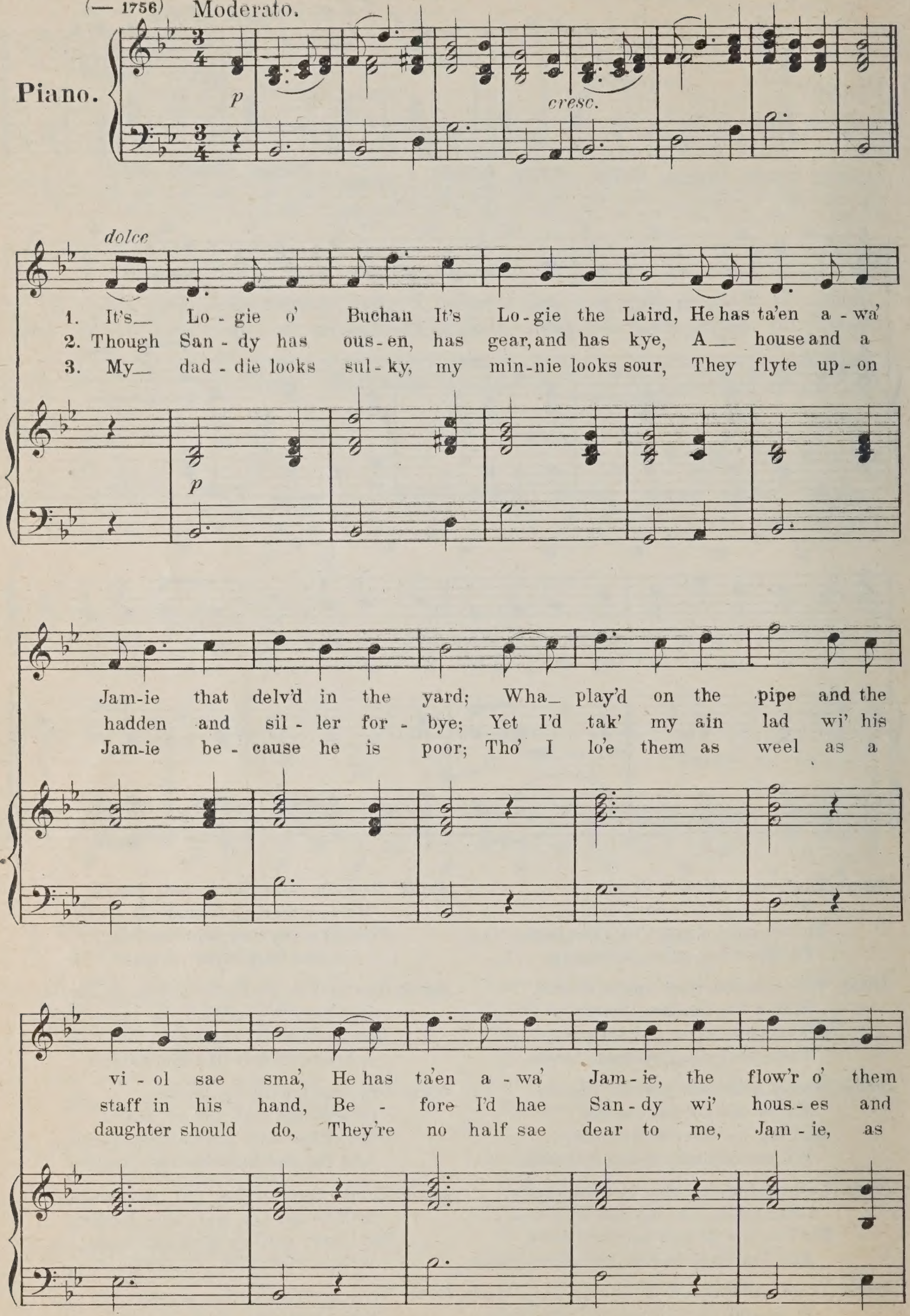
Jamie. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

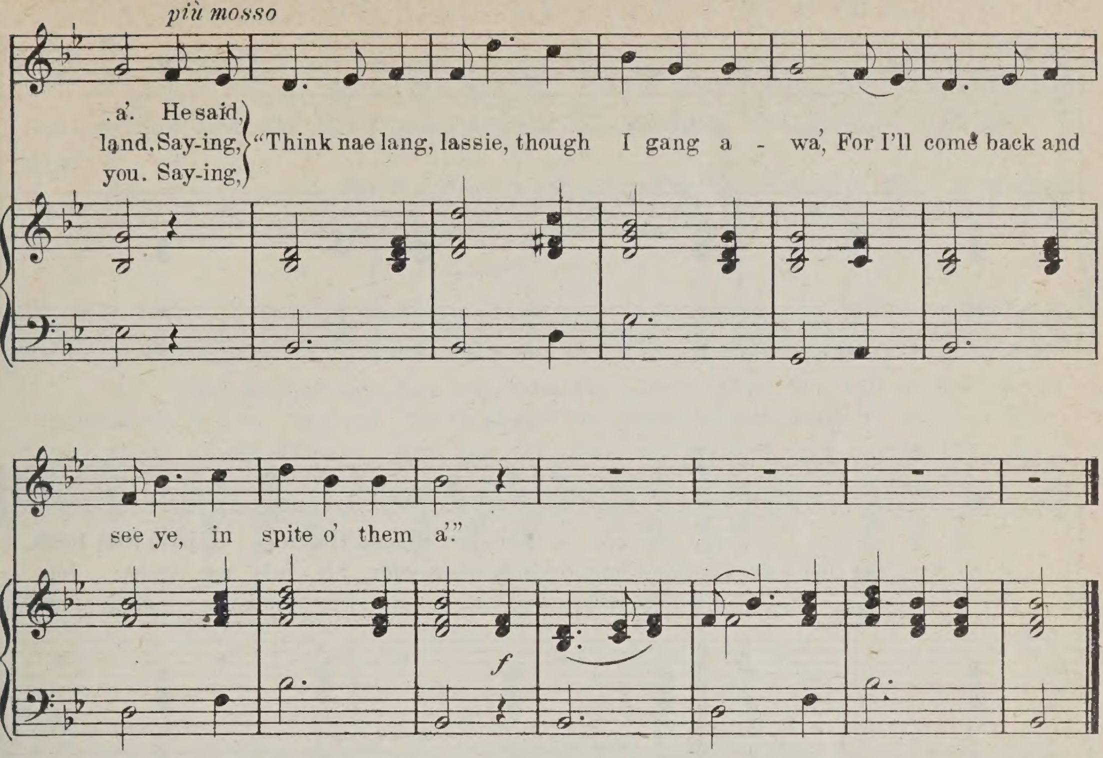
Jeanie. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie;
But I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

Jamie Blair in Athol's mine, lassie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower,
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Words by George Halket.
(— 1756)


Moderato.
Piano.
p
cresc.
dolce
p
1. It's— Lo - gie o' Buchan It's Lo - gie the Laird, He has ta'en a - wa'
2. Though San - dy has ous - en, has gear, and has kye, A— house and a
3. My— dad - die looks sul - ky, my min - nie looks sour, They flyte up - on
Jam-ie that delv'd in the yard; Wha— play'd on the pipe and the
hadden and sil - ler for - bye; Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his
Jam-ie be - cause he is poor; Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a
vi - ol sae sma', He has ta'en a - wa' Jam - ie, the flow'r o' them
staff in his hand, Be - fore I'd hae San - dy wi' hous - es and
daughter should do, They're no half sae dear to me, Jam - ie, as

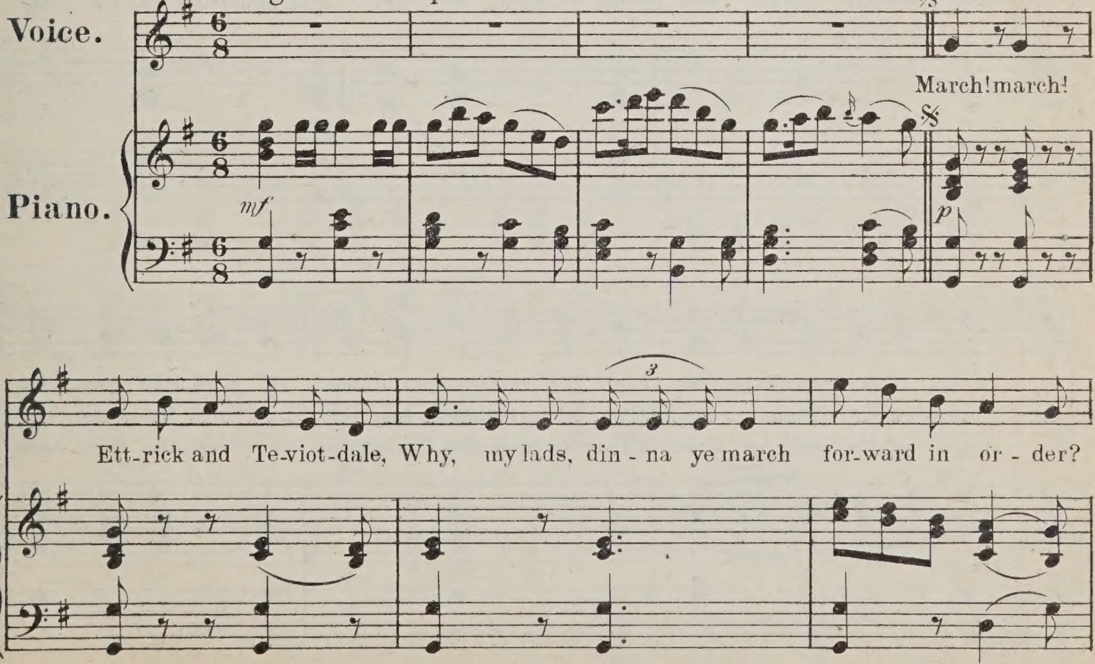

più mosso
. a'. He said,
land. Say-ing,
you. Say-ing,
"Think nae lang, lassie, though I gang a - wa', For I'll come back and
see ye, in spite o' them a'."
f

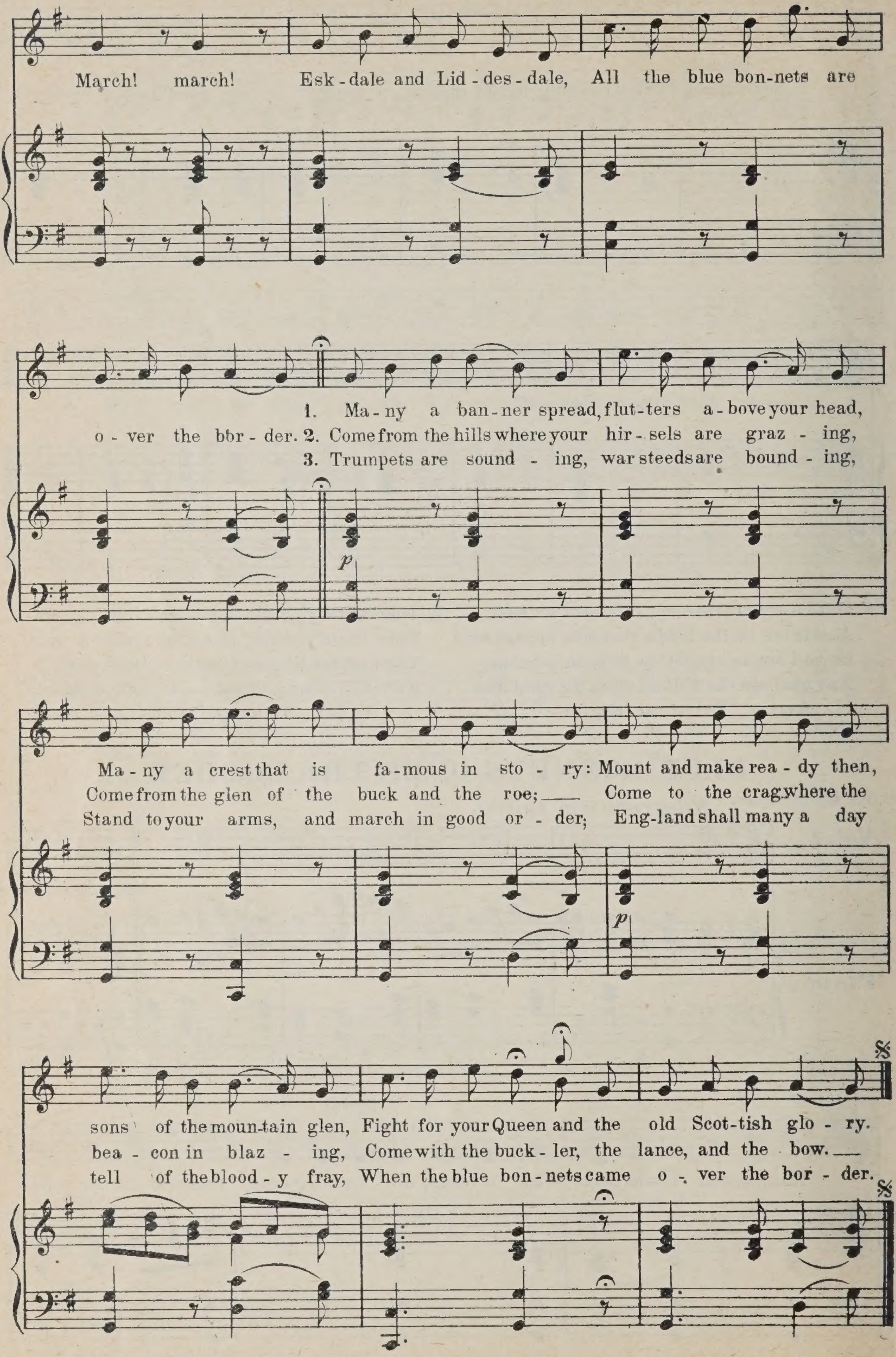
4. I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae six-pence, he brak' it in twa,
And gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

5. Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.
Ye said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

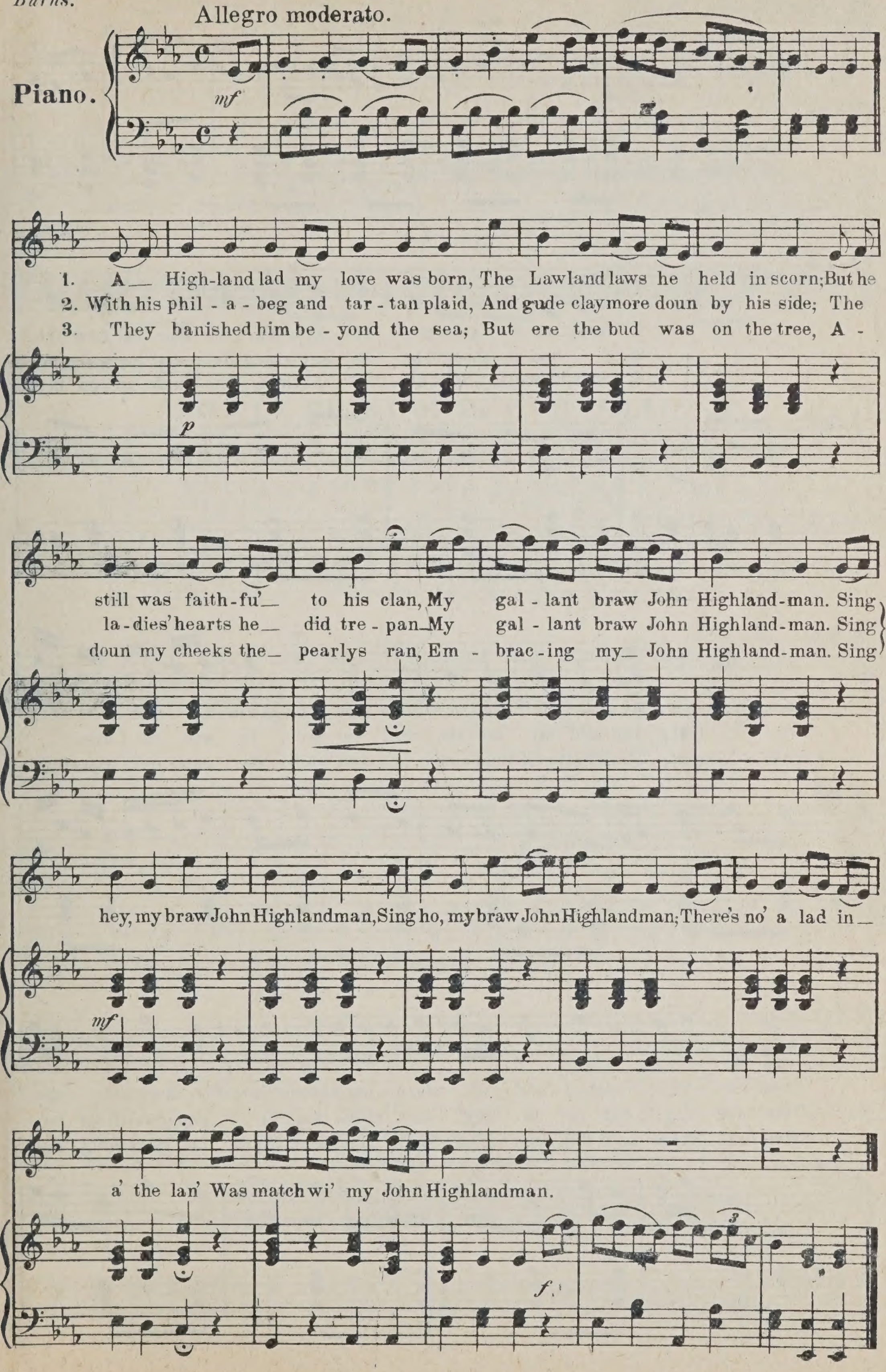
Sir Walter Scott. Allegretto con spirito.


Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
March! march!
Ett-rick and Te-viot-dale, Why, my lads, din - na ye march for-ward in or - der?
3


March! march! Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale, All the blue bon-nets are
o-ver the bor-der.
1. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head,
2. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz-ing,
3. Trumpets are sound-ing, war steeds are bound-ing,
p
Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry: Mount and make rea-dy then,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the
Stand to your arms, and march in good or-der; Eng-land shall many a day
p
sons of the moun-tain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scot-tish glo-ry.
bea-con in blaz-ing, Come with the buck-ler, the lance, and the bow.
tell of the blood-y fray, When the blue bon-nets came o-ver the bor-der.

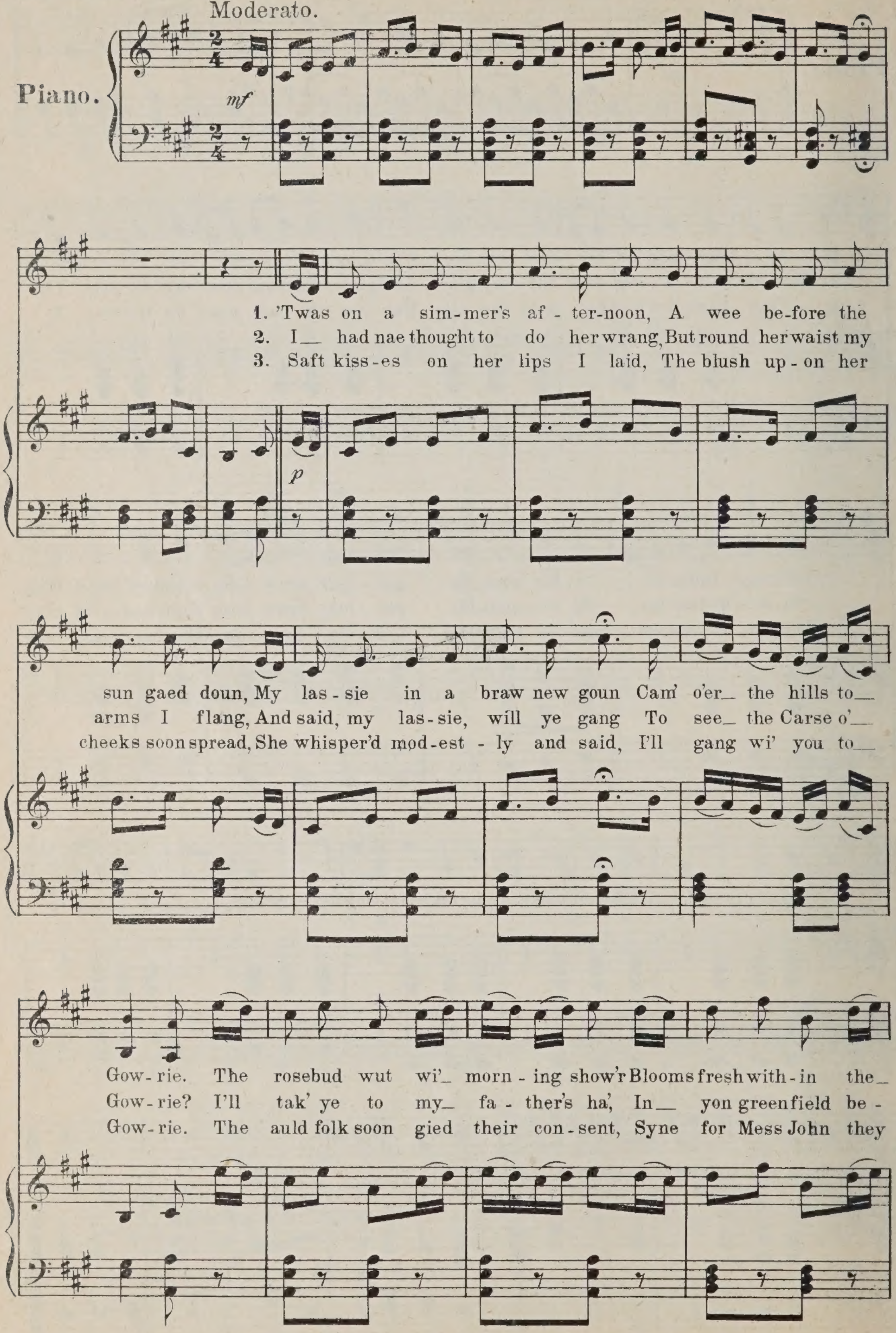
A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

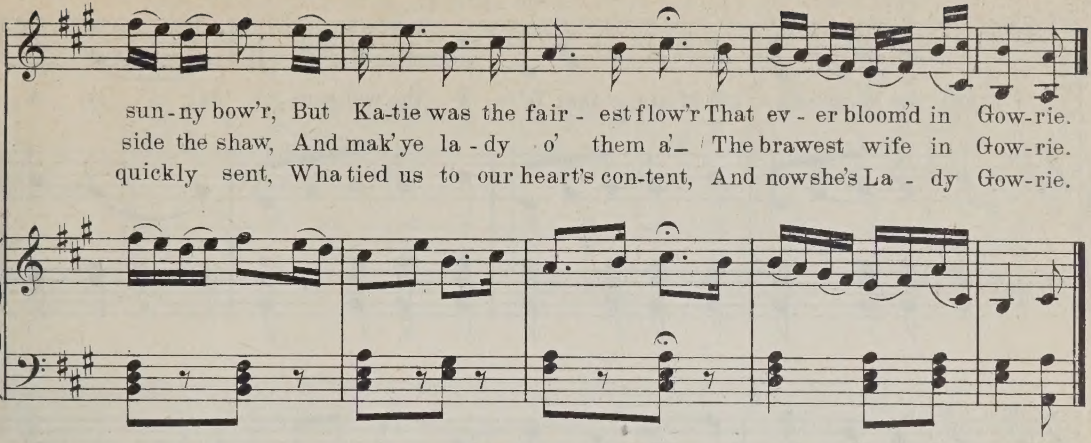
Burns.


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
mf
1. A__ High-land lad my love was born, The Lawland laws he held in scorn; But he still was faith-fu'__ to his clan, My gal - lant braw John Highland-man. Sing
2. With his phil - a - beg and tar - tan plaid, And gude claymore doun by his side; The la-dies' hearts he__ did tre - pan My gal - lant braw John Highland-man. Sing
3. They banished him be - yond the sea; But ere the bud was on the tree, A - doun my cheeks the__ pearlys ran, Em - brac-ing my__ John Highland-man. Sing
p
hey, my braw John Highlandman, Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman; There's no' a lad in__ a' the lan' Was match wi' my John Highlandman.
mf
f
3

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

The words by Wm. Reid.

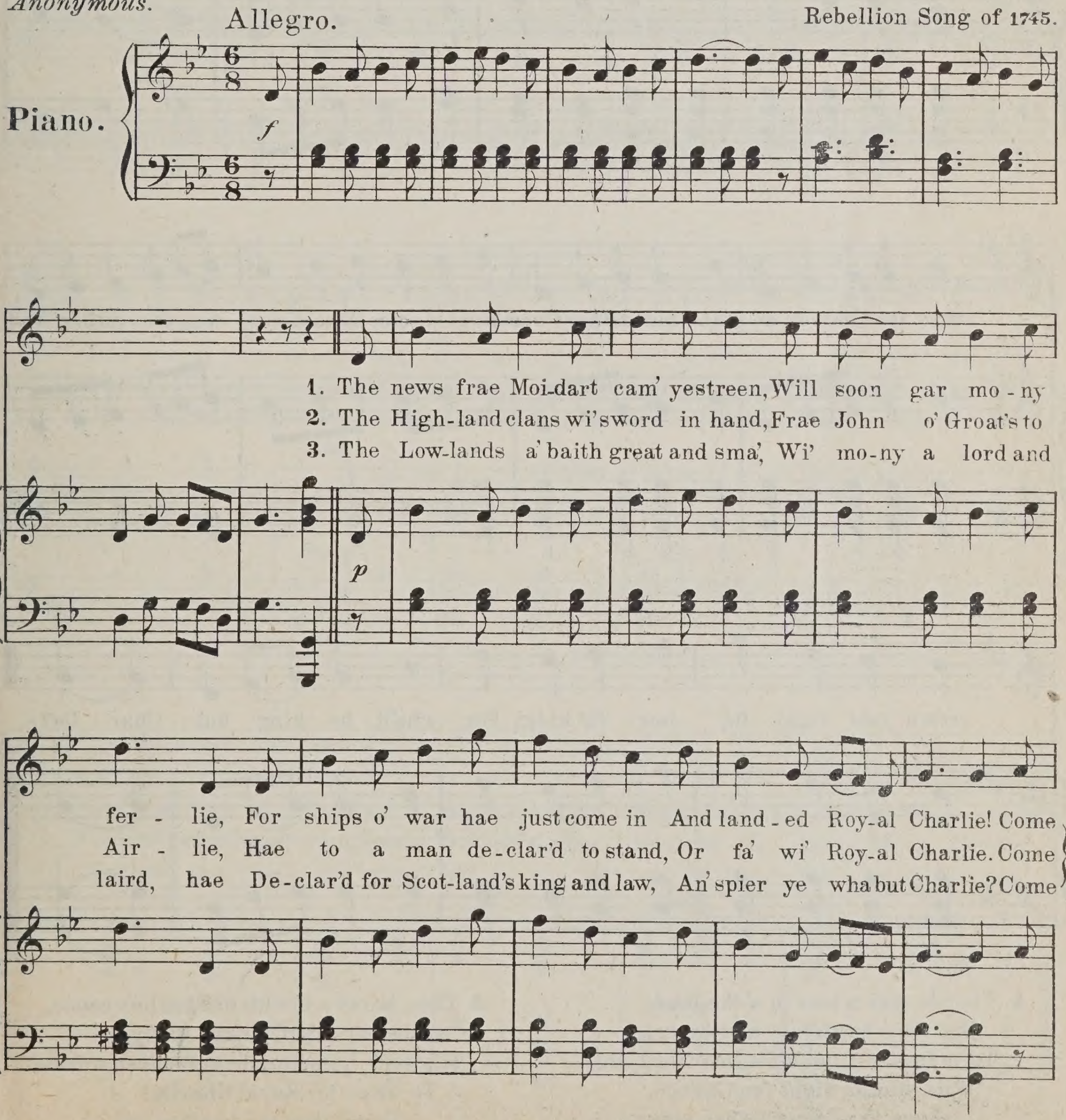

Moderato.
Piano.
mf
p
1. 'Twas on a sim-mer's af - ter-noon, A wee be-fore the
2. I_ had nae thought to do her wrang, But round her waist my
3. Saft kiss-es on her lips I laid, The blush up-on her
sun gaed doun, My las - sie in a braw new goun Cam' o'er_ the hills to_
arms I flang, And said, my las-sie, will ye gang To see_ the Carse o'_
cheeks soon spread, She whisper'd mod-est - ly and said, I'll gang wi' you to_
Gow-rie. The rosebud wut wi'_ morn - ing show'r Blooms fresh with-in the_
Gow-rie? I'll tak' ye to my_ fa - ther's ha', In_ yon greenfield be -
Gow-rie. The auld folk soon gied their con - sent, Syne for Mess John they

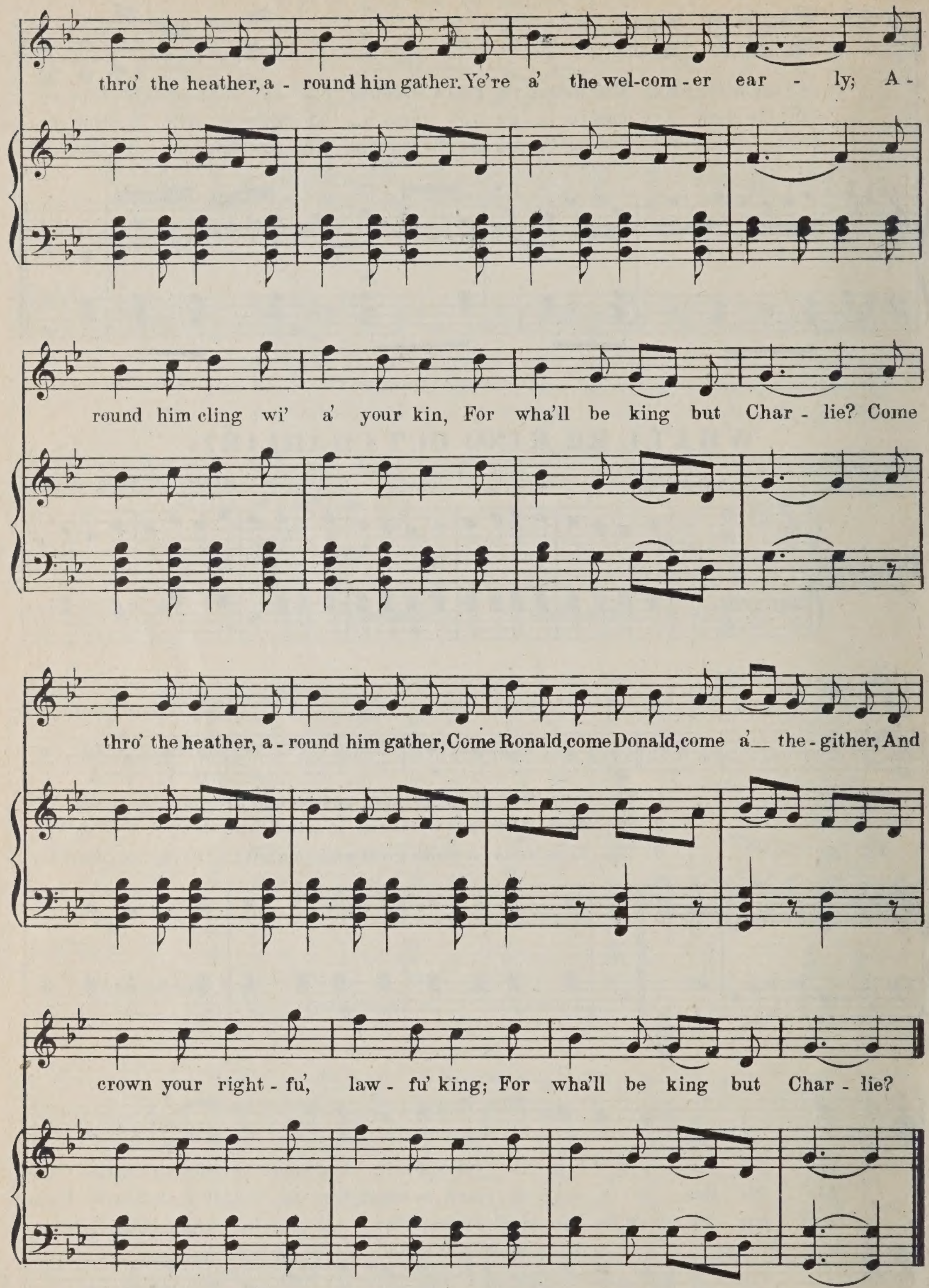

sun-ny bow'r, But Ka-tie was the fair - est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in Gow-rie.
side the shaw, And mak' ye la - dy o' them a'_ The brawest wife in Gow-rie.
quickly sent, Wha tied us to our heart's con-tent, And now she's La - dy Gow-rie.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

Anonymous.

Rebellion Song of 1745.


Allegro.
Piano.
f
p
1. The news frae Moi-dart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mo - ny fer - lie, For ships o' war hae just come in And land - ed Roy-al Charlie! Come
2. The High-land clans wi' sword in hand, Frae John o' Groat's to Air - lie, Hae to a man de-clar'd to stand, Or fa' wi' Roy-al Charlie. Come
3. The Low-lands a' baith great and sma', Wi' mo-ny a lord and laird, hae De-clar'd for Scot-land's king and law, An' spier ye wha but Charlie? Come


thro' the heather, a - round him gather. Ye're a' the wel-com - er ear - ly; A -
round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Char - lie? Come
thro' the heather, a - round him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'_ the - gither, And
crown your right - fu', law - fu' king; For wha'll be king but Char - lie?

4. There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
Wha wadna fight for Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, etc.

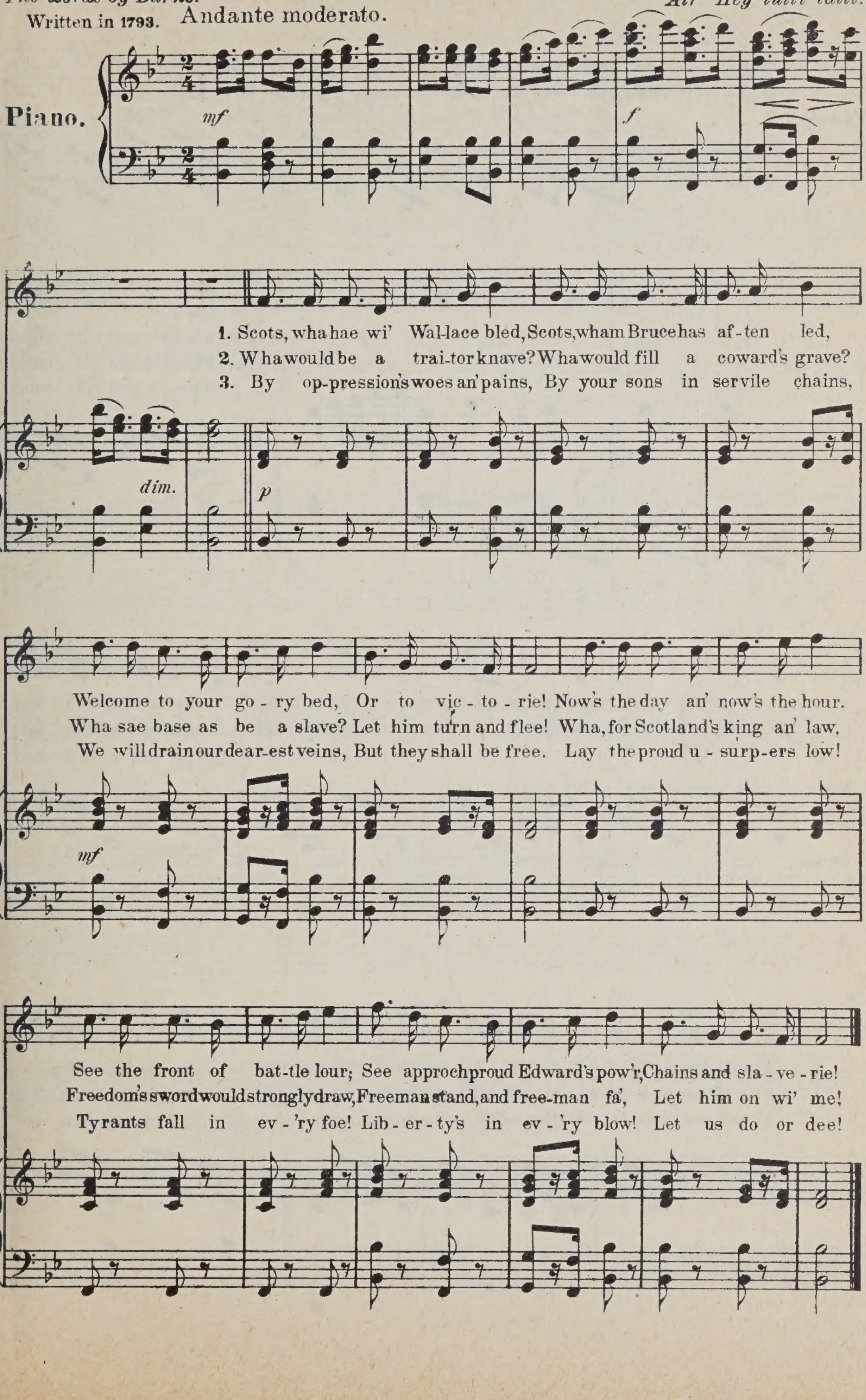
5. Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early;
His very name my heart's blood warms_
To arms for Royal Charlie!
Come thro' the heather, etc.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED!

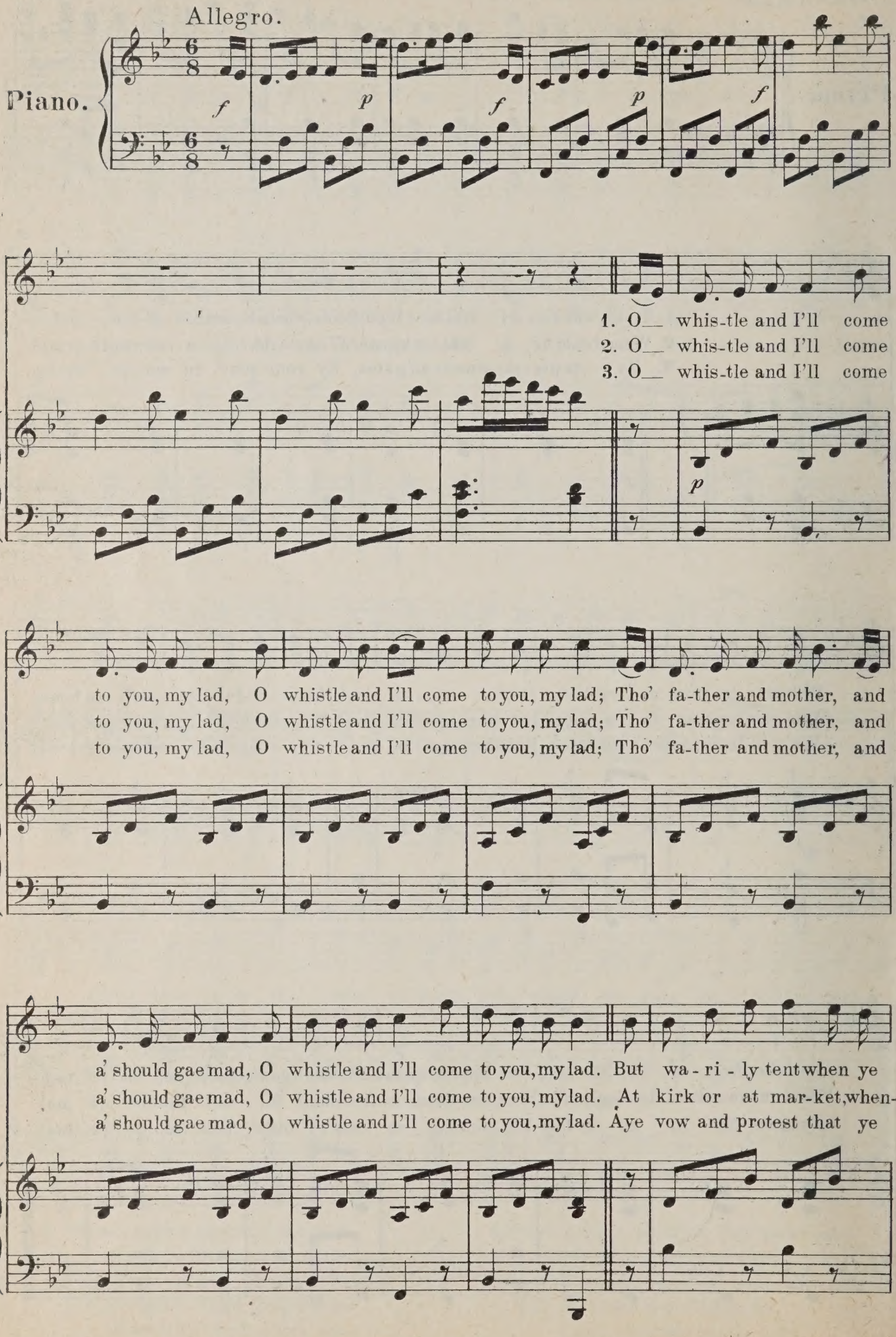
The words by Burns.
Written in 1793.

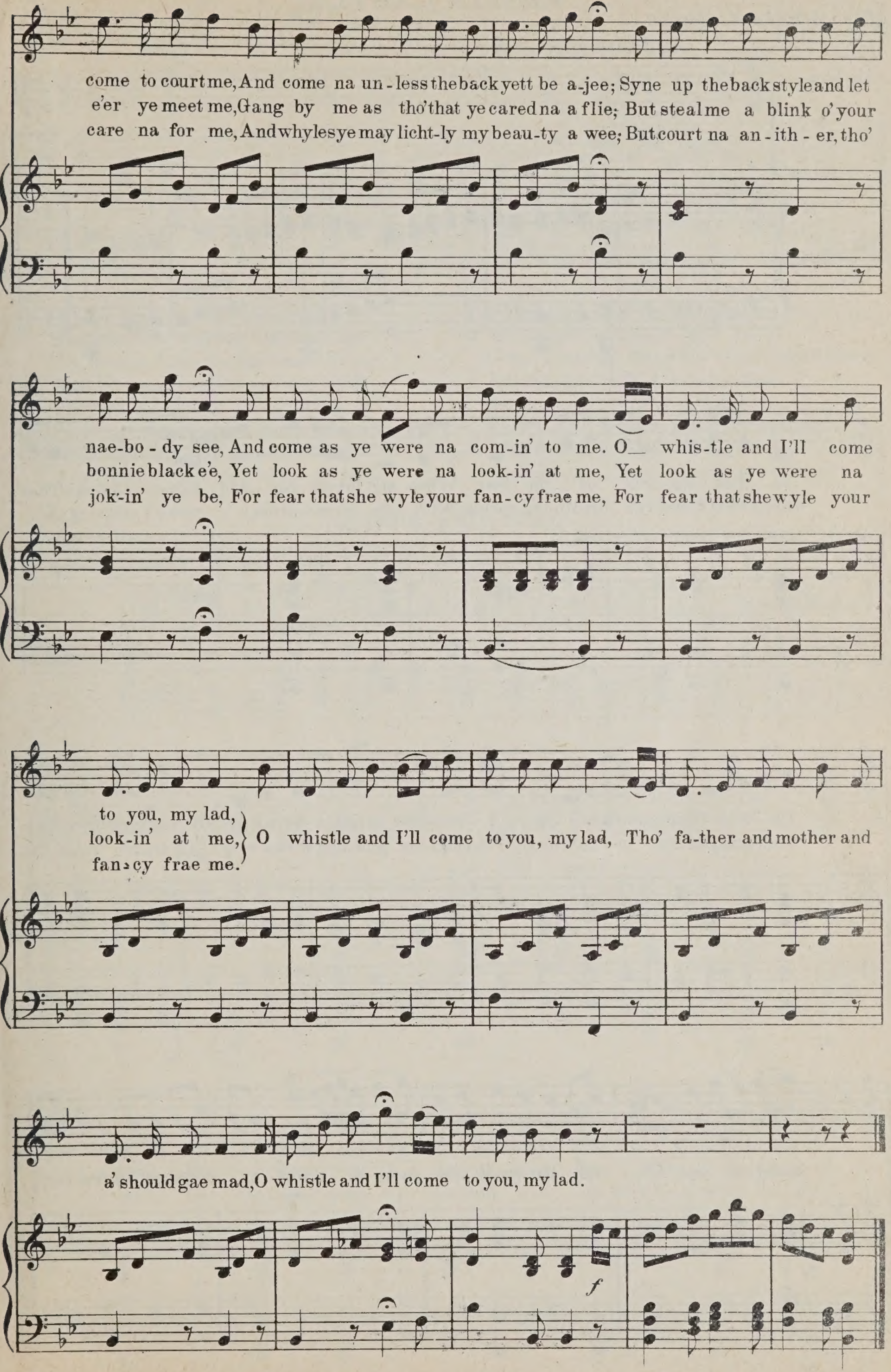
Air "Hey tutti tatti!"


Andante moderato.
Piano.
mf
f
dim.
p
mf
1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led,
2. Wha would be a trai-tor knave? Wha would fill a coward's grave?
3. By op-pression's woes an' pains, By your sons in servile chains,
Welcome to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie! Now's the day an' now's the hour.
Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u - surp-ers low!
See the front of bat-tle lour; See approch proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ve - rie!
Freedom's sword would strongly draw, Freeman stand, and free-man fa', Let him on wi' me!
Tyrants fall in ev - 'ry foe! Lib - er - ty's in ev - 'ry blow! Let us do or dee!

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

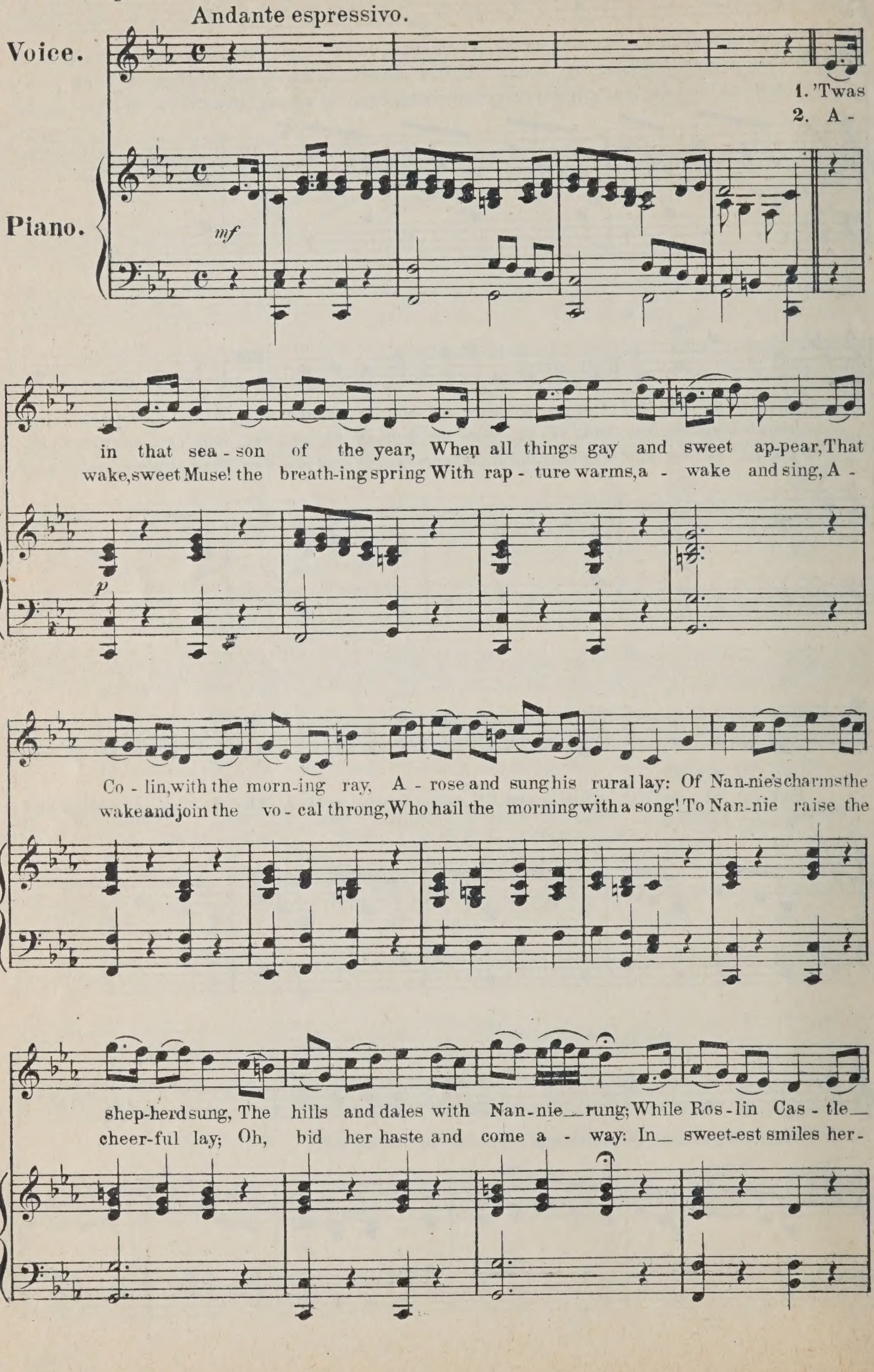
Burns.

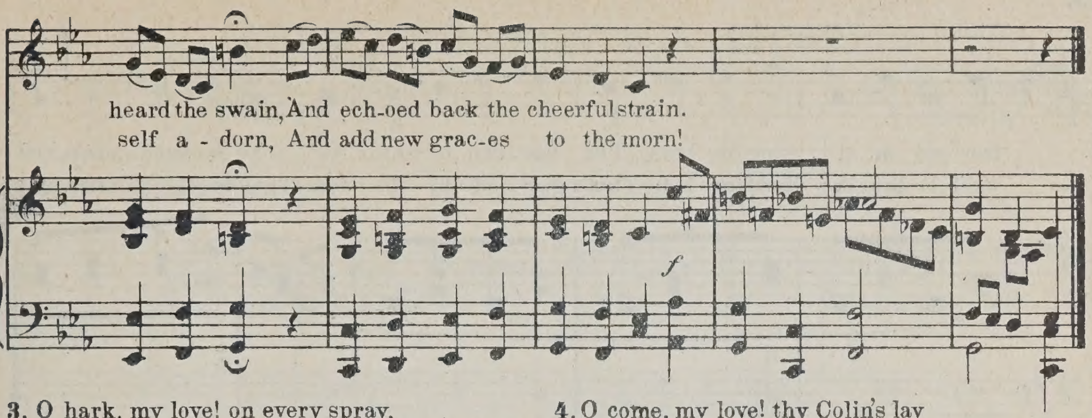

Allegro.
Piano.
f
p
f
p
f
1. O__ whis-tle and I'll come
2. O__ whis-tle and I'll come
3. O__ whis-tle and I'll come
p
to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther and mother, and
to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther and mother, and
to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther and mother, and
a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. But wa - ri - ly tent when ye
a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. At kirk or at mar-ket, when-
a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. Aye vow and protest that ye


come to court me, And come na un-less the back yett be a-jee; Syne up the back style and let
e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie; But steal me a blink o' your
care na for me, And whyles ye may licht-ly my beau-ty a wee; But court na an-ith-er, tho'
nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye were na com-in' to me. O__ whis-tle and I'll come
bonnie black e'e, Yet look as ye were na look-in' at me, Yet look as ye were na
jok-in' ye be, For fear that she wyle your fan-cy frae me, For fear that she wyle your
to you, my lad,
look-in' at me,
fan-cy frae me.
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, Tho' fa-ther and mother and
a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
f

ROSLIN CASTLE.

The words by R. Hewitt.


Andante espressivo.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. 'Twas
2. A -
in that sea - son of the year, When all things gay and sweet ap-pear, That
wake, sweet Muse! the breath-ing spring With rap - ture warms, a - wake and sing, A -
Co - lin, with the morn-ing ray, A - rose and sung his rural lay: Of Nan-nie's charms the
wake and join the vo - cal throng, Who hail the morning with a song! To Nan-nie raise the
shep-herd sung, The hills and dales with Nan-nie_ rung; While Ros-lin Cas - tle_
cheer-ful lay; Oh, bid her haste and come a - way: In_ sweet-est smiles her-


heard the swain, And ech-oed back the cheerful strain.
self a - dorn, And add new grac-es to the morn!
f

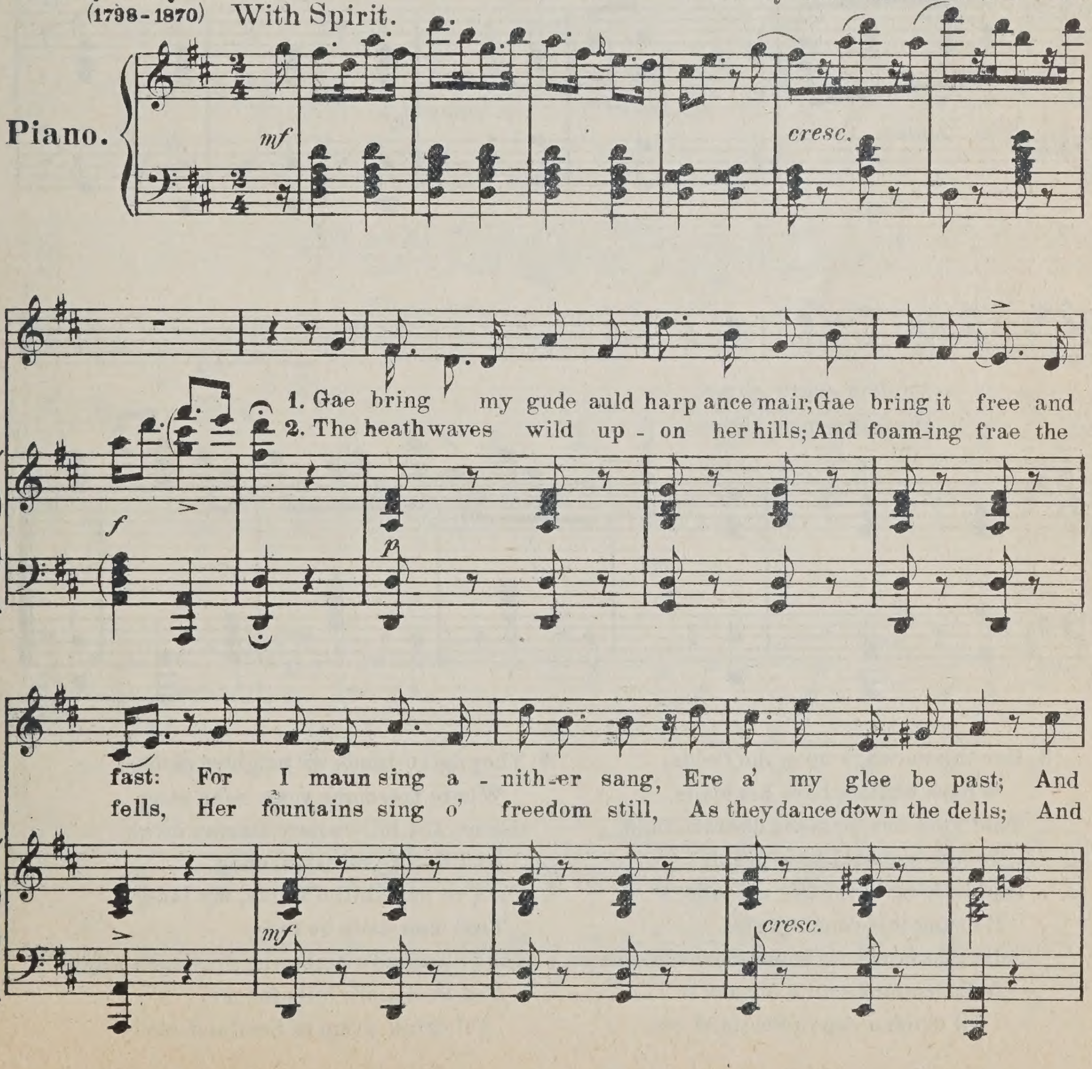
3. O hark, my love! on every spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:
'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

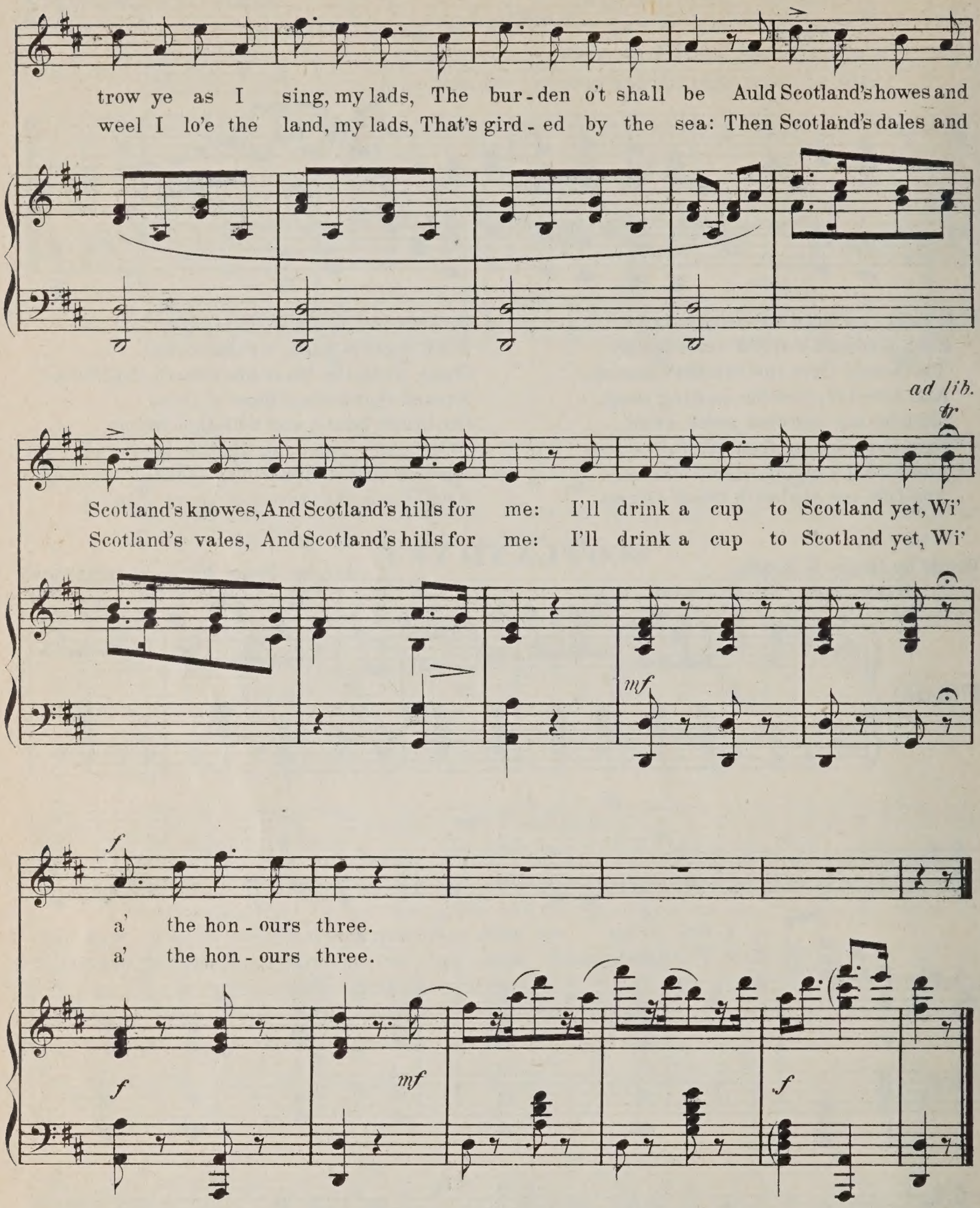
4. O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, o come away!
Come, while the Muse his wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
Oh, hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished heart of mine.

SCOTLAND YET.

Words by Henry S. Riddle. (1798-1870)

Air by Peter M^c Leod (1797-1859)


With Spirit.
Piano.
mf
cresc.
f
p
1. Gae bring my gude auld harp ance mair, Gae bring it free and fast: For I maun sing a - nith-er sang, Ere a' my glee be past; And
2. The heath waves wild up - on her hills; And foam-ing frae the fells, Her fountains sing o' freedom still, As they dance down the dells; And
mf
cresc.


trow ye as I sing, my lads, The bur-den o't shall be Auld Scotland's howes and
weel I lo'e the land, my lads, That's gird-ed by the sea: Then Scotland's dales and
ad lib.
tr
Scotland's knowes, And Scotland's hills for me: I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wi'
Scotland's vales, And Scotland's hills for me: I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wi'
mf
f
a' the hon-ours three.
a' the hon-ours three.
f
mf
f

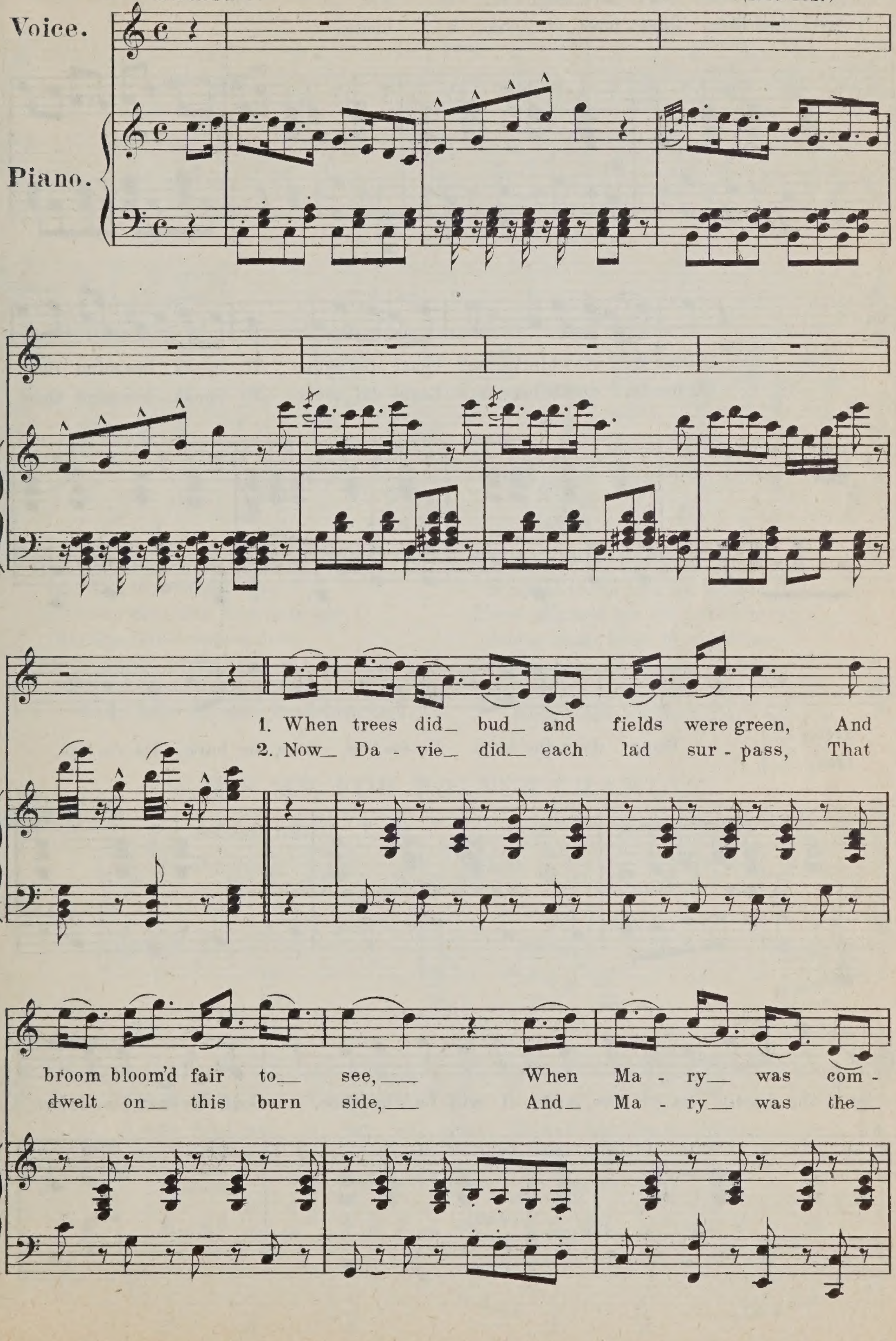
3. Her thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid,
To dye her auld grey plaid.
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee,
Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me:
I'll drink a cup to Scotland, etc.

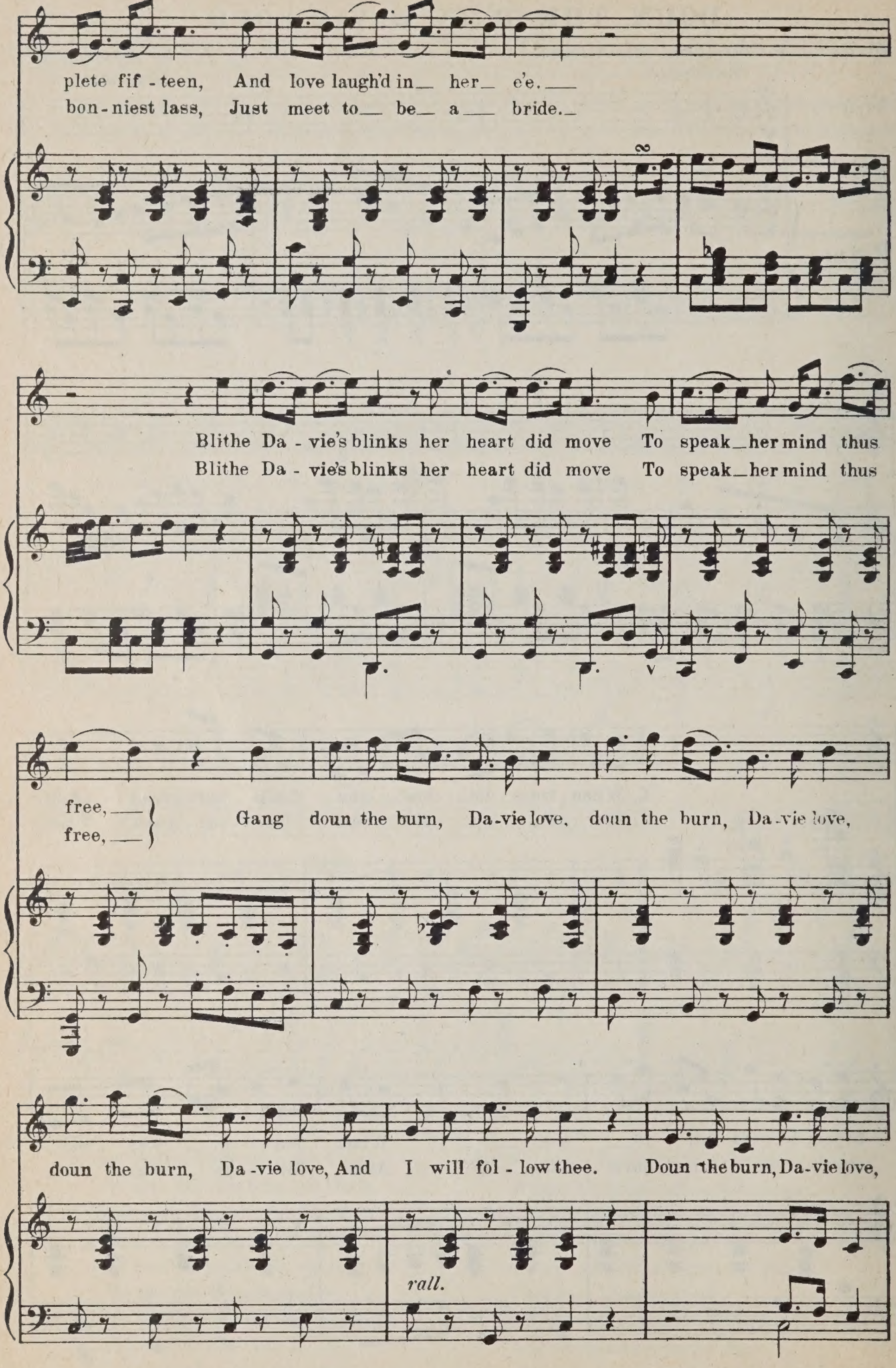
4. They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gie me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang!
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me:
I'll drink a cup to Scotland, etc.

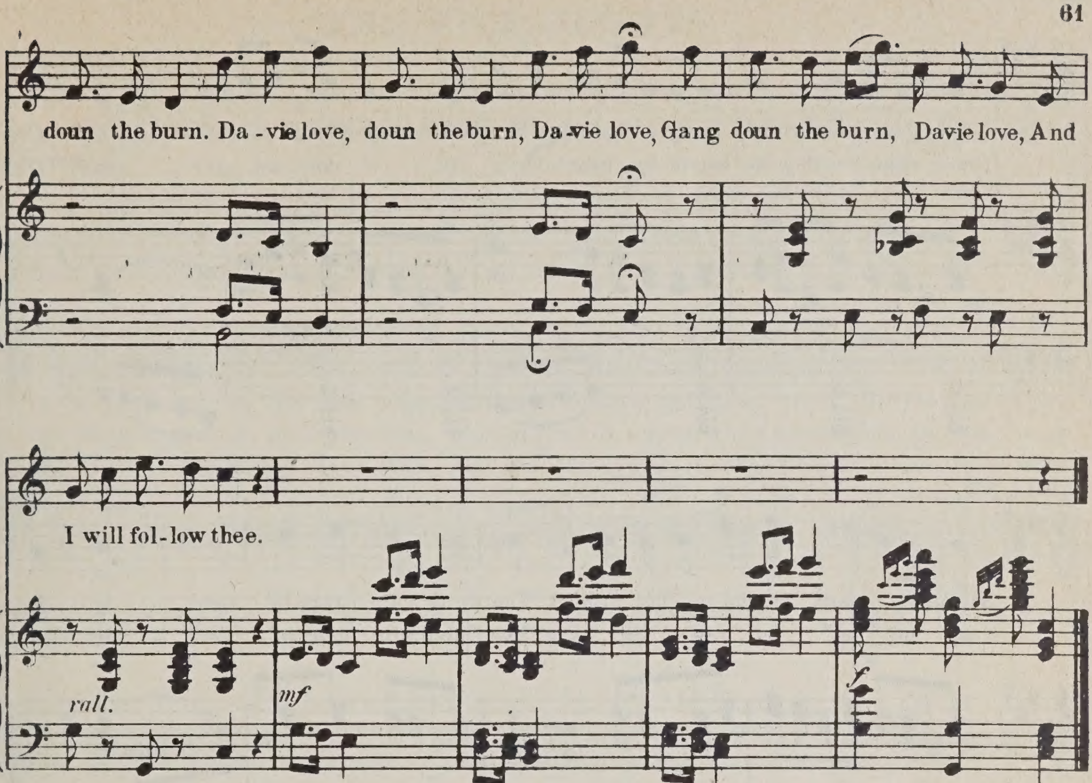
DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE LOVE.

Words by R. Crawford. (1695?-1733?) *Air by James Hook.* (1746-1827)

Moderato.


Voice.
Piano.
1. When trees did_ bud_ and fields were green, And broom bloom'd fair to_ see,___ When Ma - ry_ was com -
2. Now_ Da - vie_ did_ each lad sur - pass, That dwelt on_ this burn side,___ And_ Ma - ry_ was the_


plete fif - teen, And love laugh'd in_ her_ e'e.__
bon - niest lass, Just meet to__ be_ a__ bride._
Blithe Da - vie's blinks her heart did move To speak_ her mind thus
Blithe Da - vie's blinks her heart did move To speak_ her mind thus
free, __
free, __
Gang doun the burn, Da - vie love, doun the burn, Da - vie love,
doun the burn, Da - vie love, And I will fol - low thee. Doun the burn, Da - vie love,
rall.


doun the burn. Da - vie love, doun the burn, Da - vie love, Gang doun the burn, Davie love, And
I will fol - low thee.
rall.
mf
f

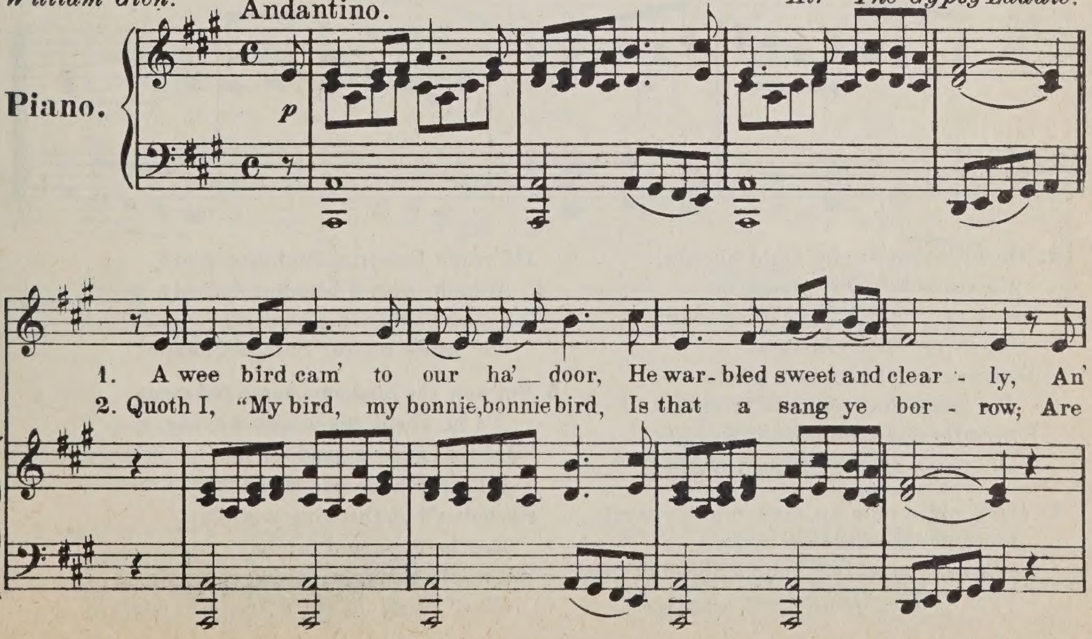
3. Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her een was bonny blue,
Her locks were like Aurora bright;
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang doun the burn, Davie love, etc.

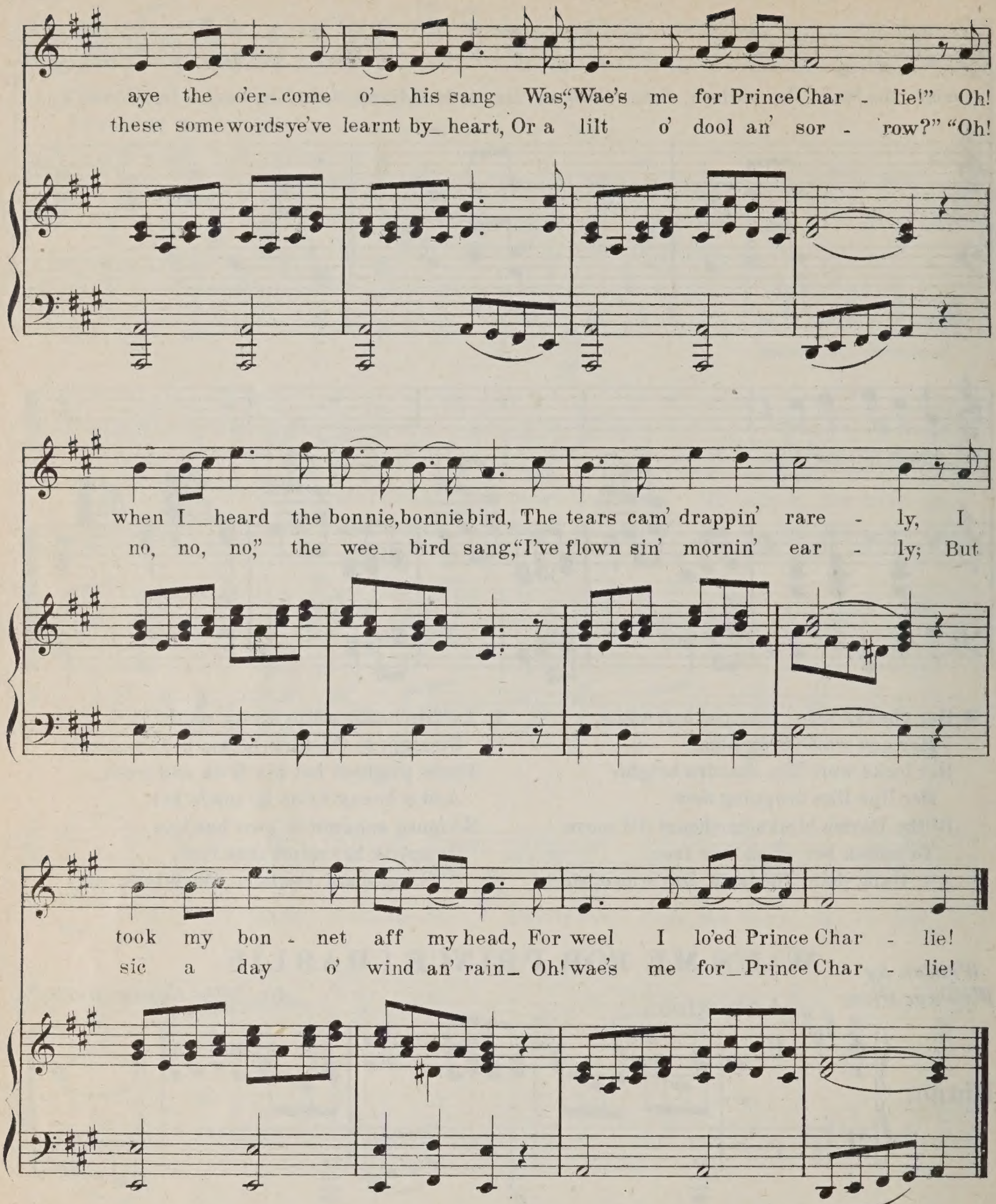
4. As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more asham'd to own her love
Or speak her mind thus free,
Gang doun the burn, Davie love, etc.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Written by William Glen.

Air "The Gypsy Laddie."


Andantino.
Piano.
p
1. A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He war - bled sweet and clear - ly, An'
2. Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird, Is that a sang ye bor - row; Are


aye the o'er-come o'__ his sang Was,"Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!" Oh!
these some words ye've learnt by_ heart, Or a lilt o' dool an' sor - row?" "Oh!
when I__heard the bonnie, bonnie bird, The tears cam' drappin' rare - ly, I
no, no, no," the wee_ bird sang,"I've flown sin' mornin' ear - ly; But
took my bon - net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie!
sic a day o' wind an' rain_ Oh! wae's me for_Prince Char - lie!

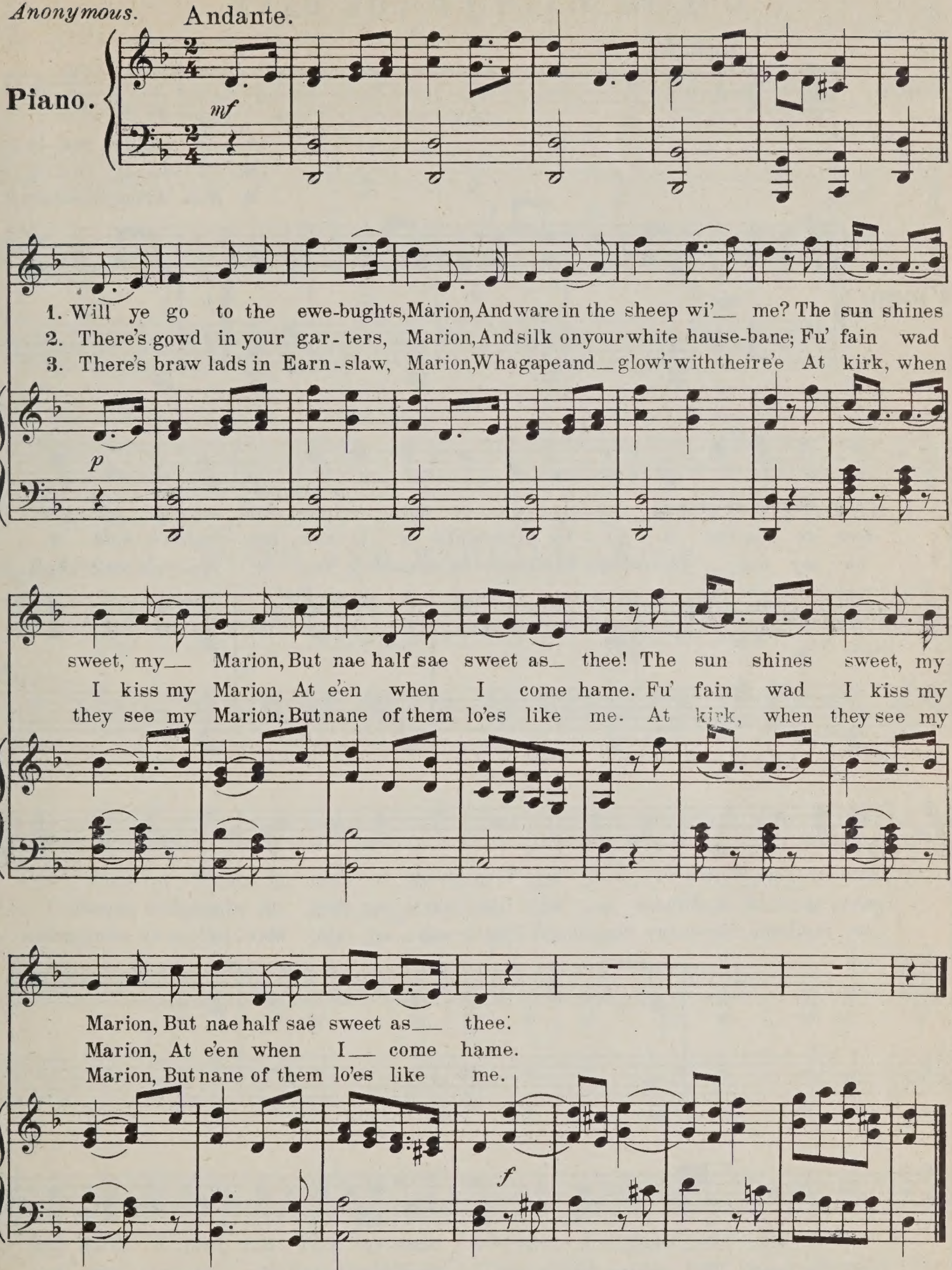
3. "On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger,
On ev'ry side he's press'd by want,
On ev'ry side is danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he.
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

4 "Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd,
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
And where was't that your Prince lay down,
Wha's hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom_
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

5. But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer!"
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

THE EWE-BUGHTS.

Anonymous.


Andante.
Piano.
mf
1. Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And ware in the sheep wi'__ me? The sun shines
2. There's gowd in your gar-ters, Marion, And silk on your white hause-bane; Fu' fain wad
3. There's braw lads in Earn-slaw, Marion, Wha gape and__ glow'r with their e'e At kirk, when
p
sweet, my__ Marion, But nae half sae sweet as__ thee! The sun shines sweet, my
I kiss my Marion, At e'en when I come hame. Fu' fain wad I kiss my
they see my Marion; But nane of them lo'es like me. At kirk, when they see my
Marion, But nae half sae sweet as__ thee!
Marion, At e'en when I__ come hame.
Marion, But nane of them lo'es like me.
f

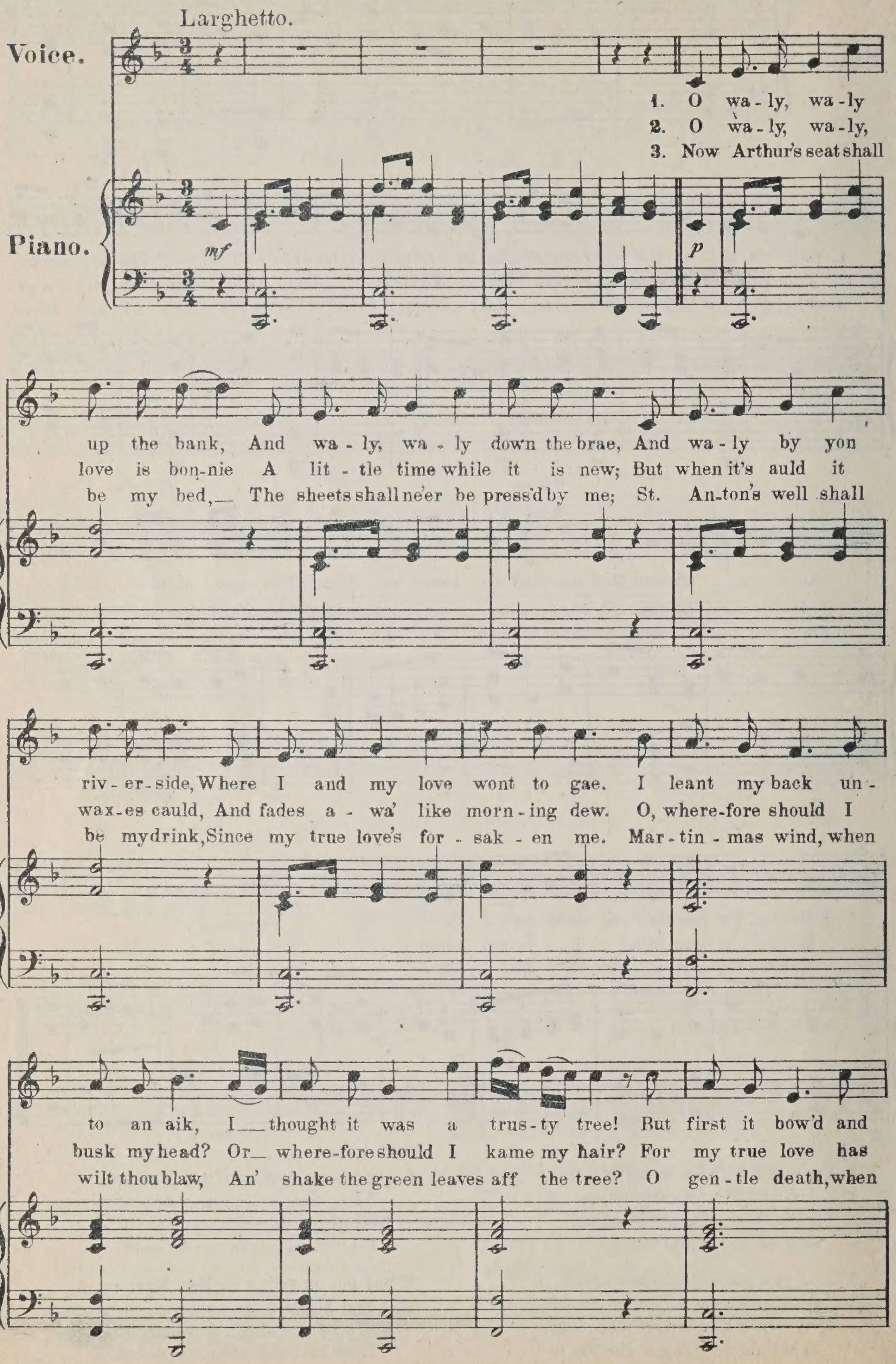
4. I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

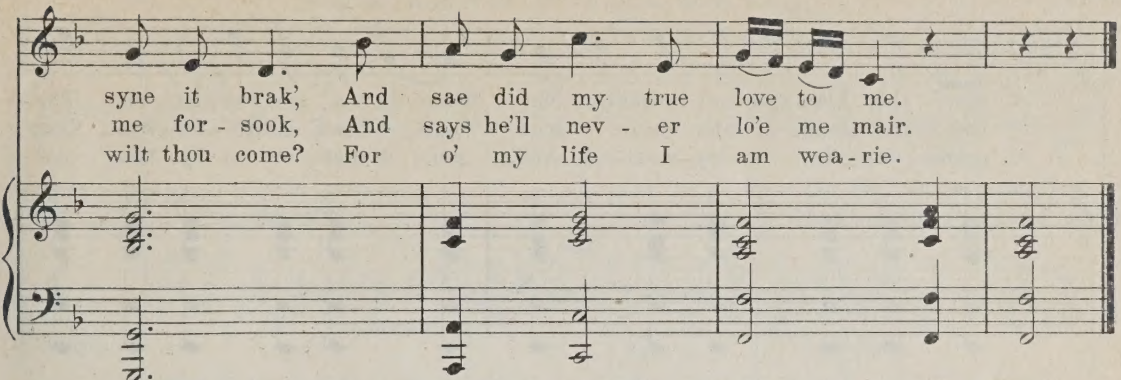
5. And ye's got a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

6. I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

7. Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie;
And when ev'ning comes, my Marion,
Then I'll come west and see thee.

O WALY, WALY UP THE BANK.


Larghetto.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. O wa - ly, wa - ly
2. O wa - ly, wa - ly,
3. Now Arthur's seat shall
up the bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly down the brae, And wa - ly by yon
love is bon-nie A lit - tle time while it is new; But when it's auld it
be my bed,__ The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me; St. An-ton's well shall
riv - er - side, Where I and my love wont to gae. I leant my back un -
wax - es cauld, And fades a - wa' like morn - ing dew. O, where-fore should I
be my drink, Since my true love's for - sak - en me. Mar - tin - mas wind, when
to an aik, I__thought it was a trus - ty tree! But first it bow'd and
busk my head? Or__ where-fore should I kame my hair? For my true love has
wilt thou blaw, An' shake the green leaves aff the tree? O gen - tle death, when

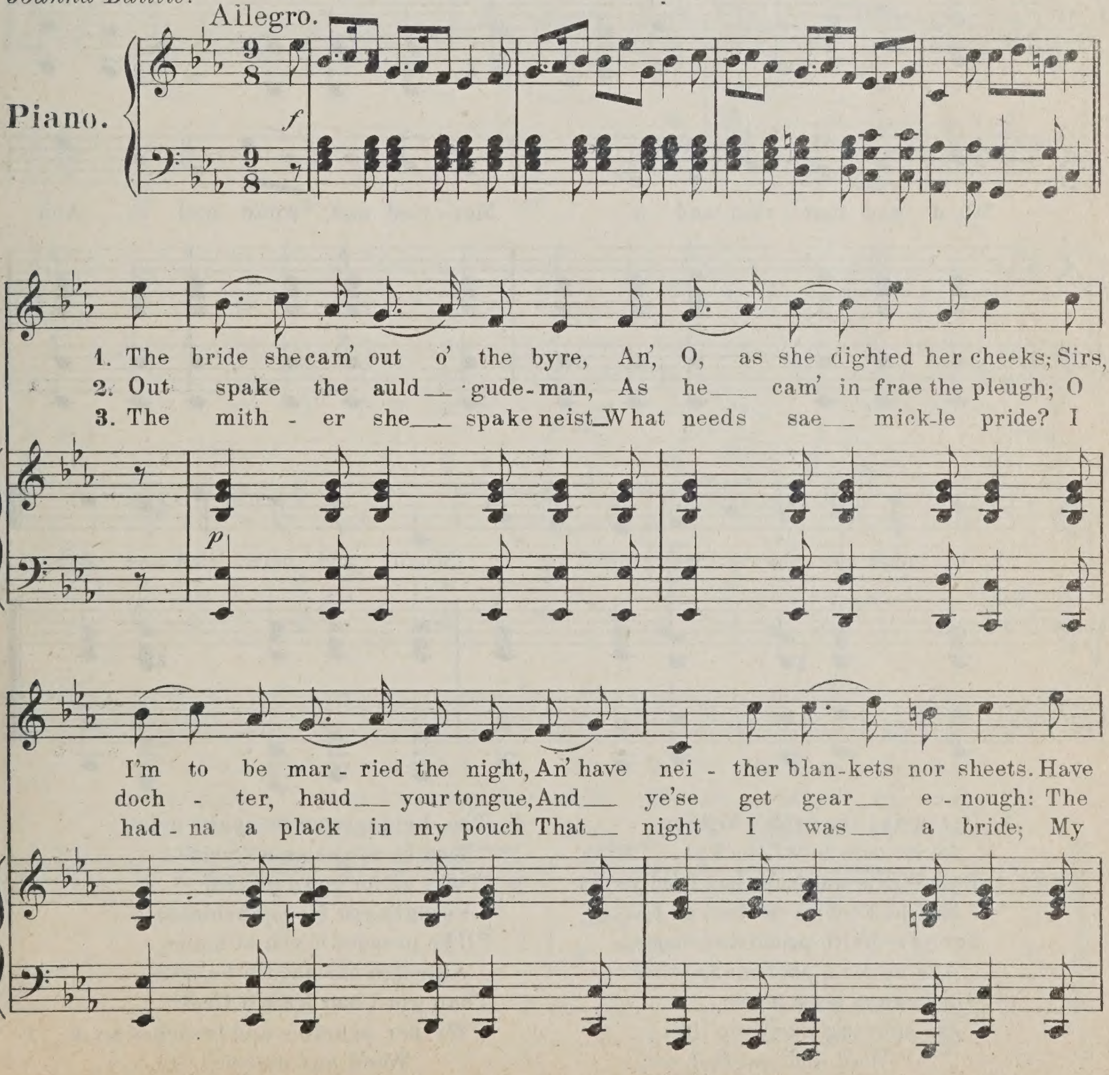

syne it brak', And sae did my true love to me.
me for - sook, And says he'll nev - er lo'e me mair.
wilt thou come? For o' my life I am wea - rie.

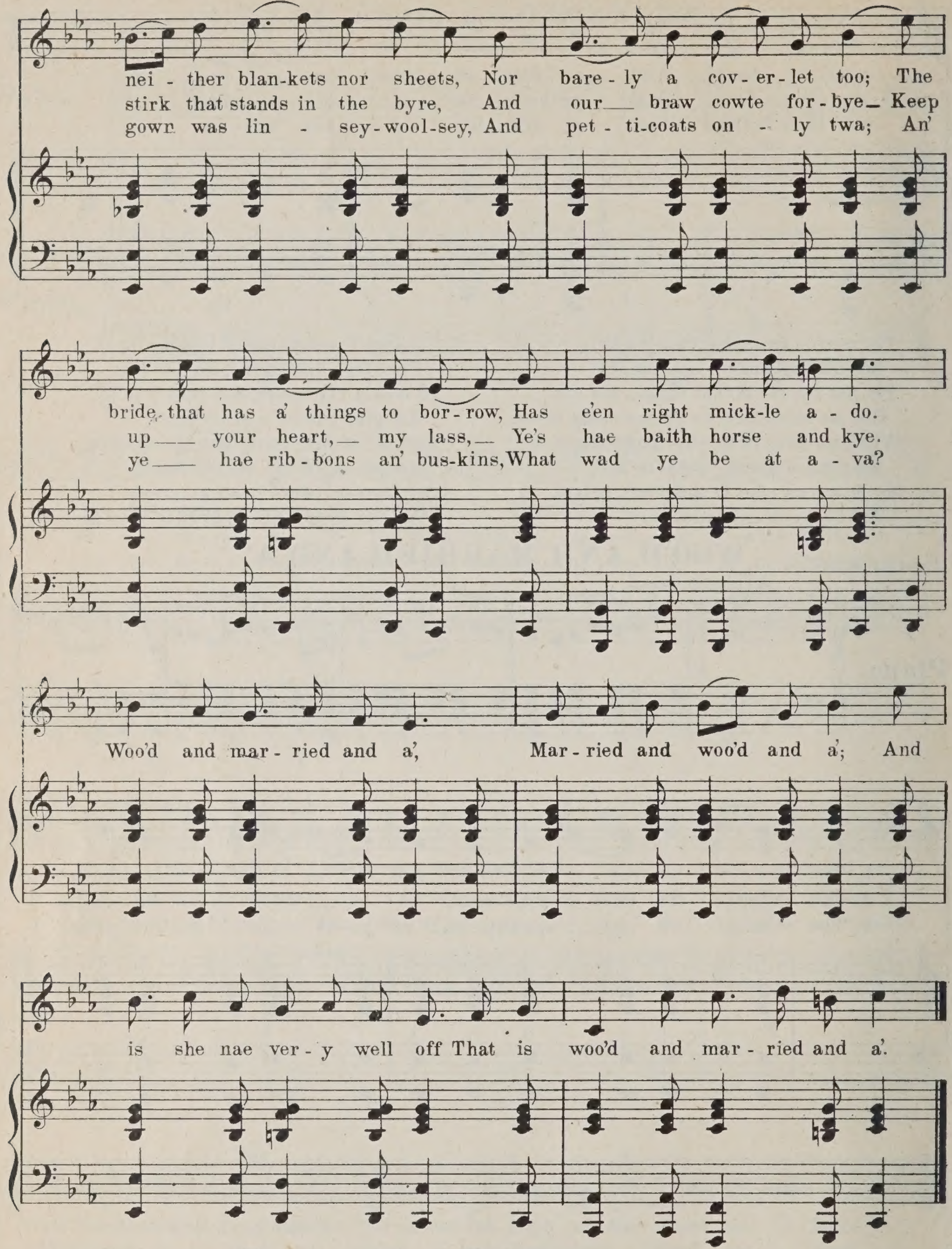
4. 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
An' I mysel' in cramasie.

5. But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,
An' pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
And oh! if my young babe were born,
An' set upon the nurse's knee,
An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,
An' the green grass growin' over me!

Joanna Baillie.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.


Allegro.
Piano.
f
p
1. The bride she cam' out o' the byre, An', O, as she dighted her cheeks; Sirs,
2. Out spake the auld gude-man, As he cam' in frae the pleugh; O
3. The mith - er she spake neist What needs sae mick-le pride? I
I'm to be mar - ried the night, An' have nei - ther blan-kets nor sheets. Have
doch - ter, haud your tongue, And ye'se get gear e - nough: The
had - na a plack in my pouch That night I was a bride; My

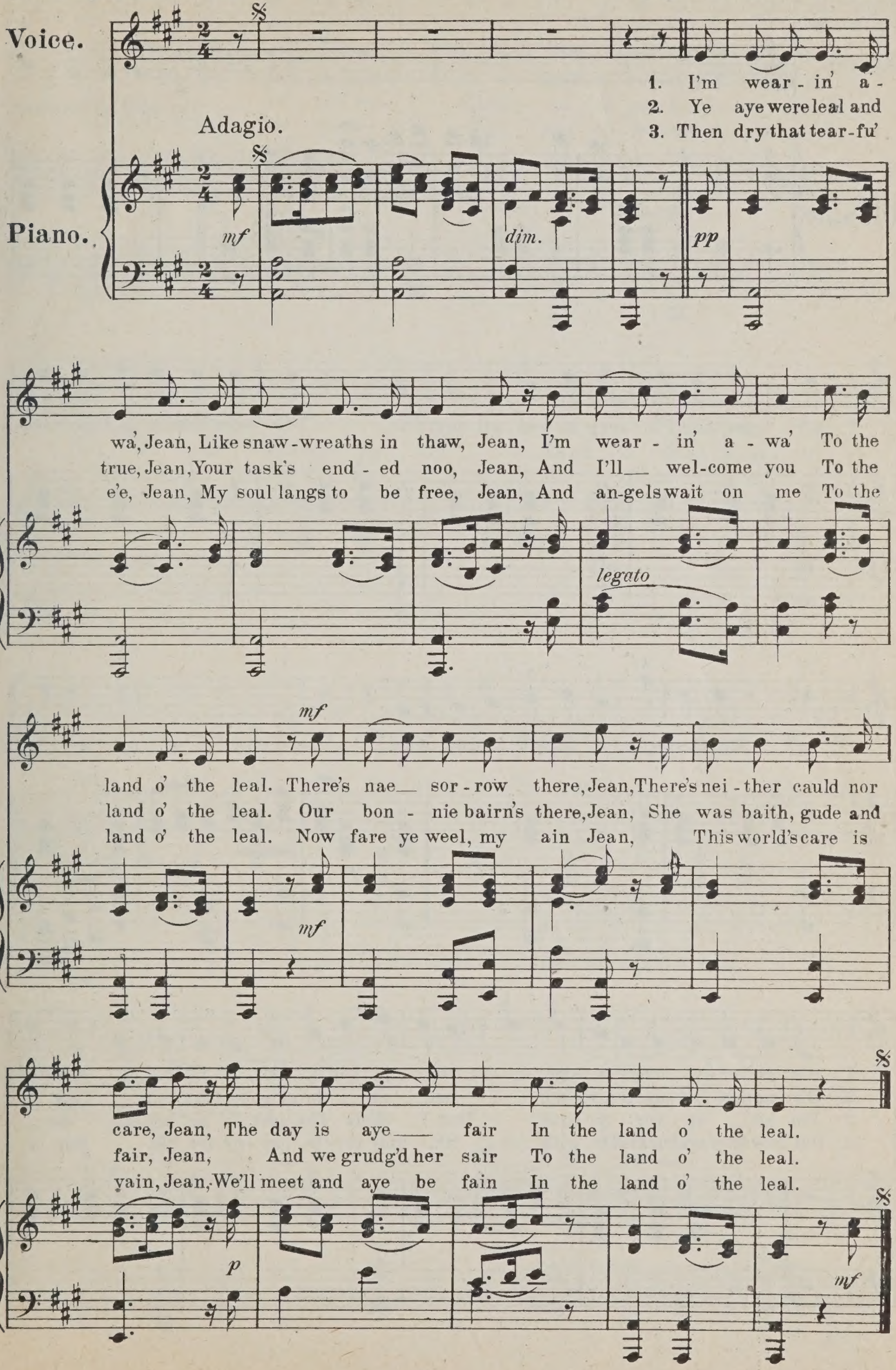

nei - ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor bare - ly a cov - er - let too; The
stirk that stands in the byre, And our___ braw cowte for - bye_ Keep
gown was lin - sey - wool - sey, And pet - ti-coats on - ly twa; An'
bride that has a' things to bor - row, Has e'en right mick-le a - do.
up___ your heart,_ my lass,_ Ye's hae baith horse and kye.
ye___ hae rib - bons an' bus-kins, What wad ye be at a - va?
Woo'd and mar - ried and a', Mar - ried and woo'd and a'; And
is she nae ver - y well off That is woo'd and mar - ried and a'.

4. Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye_
Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better.
I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, etc.

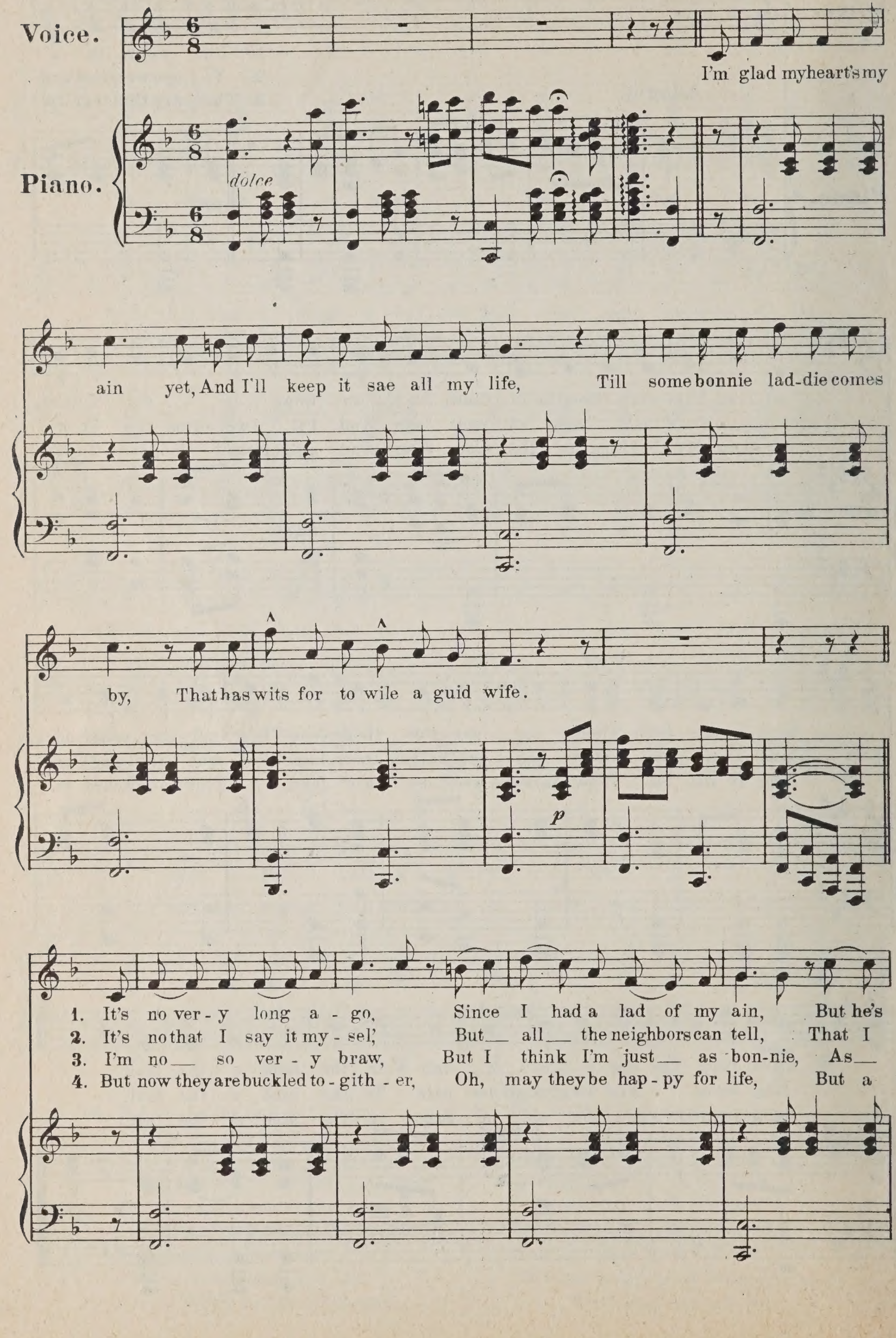
5. The bridegroom he spake neist,
And he spake up wi' pride_
'Twas no for gowd or gear
I sought you for my bride;
I'll be prouder o' you at hame,
Although our haddin' be sma',
Than gin I had Kate o' Croft,
Wi' per pearlins and brooches an' a'.
Woo'd and married, etc.

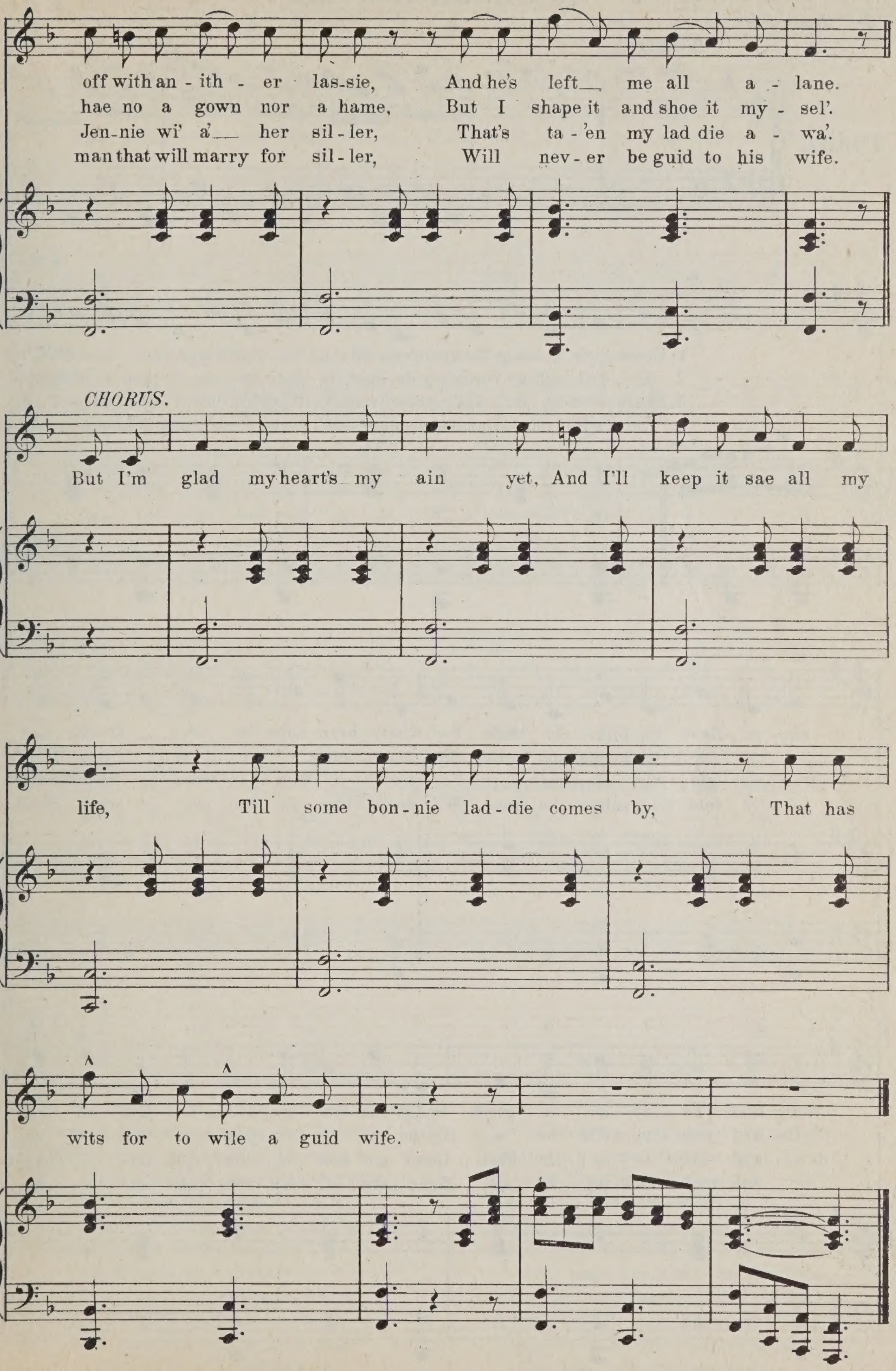
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Words by Baroness Nairne. *Air (Hey tuttie tattie) Ancient.*


Voice.
Piano.
Adagio.
mf
dim.
pp
legato
p
1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's nei - ther cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's end - ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the land o' the leal. Our bon - nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith, gude and fair, Jean, And we grudg'd her sair To the land o' the leal.
3. Then dry that tear-fu' e'e, Jean, My soul langs to be free, Jean, And an-gels wait on me To the land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

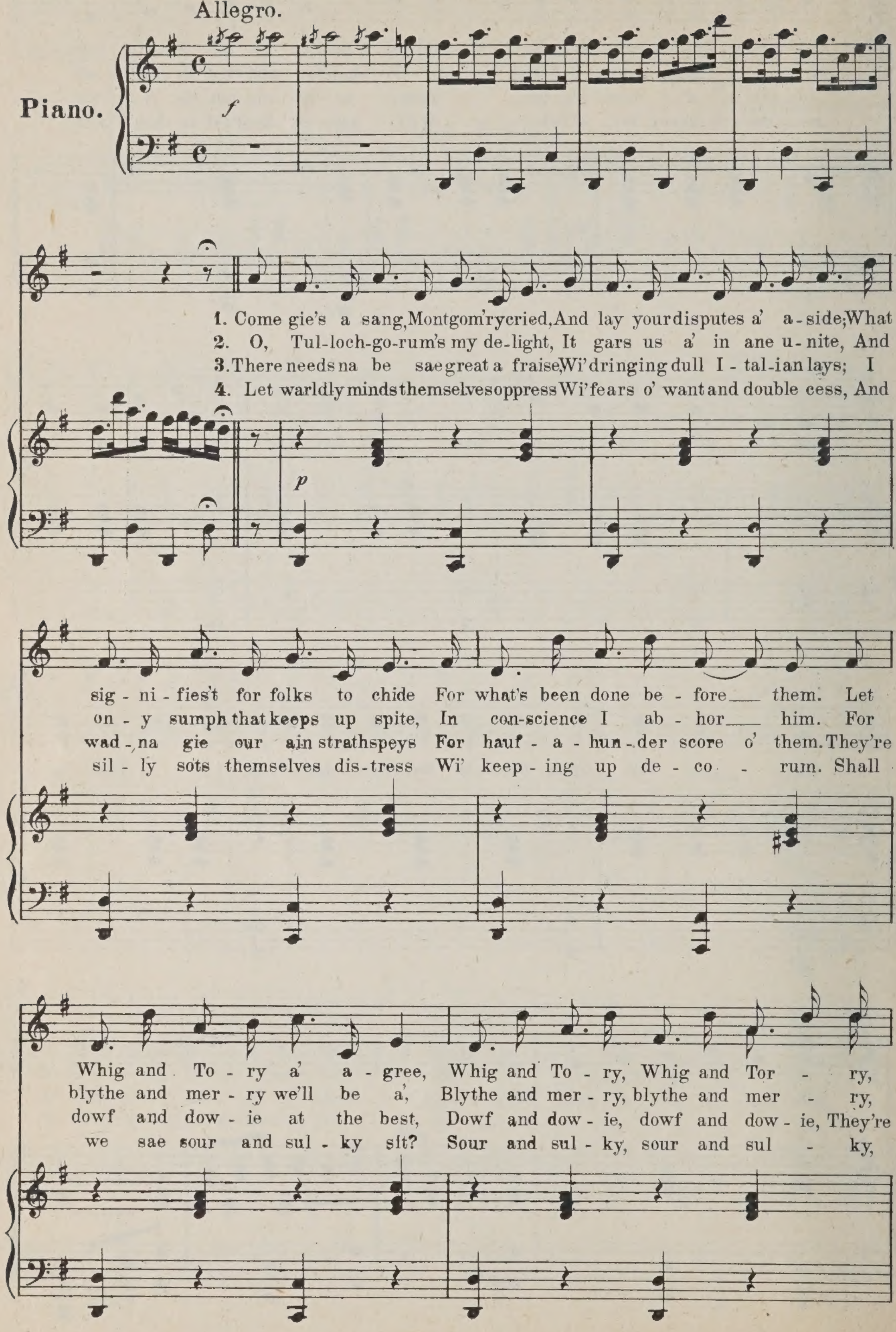
I'M GLAD MY HEART'S MY AIN YET.

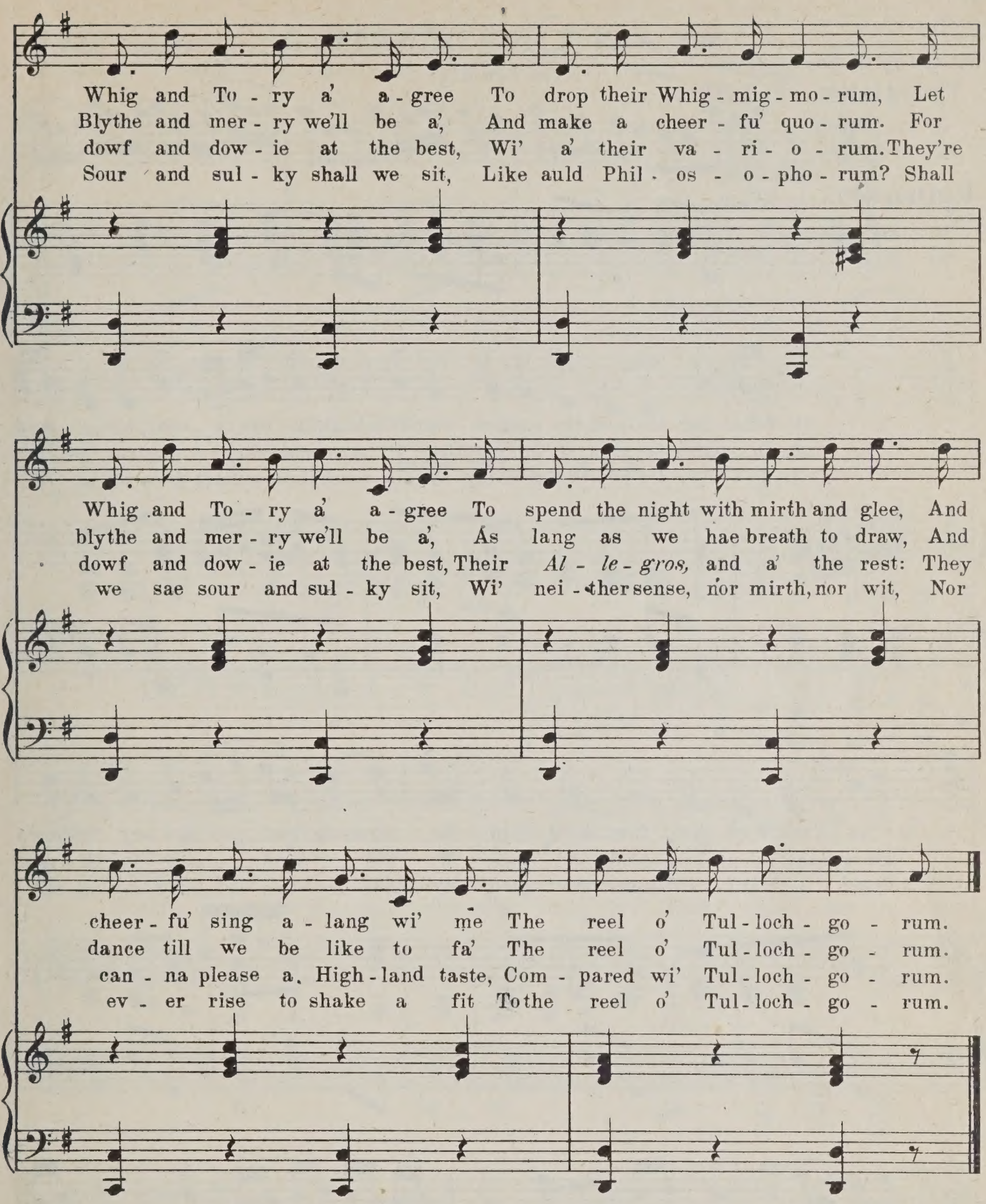

Voice.
Piano.
dolce
I'm glad my heart's my
ain yet, And I'll keep it sae all my life,
Till some bonnie lad-die comes
by, That has wits for to wile a guid wife.
p
1. It's no ver - y long a - go, Since I had a lad of my ain, But he's
2. It's no that I say it my - sel,' But all the neighbors can tell, That I
3. I'm no so ver - y braw, But I think I'm just as bon-nie, As
4. But now they are buckled to - gith - er, Oh, may they be hap - py for life, But a


off with an - ith - er las-sie, And he's left__ me all a - lane.
hae no a gown nor a hame, But I shape it and shoe it my - sel'.
Jen-nie wi' a'__ her sil - ler, That's ta - 'en my lad die a - wa'.
man that will marry for sil - ler, Will nev - er be guid to his wife.
CHORUS.
But I'm glad my heart's__ my ain yet, And I'll keep it sae all my
life, Till some bon - nie lad - die comes by, That has
wits for to wile a guid wife.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Rev. John Skinner.


Allegro.
Piano.
f
p
1. Come gie's a sang, Montgom'ry cried, And lay your disputes a' a - side; What
2. O, Tul-loch-go-rum's my de-light, It gars us a' in ane u-nite, And
3. There needs na be sae great a fraise, Wi' dringing dull I - tal-ian lays; I
4. Let warldly minds themselves oppress Wi' fears o' want and double cess, And
sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide For what's been done be - fore them. Let
on - y sumph that keeps up spite, In con-science I ab - hor him. For
wad - na gie our ain strathspeys For hauf - a - hun - der score o' them. They're
sil - ly sots themselves dis-tress Wi' keep - ing up de - co - rum. Shall
Whig and To - ry a' a - gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and Tor - ry,
blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', Blythe and mer - ry, blythe and mer - ry,
dowf and dow - ie at the best, Dowf and dow - ie, dowf and dow - ie, They're
we sae sour and sul - ky sit? Sour and sul - ky, sour and sul - ky,


Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To drop their Whig - mig - mo - rum, Let
Blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', And make a cheer - fu' quo - rum. For
dowf and dow - ie at the best, Wi' a' their va - ri - o - rum. They're
Sour and sul - ky shall we sit, Like auld Phil - os - o - pho - rum? Shall
Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To spend the night with mirth and glee, And
blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', As lang as we hae breath to draw, And
dowf and dow - ie at the best, Their *Al - le - gros,* and a' the rest: They
we sae sour and sul - ky sit, Wi' nei - ther sense, nor mirth, nor wit, Nor
cheer - fu' sing a - lang wi' me The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.
dance till we be like to fa' The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.
can - na please a High - land taste, Com - pared wi' Tul - loch - go - rum.
ev - er rise to shake a fit To the reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

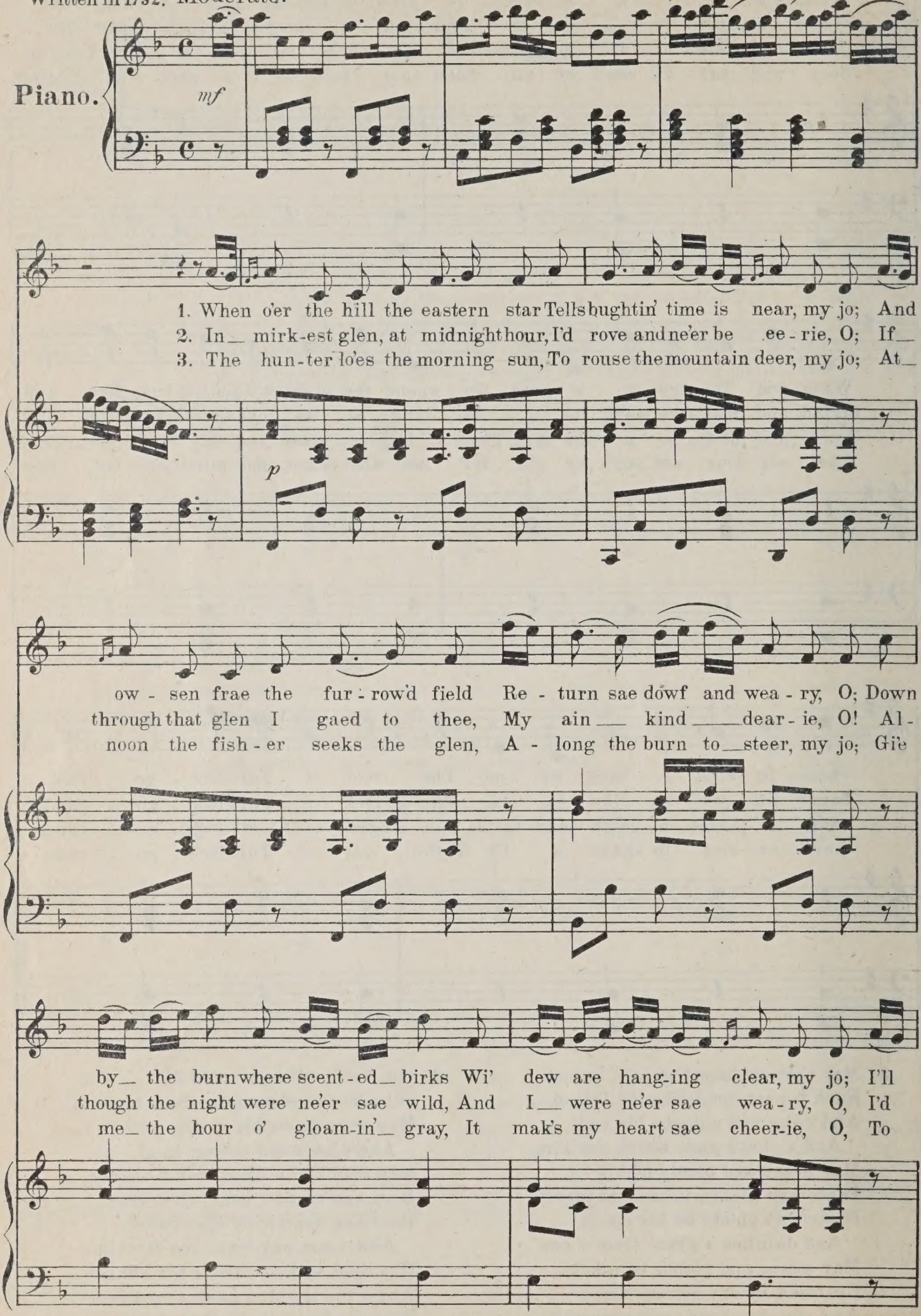
5. May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
  And a' that's gude watch o'er him.
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties a great store o' em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by ony vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat,
  That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

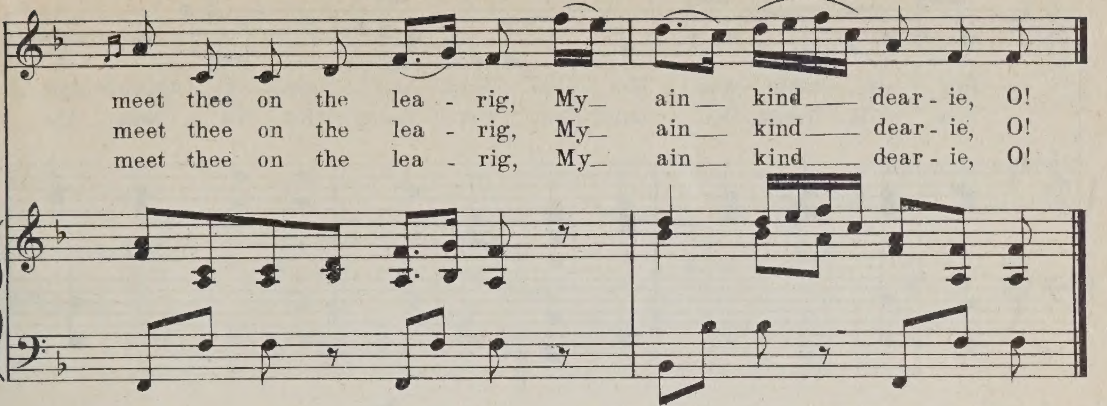
6. But for the discontented fool
Who loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
  And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
  And nane say, wae's me for him:
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that came frae France.
Whae'er he be that winna dance
  The reel o' Tullochgorum!

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Words by Burns.
Written in 1792.

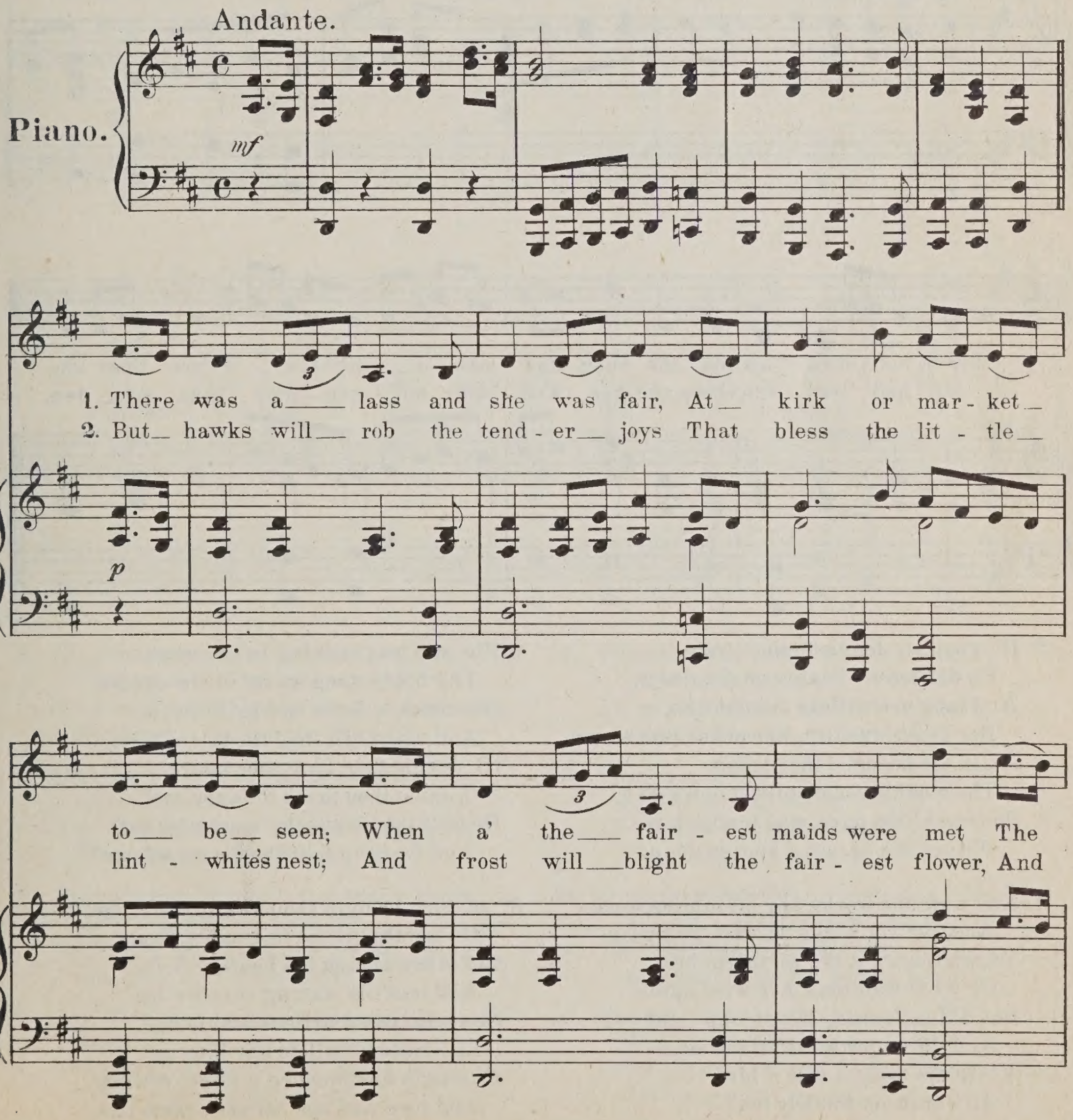
"The Lea Rig."

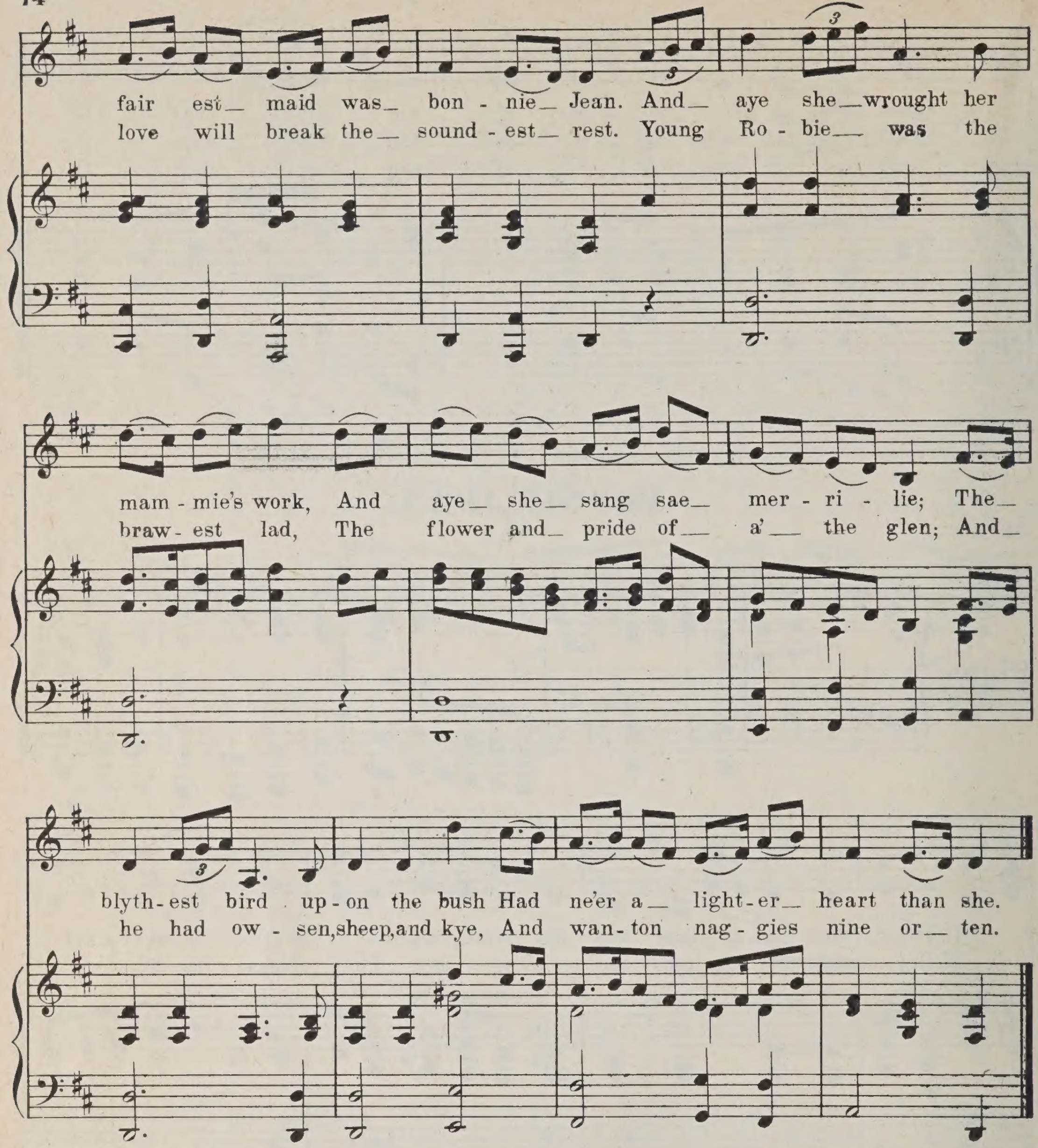

Moderato.
Piano.
mf
p
1. When o'er the hill the eastern star Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo; And
2. In mirk-est glen, at midnight hour, I'd rove and ne'er be ee-rie, O; If
3. The hun-ter lo'es the morning sun, To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; At
ow-sen frae the fur-row'd field Re-turn sae dowf and wea-ry, O; Down
through that glen I gaed to thee, My ain kind dear-ie, O! Al-
noon the fish-er seeks the glen, A-long the burn to steer, my jo; Gi'e
by the burn where scent-ed birks Wi' dew are hang-ing clear, my jo; I'll
though the night were ne'er sae wild, And I were ne'er sae wea-ry, O, I'd
me the hour o' gloam-in' gray, It mak's my heart sae cheer-ie, O, To


meet thee on the lea - rig, My— ain— kind— dear - ie, O!
meet thee on the lea - rig, My— ain— kind— dear - ie, O!
meet thee on the lea - rig, My— ain— kind— dear - ie, O!

BONNIE JEAN.

Burns.


Andante.
Piano.
mf
p
1. There was a— lass and she was fair, At— kirk or mar - ket— to— be— seen; When a' the— fair - est maids were met The
2. But— hawks will— rob the tend - er— joys That bless the lit - tle— lint - white's nest; And frost will—blight the fair - est flower, And
3


fair est_ maid was_ bon - nie_ Jean. And_ aye she_wrought her
love will break the_ sound - est_ rest. Young Ro - bie_ was the
mam - mie's work, And aye_ she_ sang sae_ mer - ri - lie; The_
braw - est lad, The flower and_ pride of_ a'_ the glen; And_
blyth - est bird up - on the bush Had ne'er a_ light - er_ heart than she.
he had ow - sen, sheep, and kye, And wan - ton nag - gies nine or_ ten.
3
3
3

3. He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As, in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

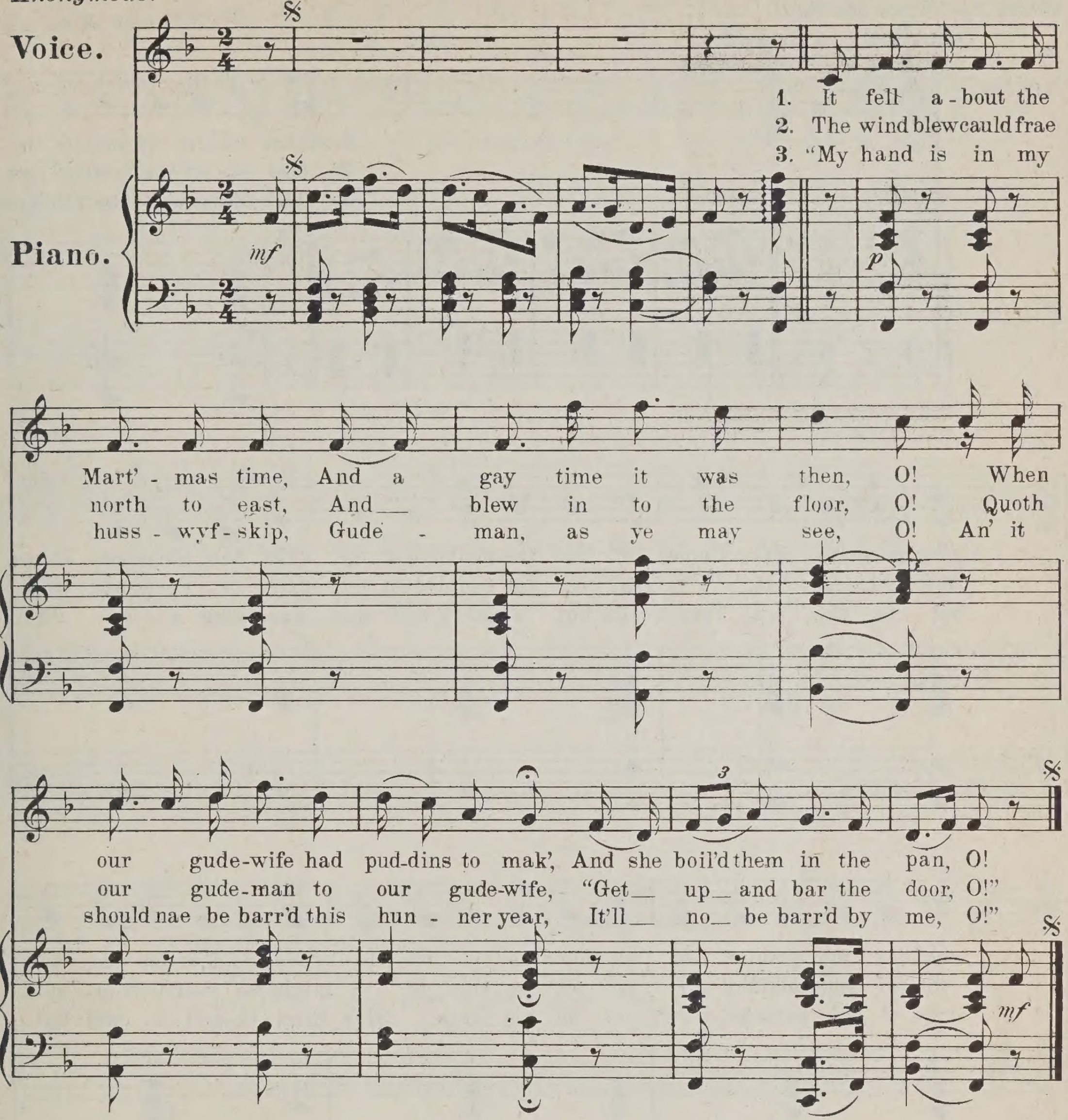
4. And now she works her mammie's work,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.
But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

5. The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
"O, Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear!
O, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

6. "At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

Anonymous.


Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. It fell a-bout the Mart'-mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When our gude-wife had pud-dins to mak', And she boil'd them in the pan, O!
2. The wind blew cauld frae north to east, And blew in to the floor, O! Quoth our gude-man to our gude-wife, "Get up and bar the door, O!"
3. "My hand is in my huss-wyf-skip, Gude-man, as ye may see, O! An' it should nae be barr'd this hun-ner year, It'll no be barr'd by me, O!"
3
mf

4. They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O!
Wha-ever should speak the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O!

5. Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O!
And they could see neither house nor ha'
Nor coal nor candle light, O!

6. Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O?
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O!

7. And first they ate the white puddins,
And syne they ate the black, O!
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

8. Then the ane unto the other said—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"

9. "But there's nae water in the house,
And what will we do then, O!"
"What ails you at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan, O?"

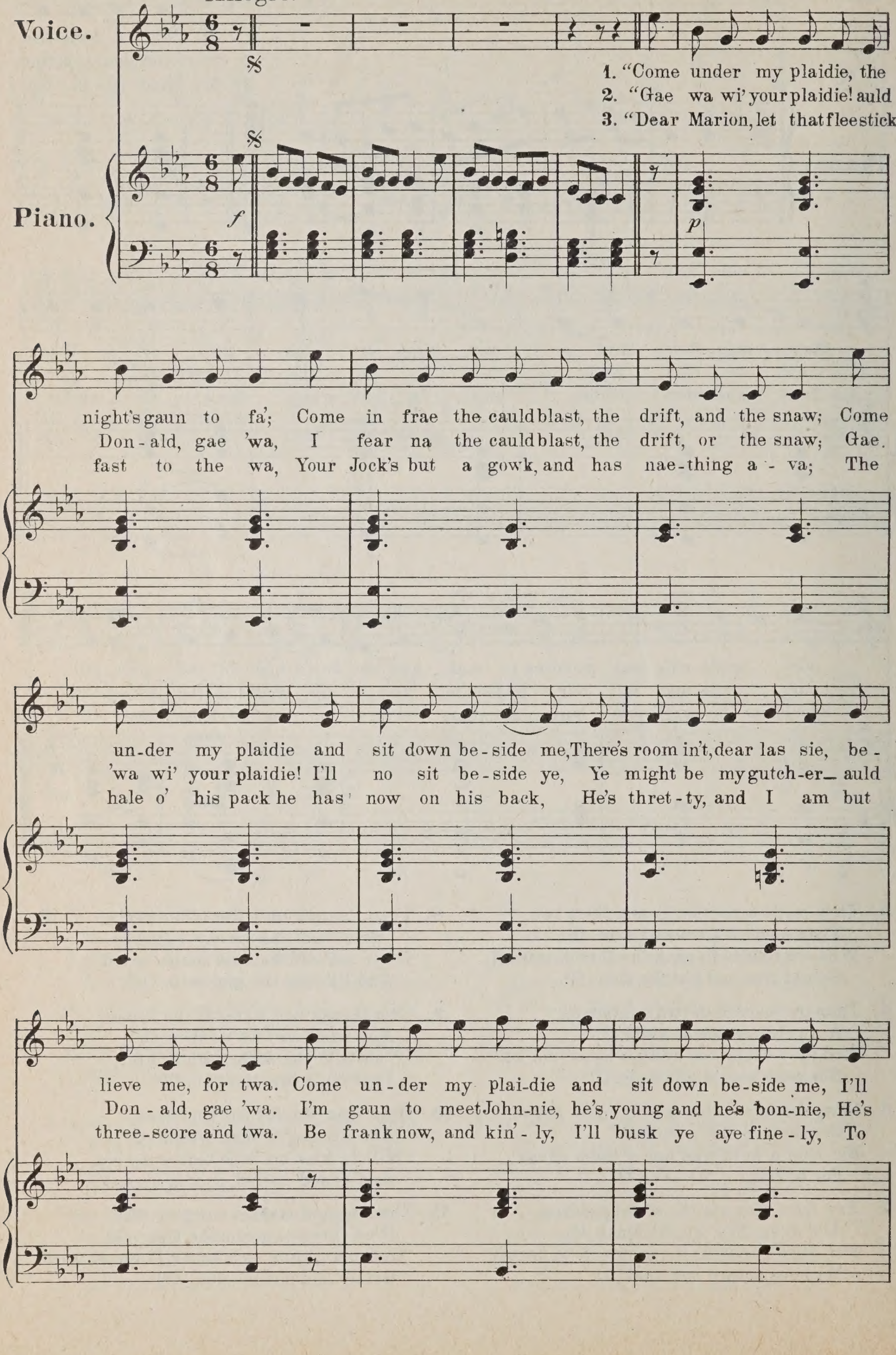
10. O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O!
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"

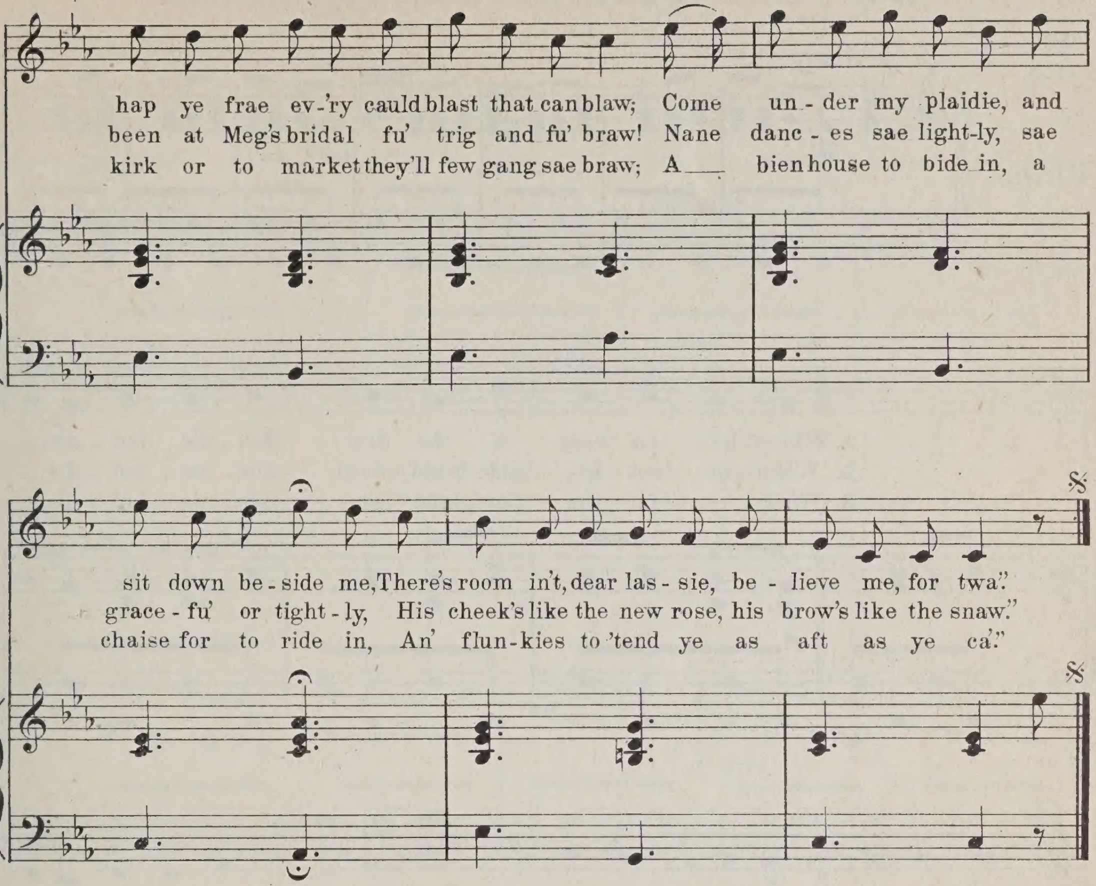
11. Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O!
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word
Get up and bar the door, O!"

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Words by Hector Macneill.
(1740-1818)

Air "Johnnie Macgill."


Allegro.
Voice.
Piano.
f
p
1. "Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw; Come under my plaidie and sit down beside me, There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa. Come under my plaidie and sit down beside me, I'll
2. "Gae wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa, I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, or the snaw; Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye, Ye might be my gutcher_ auld Donald, gae 'wa. I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie, He's
3. "Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa, Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava; The hale o' his pack he has now on his back, He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa. Be frank now, and kin'ly, I'll busk ye aye finely, To


hap ye frae ev-'ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come un-der my plaidie, and
been at Meg's bridal fu' trig and fu' braw! Nane danc-es sae light-ly, sae
kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw; A___ bien house to bide in, a
sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-lieve me, for twa."
grace-fu' or tight-ly, His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw."
chaise for to ride in, An' flun-kies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

4. "My father aye tauld me, my mither an' a',
   Ye'd mak' a gude husband and keep me aye braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
   But waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!
I ha'e little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,
   I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma'!
Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
   I thought ye'd been aulder than three-score and twa."

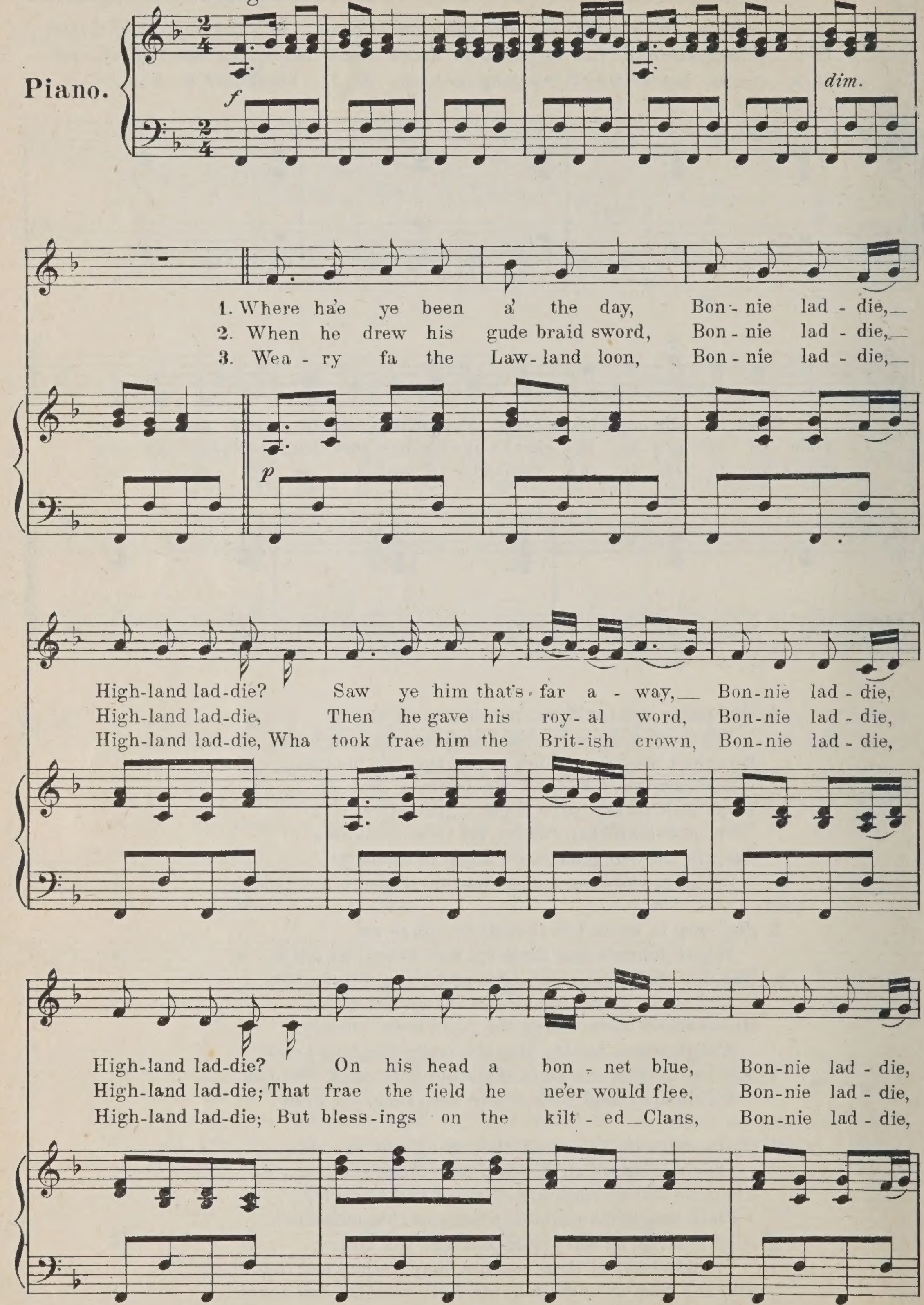
5. She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
   Where Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed!_ his proud heart it dunted,
   And strak 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd home weary, the night it was dreary,
   And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women
   Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."

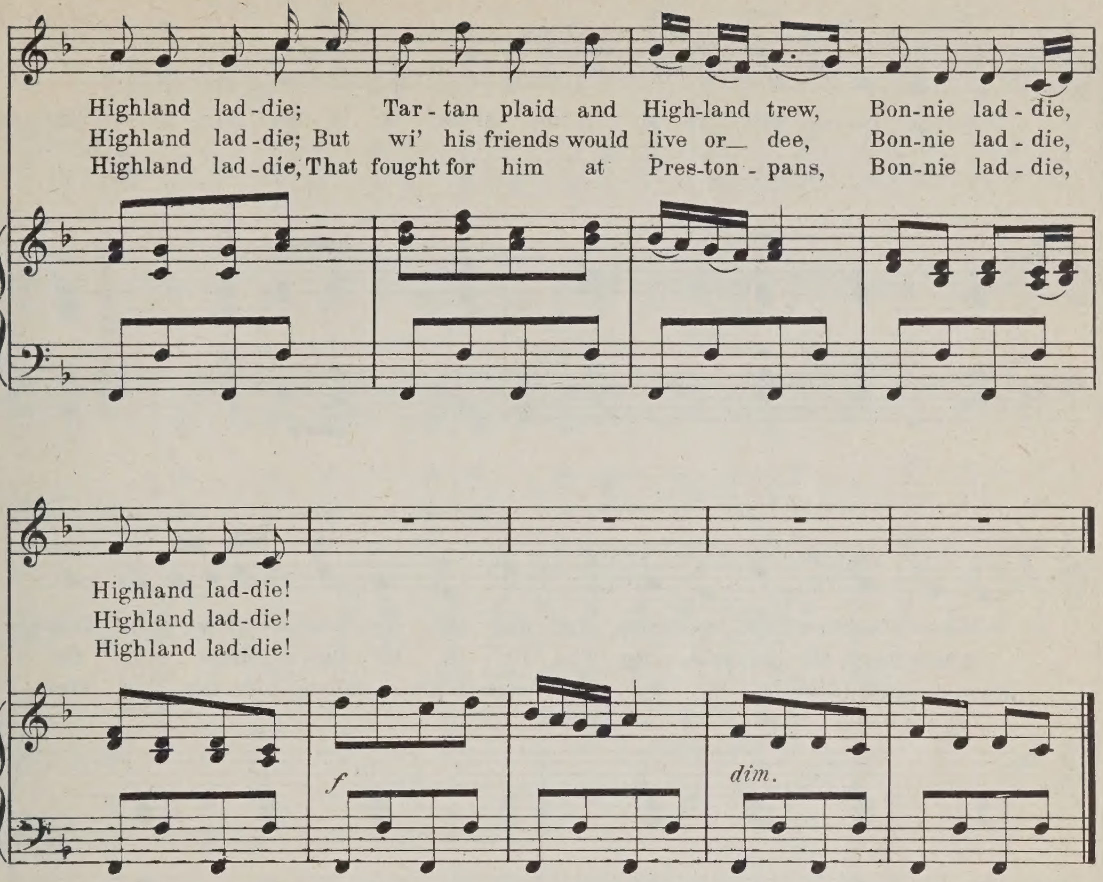
6. O! the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
   They tak' up wi' auld men o' four-score and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
   Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you marry,
   Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whup and they'll ca';
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthful and bonnie,
   When they'll wish that their auld men were dead and awa'."

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Charles Walker.

Allegretto.

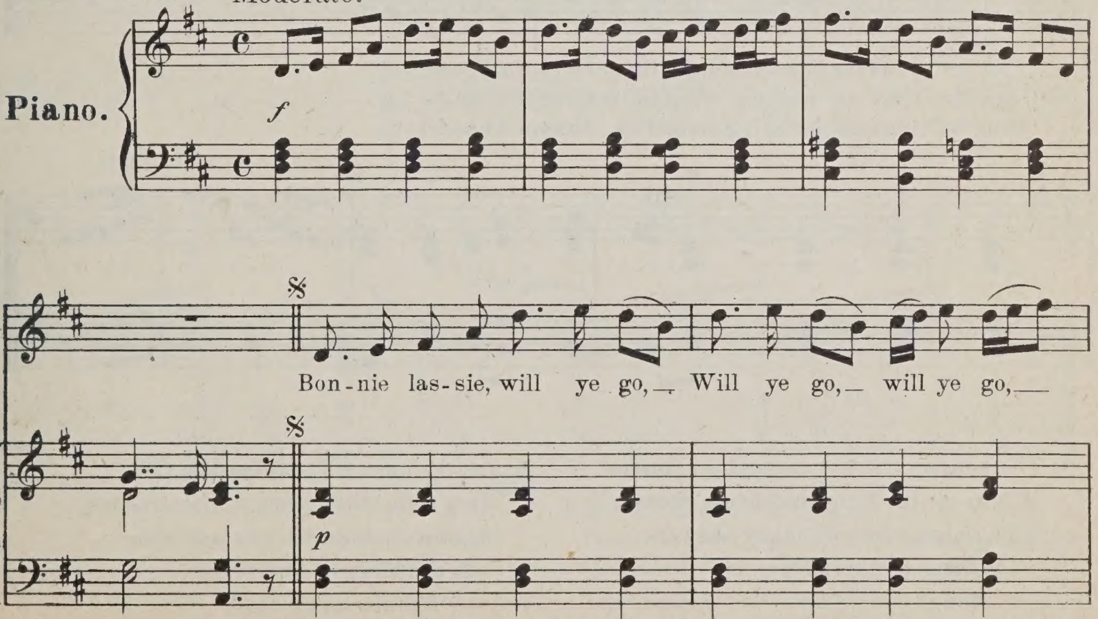

Piano.
f
dim.
p
1. Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad-die,
2. When he drew his gude braid sword, Bon-nie lad-die,
3. Wea-ry fa the Law-land loon, Bon-nie lad-die,
High-land lad-die? Saw ye him that's far a-way, Bon-nie lad-die,
High-land lad-die, Then he gave his roy-al word, Bon-nie lad-die,
High-land lad-die, Wha took frae him the Brit-ish crown, Bon-nie lad-die,
High-land lad-die? On his head a bon-net blue, Bon-nie lad-die,
High-land lad-die; That frae the field he ne'er would flee, Bon-nie lad-die,
High-land lad-die; But bless-ings on the kilt-ed Clans, Bon-nie lad-die,

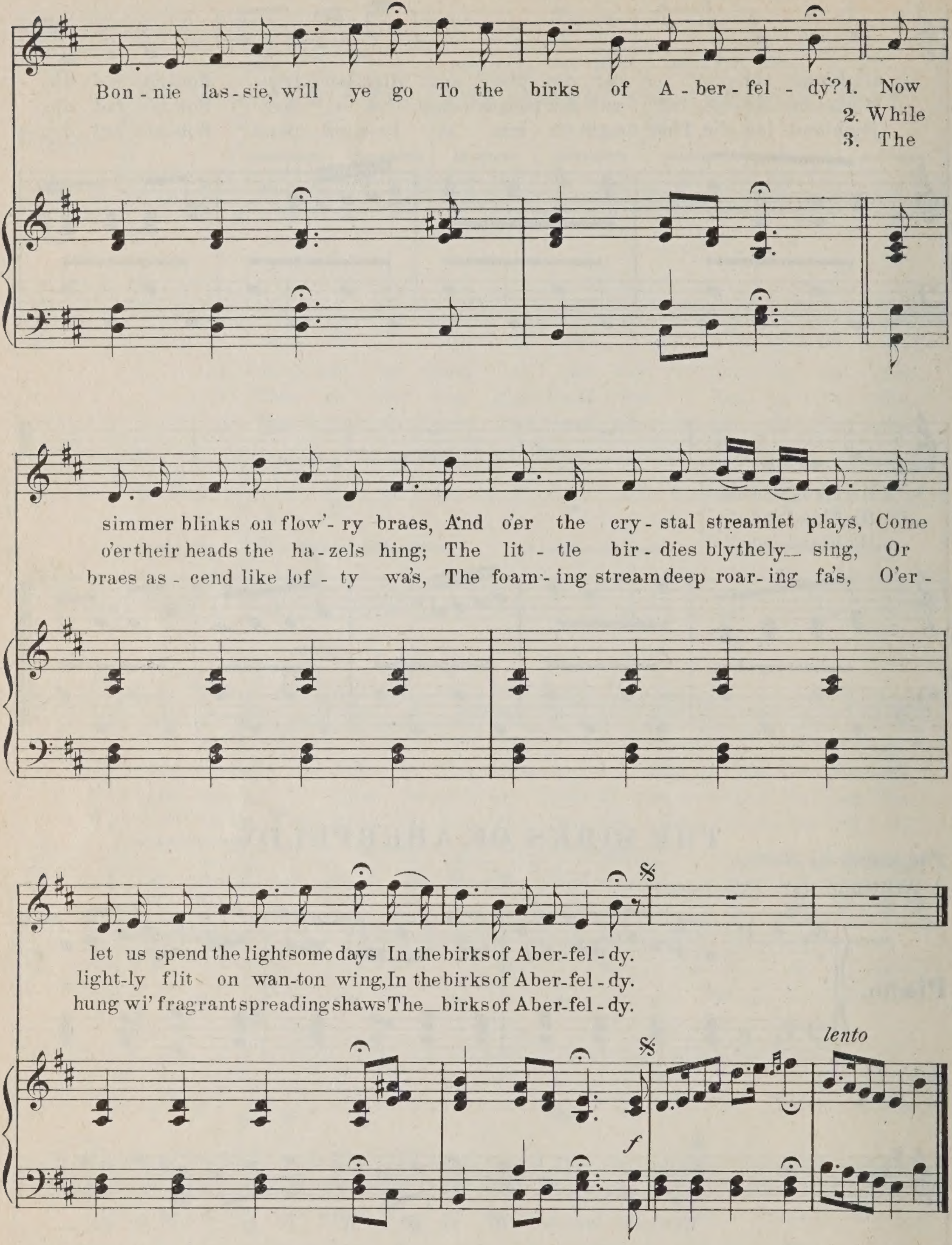

Highland lad-die; Tar-tan plaid and High-land trew, Bon-nie lad-die,
Highland lad-die; But wi' his friends would live or_ dee, Bon-nie lad-die,
Highland lad-die, That fought for him at Pres-ton-pans, Bon-nie lad-die,
Highland lad-die!
Highland lad-die!
Highland lad-die!
f
dim.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

The words by Burns.

Written in 1787. Moderato.


Piano.
f
Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go,_ Will ye go,_ will ye go,_
p

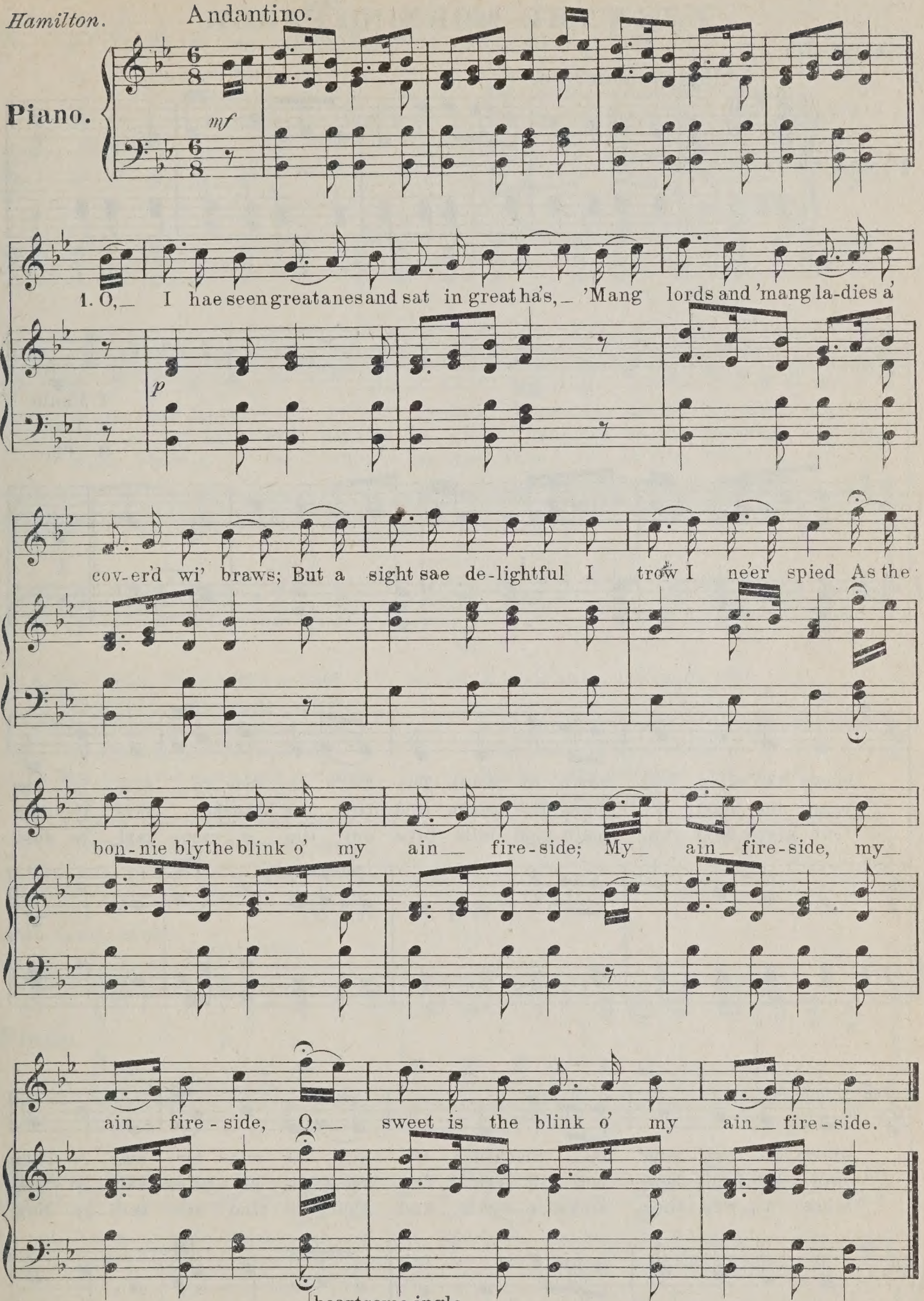

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go To the birks of A-ber-fel-dy? 1. Now
2. While
3. The
simmer blinks on flow'-ry braes, And o'er the cry-stal streamlet plays, Come
o'er their heads the ha-zels hing; The lit-tle bir-dies blythely sing, Or
braes as-cend like lof-ty wa's, The foam-ing stream deep roar-ing fa's, O'er-
let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of Aber-fel-dy.
light-ly flit on wan-ton wing, In the birks of Aber-fel-dy.
hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws The birks of Aber-fel-dy.
lento
f

4. The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie etc.

5. Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie etc.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Hamilton.

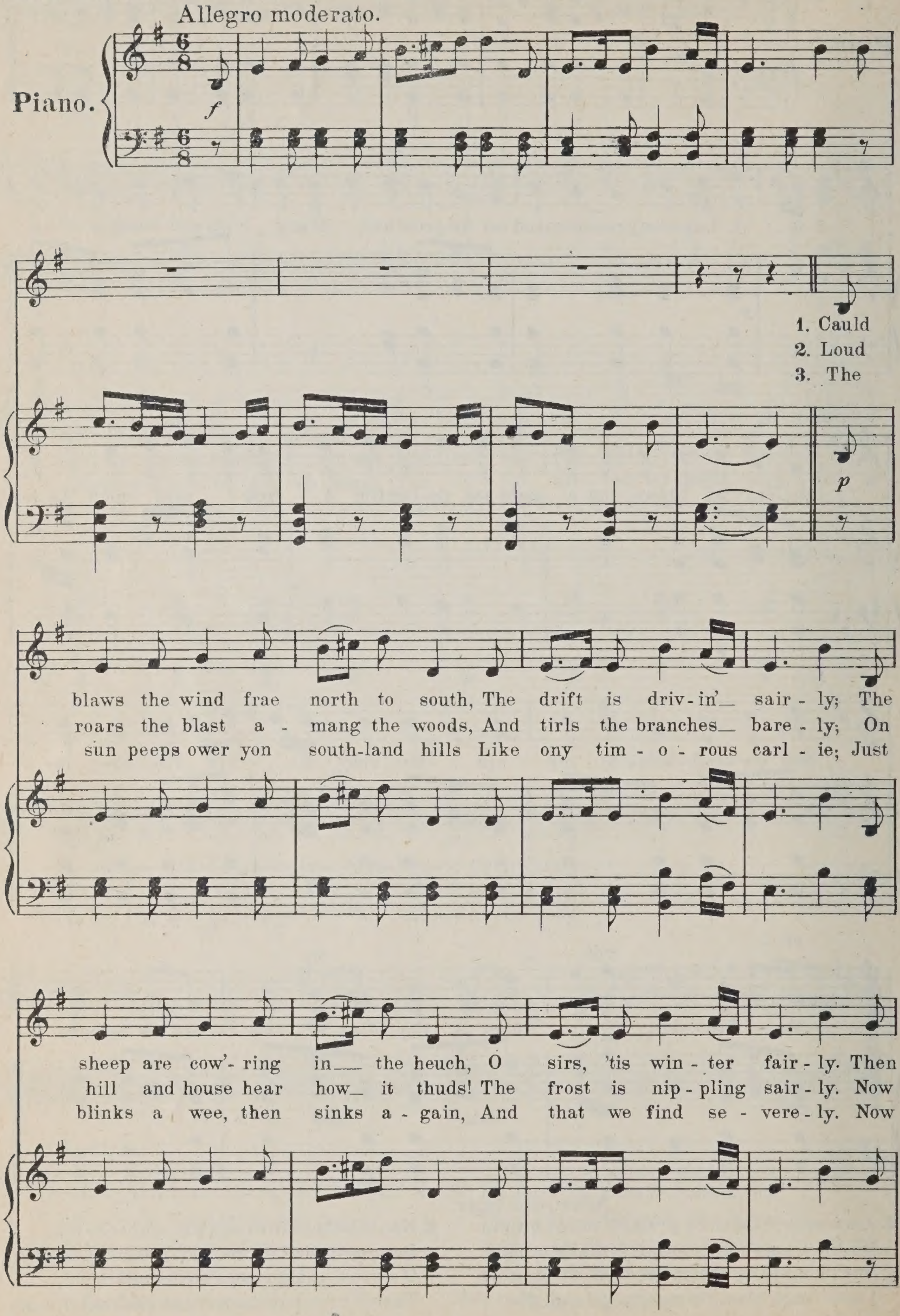

Andantino.
Piano.
mf
1. O, — I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, — 'Mang lords and 'mang la-dies a' cov-er'd wi' braws; But a sight sae de-lightful I trow I ne'er spied As the bon-nie blythe blink o' my ain — fire-side; My — ain — fire-side, my — ain — fire-side, O, — sweet is the blink o' my ain — fire-side.
p

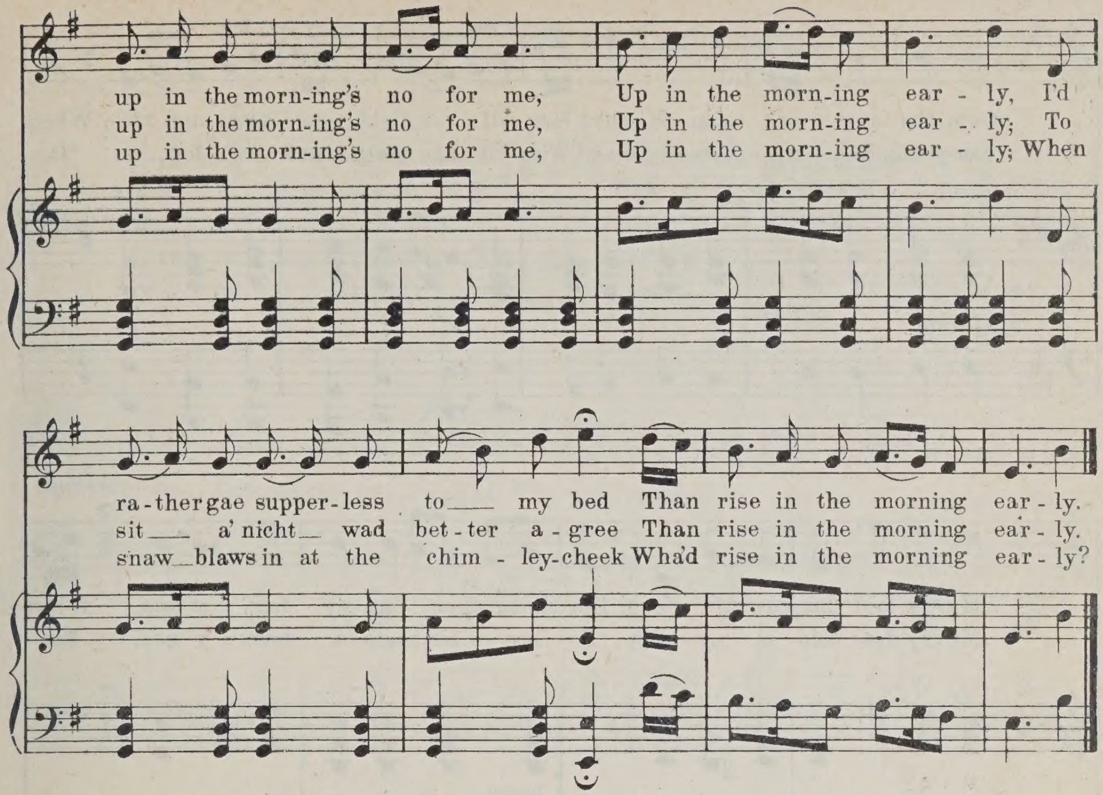
2. Ance mair, heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the frien's o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, etc.

3. Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried
There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, etc.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

John Hamilton.


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
f
p
1. Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, The drift is driv-in'_ sair-ly; The sheep are cow'-ring in_ the heuch, O sirs, 'tis win-ter fair-ly. Then
2. Loud roars the blast a-mang the woods, And tirls the branches_ bare-ly; On hill and house hear how_ it thuds! The frost is nip-pling sair-ly. Now
3. The sun peeps ower yon south-land hills Like ony tim-o-rous carl-ie; Just blinks a wee, then sinks a-gain, And that we find se-vere-ly. Now

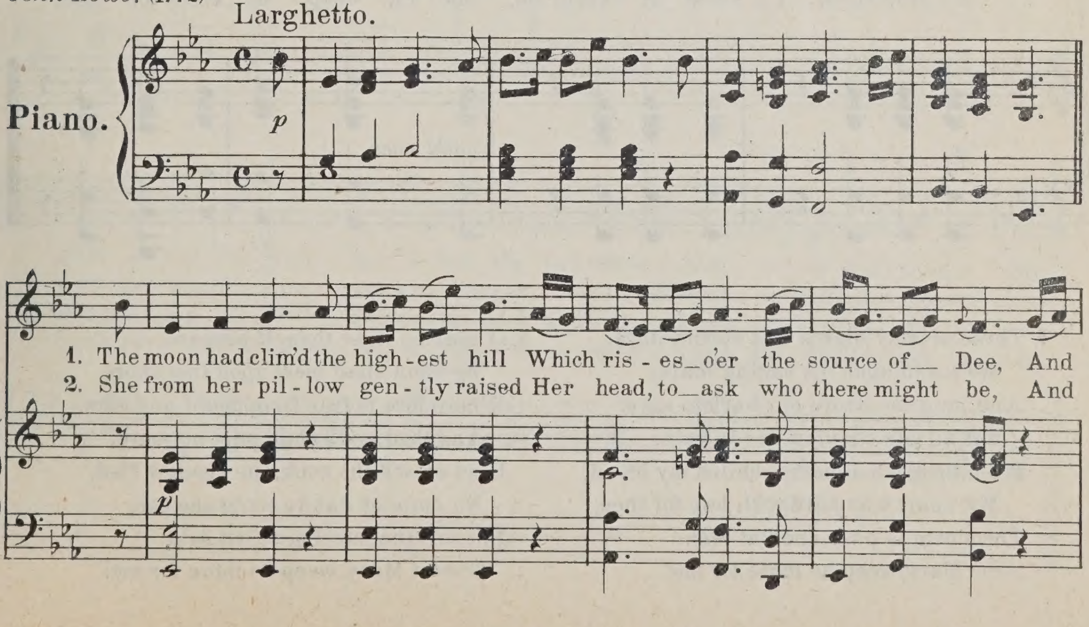

up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly, I'd
up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly; To
up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly; When
ra-ther gae supper-less to my bed Than rise in the morning ear - ly.
sit a' nicht wad bet-ter a - gree Than rise in the morning ear - ly.
snaw blaws in at the chim - ley-cheek Wha'd rise in the morning ear - ly?

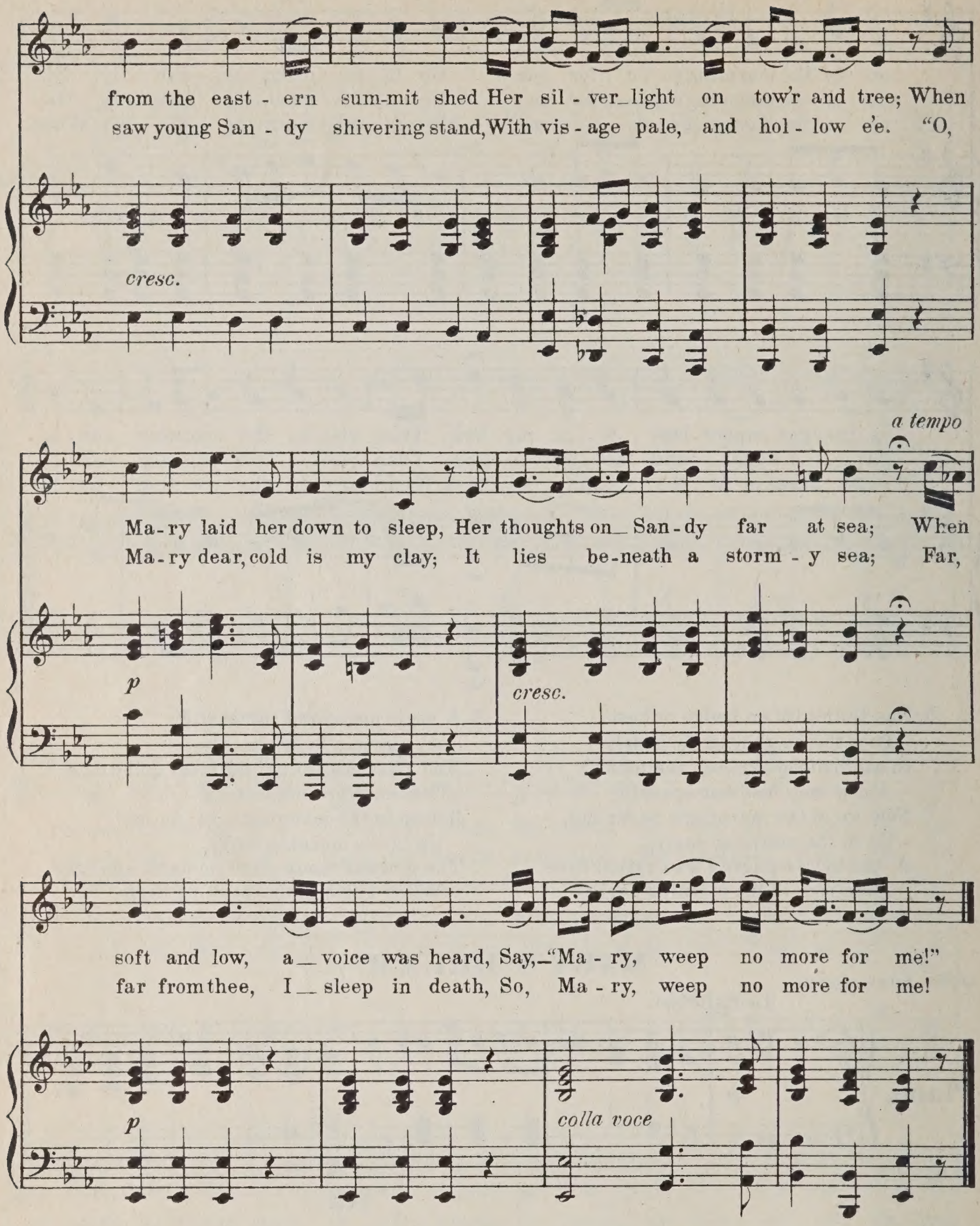
4. Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
   Poor things, they suffer sairly;
In cauldrife quarters a' the nicht,
   A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
   Up in the morning early;
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree
   Then rise in the morning early.

5. A cosie house and cantie wife
   Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stowed wi' meet and drink,
   They answer unco rarely.
But up in the morning— na, na, na!
   Up in the morning early;
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae
   When I rise in the morning early.

MARY'S DREAM.

John Lowe. (1772)


Larghetto.
Piano.
p
1. The moon had clim'd the high-est hill Which ris - es o'er the source of Dee, And
2. She from her pil - low gen - tly raised Her head, to ask who there might be, And
p

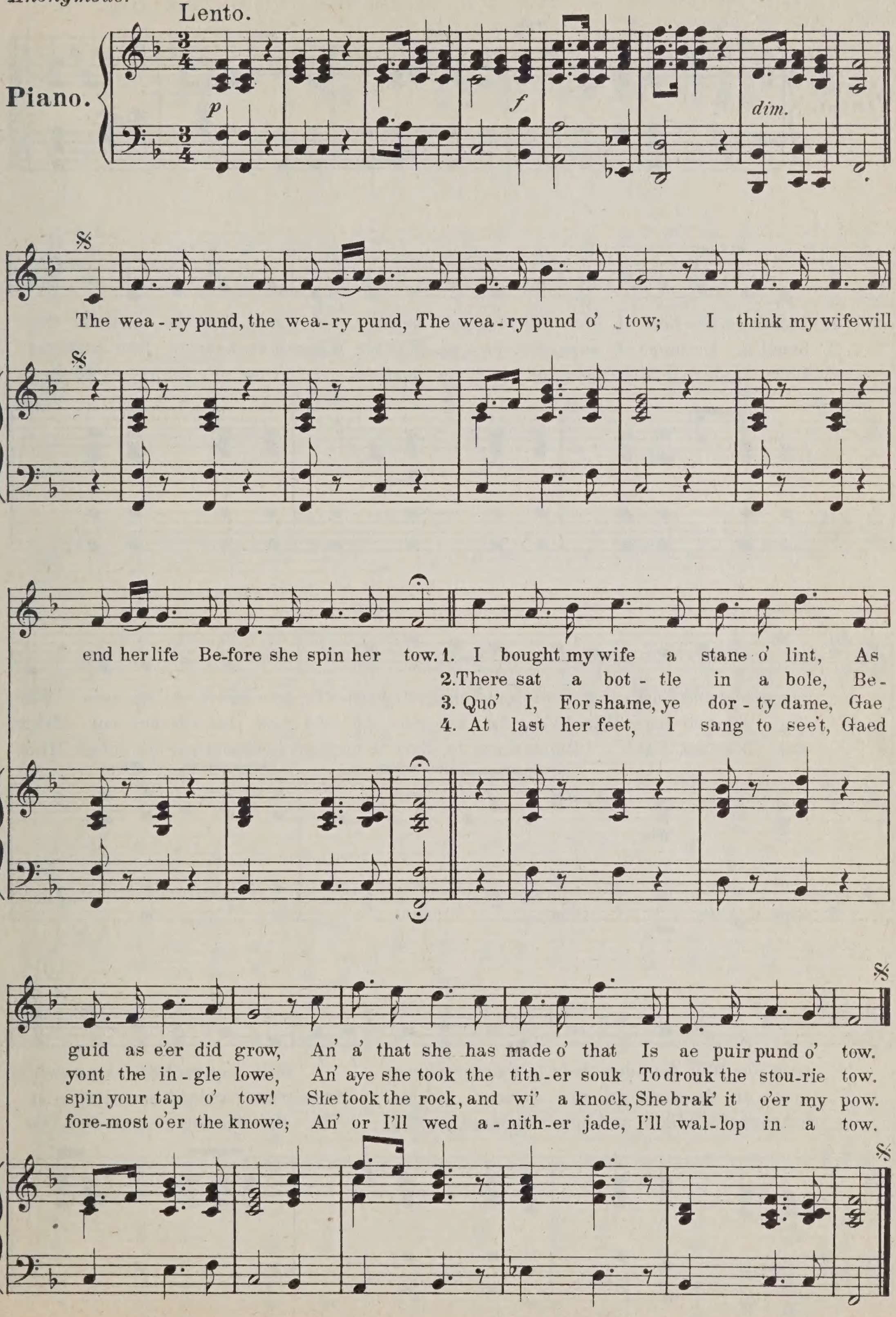

from the east - ern sum-mit shed Her sil - ver_light on tow'r and tree; When
saw young San - dy shivering stand, With vis - age pale, and hol - low e'e. "O,
cresc.
a tempo
Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on_ San - dy far at sea; When
Ma - ry dear, cold is my clay; It lies be - neath a storm - y sea; Far,
p
cresc.
soft and low, a_ voice was heard, Say,_"Ma - ry, weep no more for me!"
far from thee, I_ sleep in death, So, Ma - ry, weep no more for me!
p
colla voce

3. Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

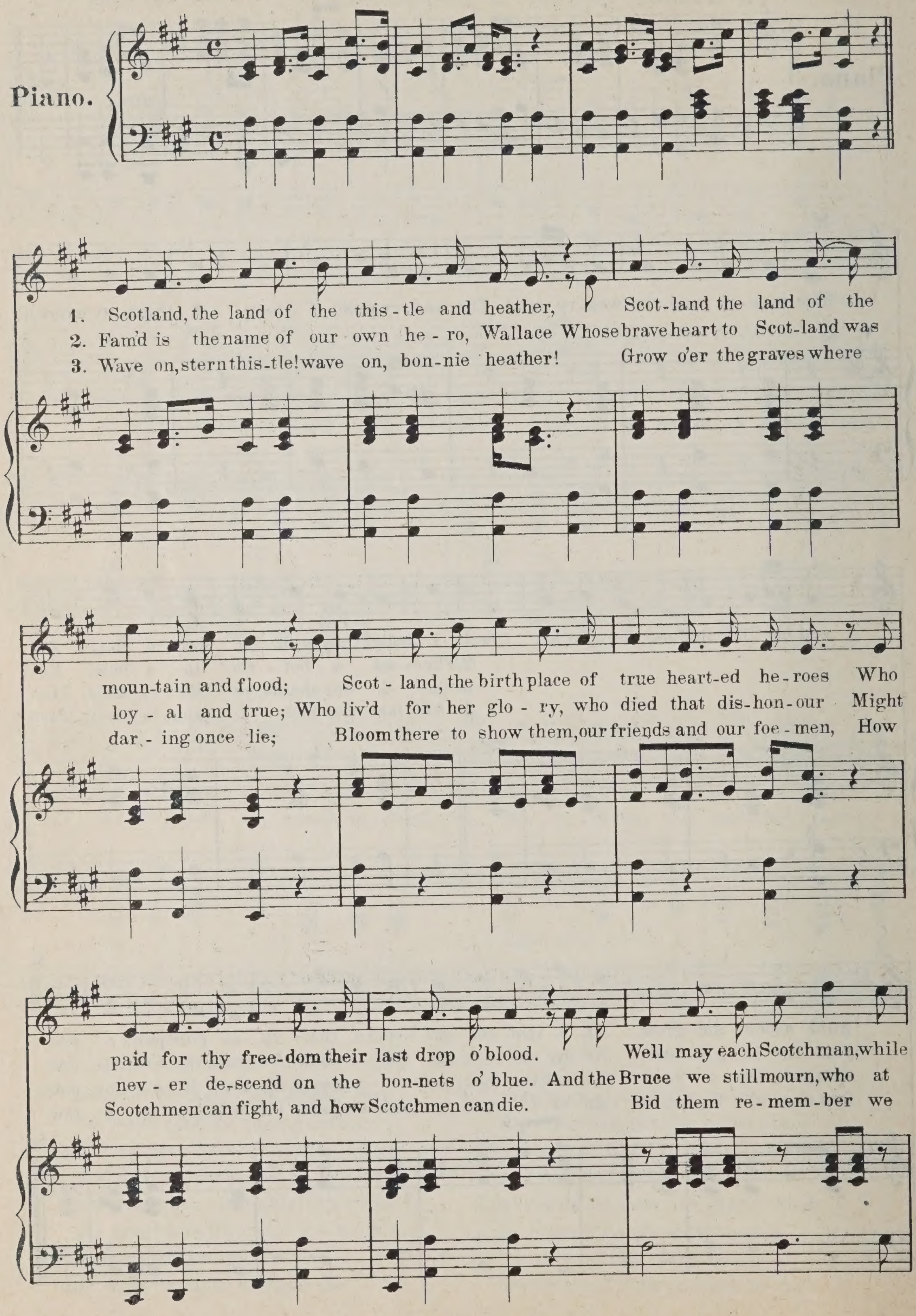
4. O, maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled;
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said:
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

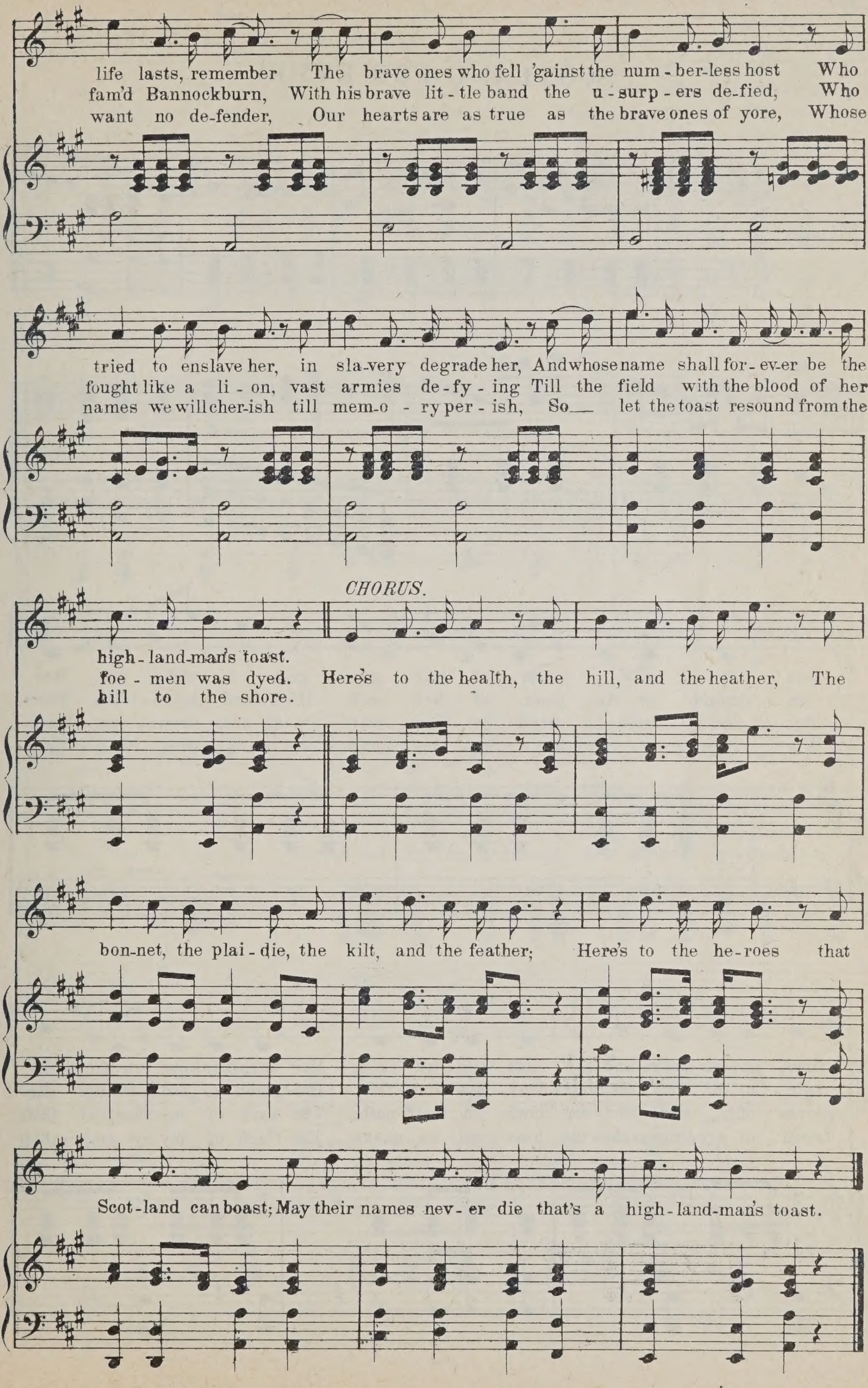
THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Anonymous.

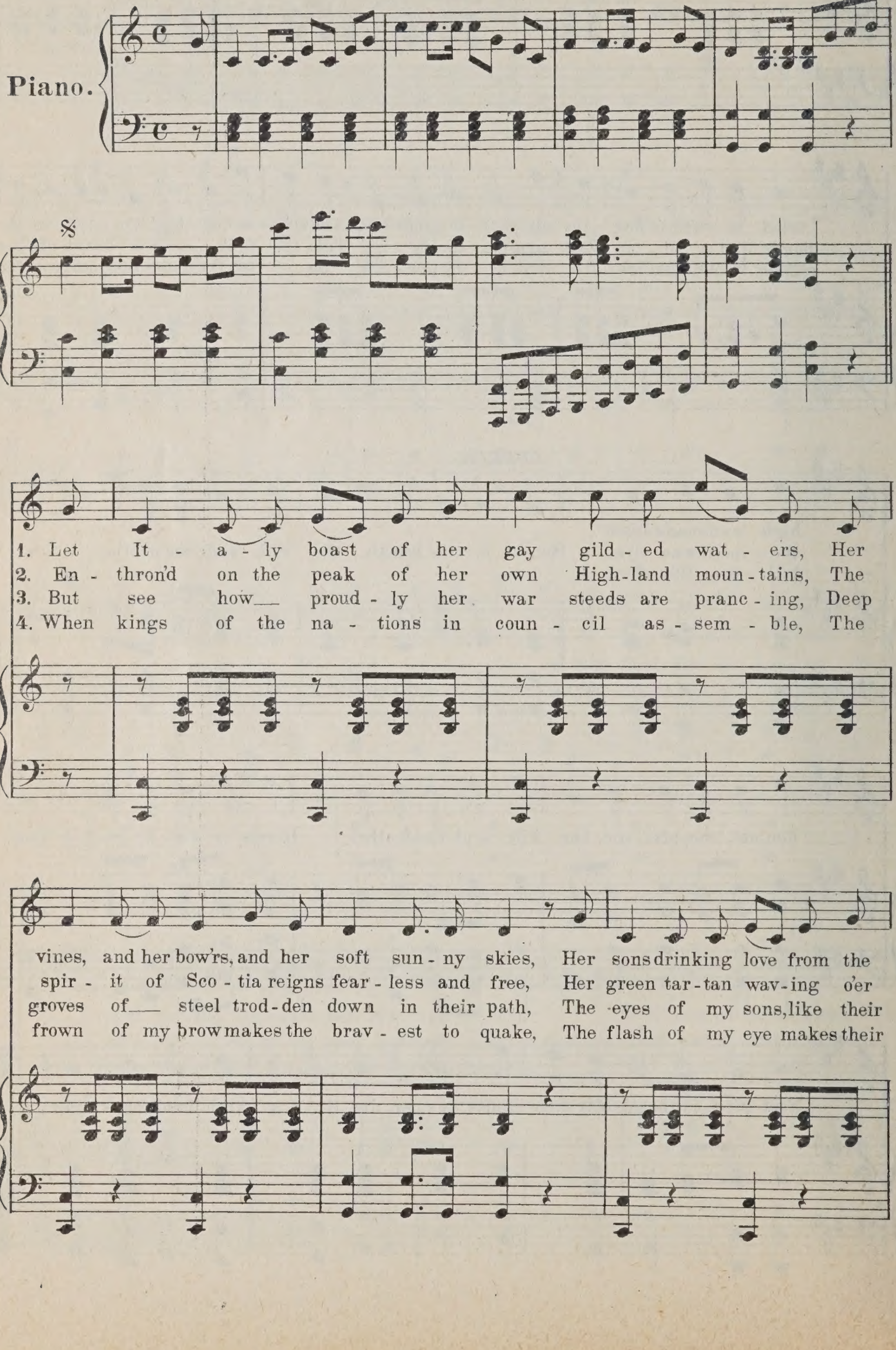

Lento.
Piano.
p
f
dim.
The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund o' tow; I think my wife will end her life Be-fore she spin her tow.
1. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, As guid as e'er did grow, An' a' that she has made o' that Is ae puir pund o' tow.
2. There sat a bot-tle in a bole, Be-yont the in-gle lowe, An' aye she took the tith-er souk To drouk the stou-rie tow.
3. Quo' I, For shame, ye dor-ty dame, Gae spin your tap o' tow! She took the rock, and wi' a knock, She brak' it o'er my pow.
4. At last her feet, I sang to see't, Gaed fore-most o'er the knowe; An' or I'll wed a-nith-er jade, I'll wal-lop in a tow.

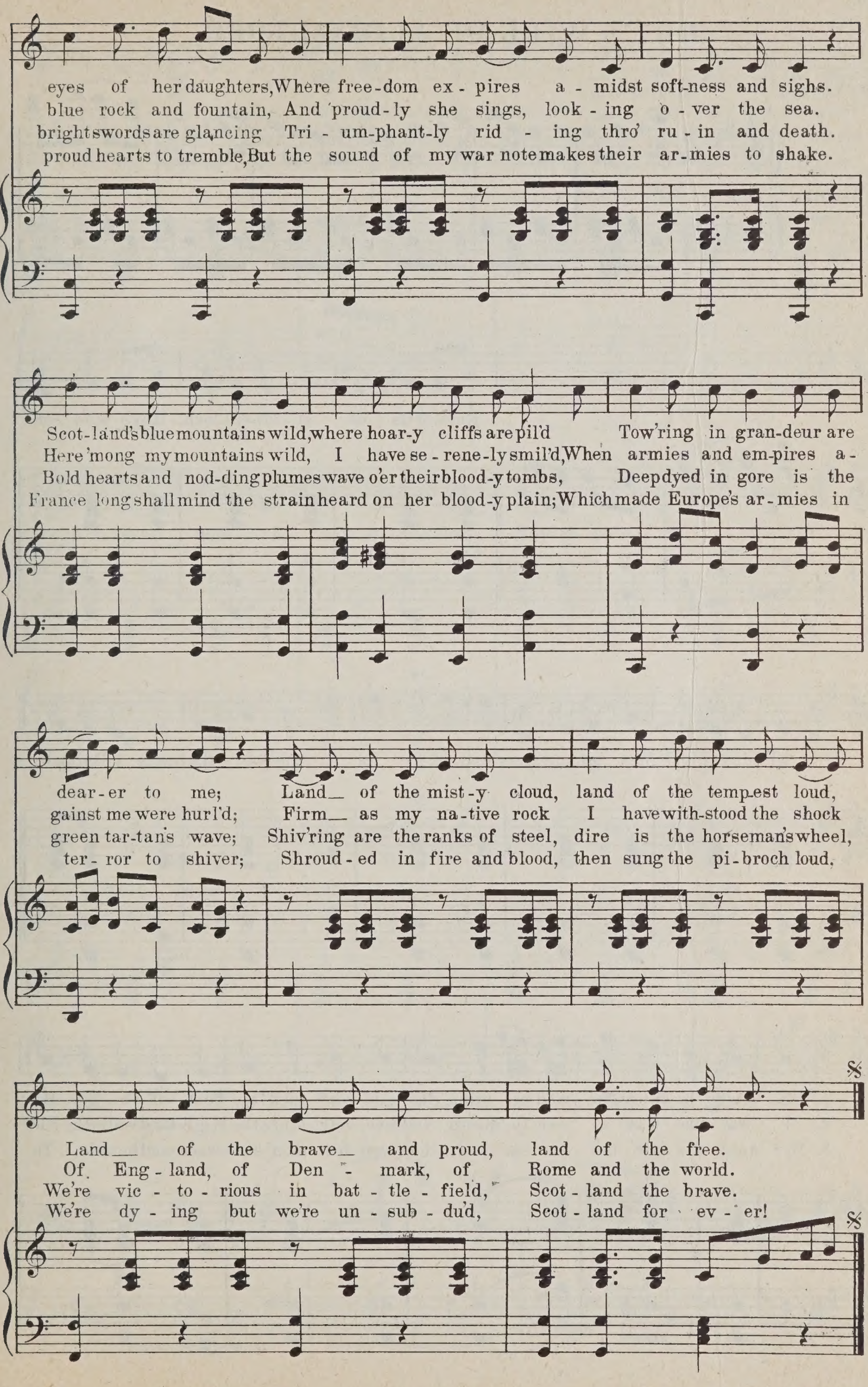
THE HIGHLANDMAN'S TOAST.


Piano.
1. Scotland, the land of the this-tle and heather, Scot-land the land of the
2. Fam'd is the name of our own he-ro, Wallace Whose brave heart to Scot-land was
3. Wave on, stern this-tle! wave on, bon-nie heather! Grow o'er the graves where
moun-tain and flood; Scot-land, the birth place of true heart-ed he-roes Who
loy-al and true; Who liv'd for her glo-ry, who died that dis-hon-our Might
dar-ing once lie; Bloom there to show them, our friends and our foe-men, How
paid for thy free-dom their last drop o'blood. Well may each Scotchman, while
nev-er de-scend on the bon-nets o' blue. And the Bruce we still mourn, who at
Scotchmen can fight, and how Scotchmen can die. Bid them re-mem-ber we

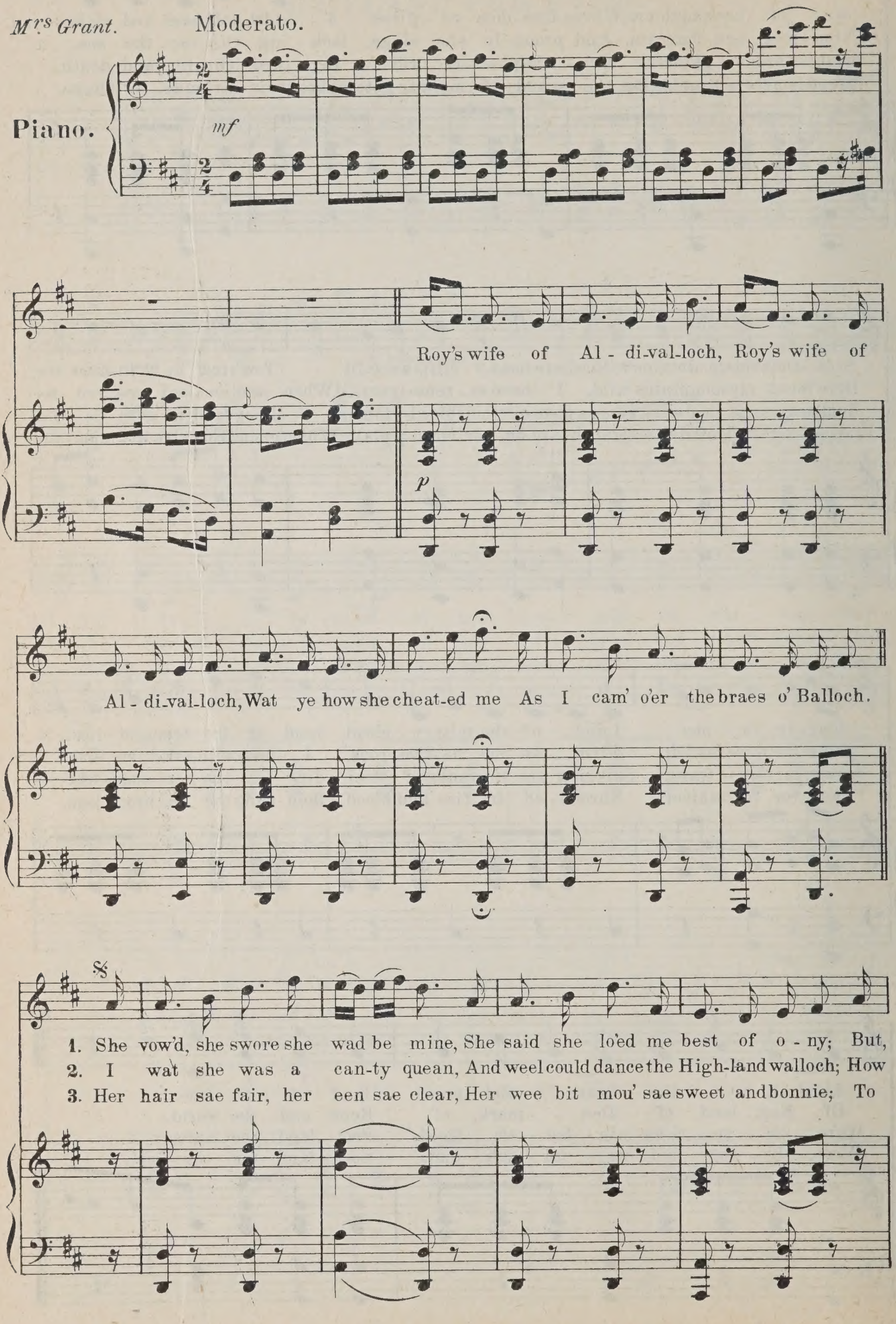

life lasts, remember The brave ones who fell 'gainst the num-ber-less host Who
fam'd Bannockburn, With his brave lit-tle band the u-surp-ers de-fied, Who
want no de-fender, Our hearts are as true as the brave ones of yore, Whose
tried to enslave her, in sla-very degrade her, And whose name shall for-ev-er be the
fought like a li-on, vast armies de-fy-ing Till the field with the blood of her
names we will cher-ish till mem-o-ry per-ish, So let the toast resound from the
CHORUS.
high-land-man's toast.
foe-men was dyed. Here's to the health, the hill, and the heather, The
hill to the shore.
bon-net, the plai-die, the kilt, and the feather; Here's to the he-roes that
Scot-land can boast; May their names nev-er die that's a high-land-man's toast.

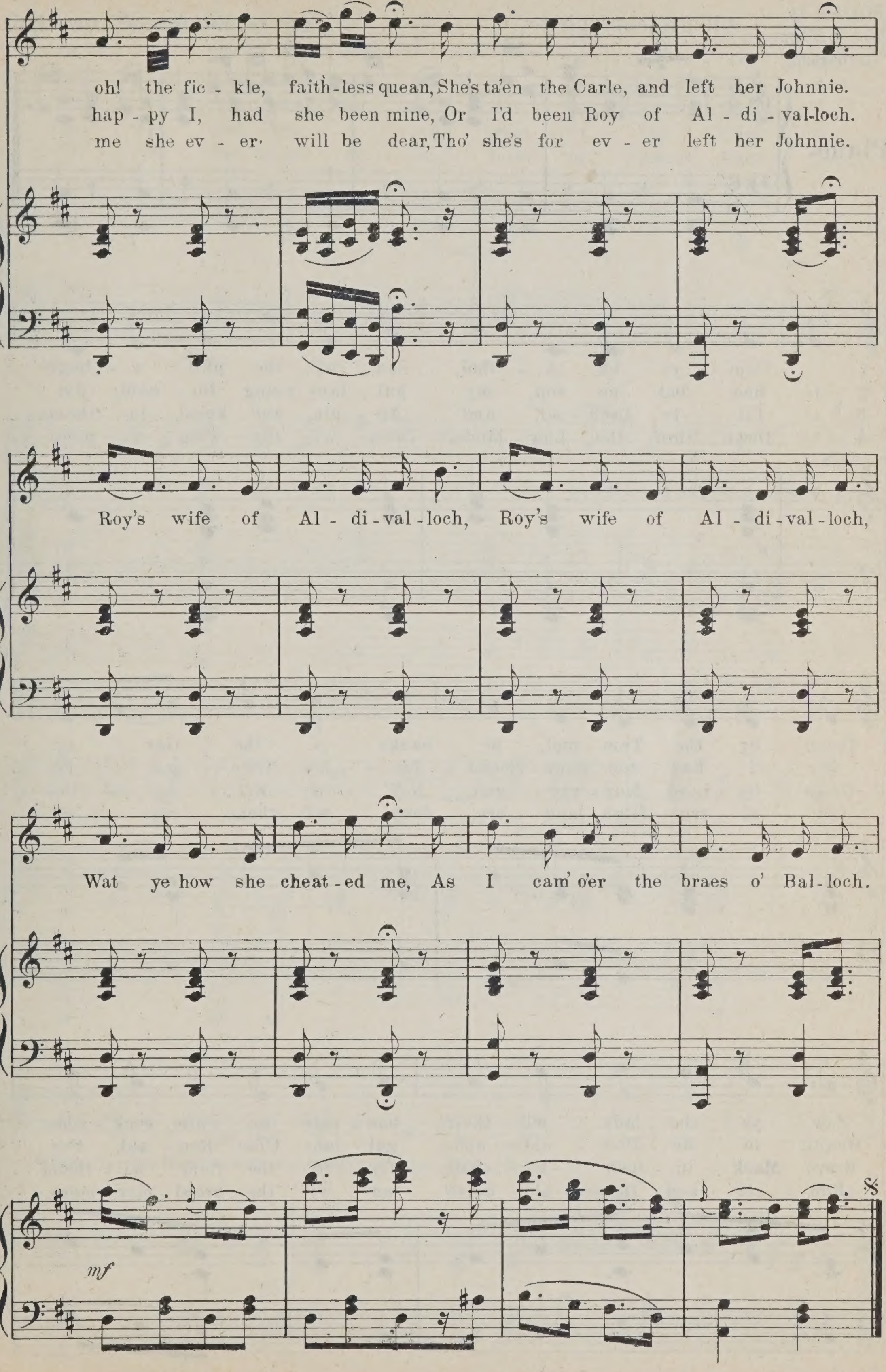
SCOTLAND FOR EVER.


Piano.
1. Let It - a - ly boast of her gay gild - ed wat - ers, Her
2. En - thron'd on the peak of her own High-land moun - tains, The
3. But see how___ proud - ly her war steeds are pranc - ing, Deep
4. When kings of the na - tions in coun - cil as - sem - ble, The
vines, and her bow'rs, and her soft sun - ny skies, Her sons drinking love from the
spir - it of Sco - tia reigns fear - less and free, Her green tar - tan wav - ing o'er
groves of___ steel trod - den down in their path, The eyes of my sons, like their
frown of my brow makes the brav - est to quake, The flash of my eye makes their


eyes of her daughters,Where free-dom ex - pires a - midst soft-ness and sighs.
blue rock and fountain, And 'proud-ly she sings, look - ing o - ver the sea.
bright swords are glancing Tri - um-phant-ly rid - ing thro' ru - in and death.
proud hearts to tremble,But the sound of my war note makes their ar-mies to shake.
Scot-land's blue mountains wild,where hoar-y cliffs are pil'd Tow'ring in gran-deur are
Here 'mong my mountains wild, I have se - rene-ly smil'd,When armies and em-pires a -
Bold hearts and nod-ding plumes wave o'er their blood-y tombs, Deep dyed in gore is the
France long shall mind the strain heard on her blood-y plain;Which made Europe's ar-mies in
dear-er to me; Land__ of the mist-y cloud, land of the temp-est loud,
gainst me were hurl'd; Firm__ as my na-tive rock I have with-stood the shock
green tar-tan's wave; Shiv'ring are the ranks of steel, dire is the horseman's wheel,
ter - ror to shiver; Shroud - ed in fire and blood, then sung the pi-broch loud,
Land__ of the brave__ and proud, land of the free.
Of. Eng - land, of Den - mark, of Rome and the world.
We're vic - to - rious in bat - tle - field, Scot - land the brave.
We're dy - ing but we're un - sub - du'd, Scot - land for ev - er!
𝄋

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

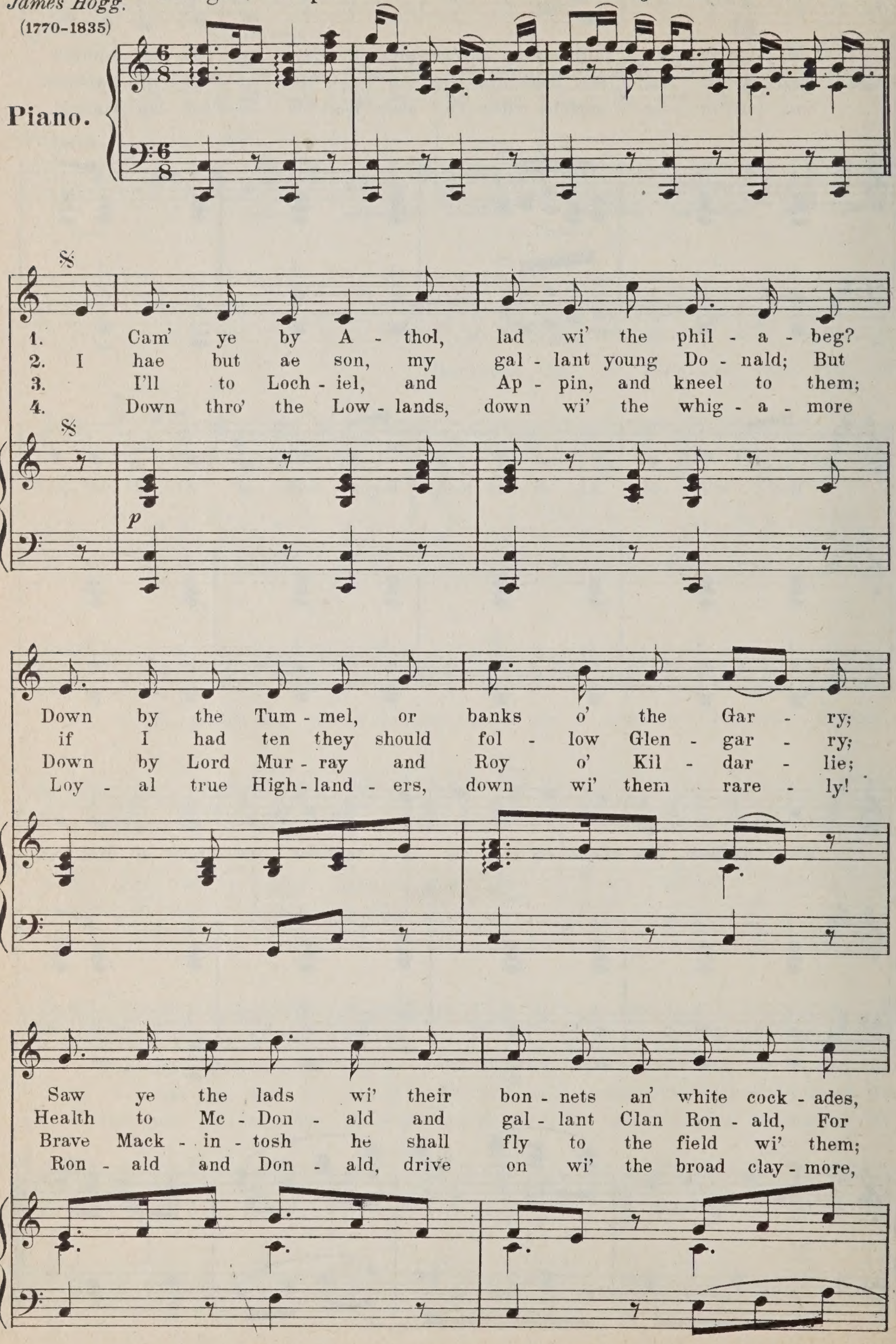

Mrs Grant.
Moderato.
Piano.
mf
p
Roy's wife of Al - di-val-loch, Roy's wife of
Al - di-val-loch, Wat ye how she cheat-ed me As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.
1. She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o - ny; But,
2. I wat she was a can-ty quean, And weel could dance the High-land walloch; How
3. Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie; To

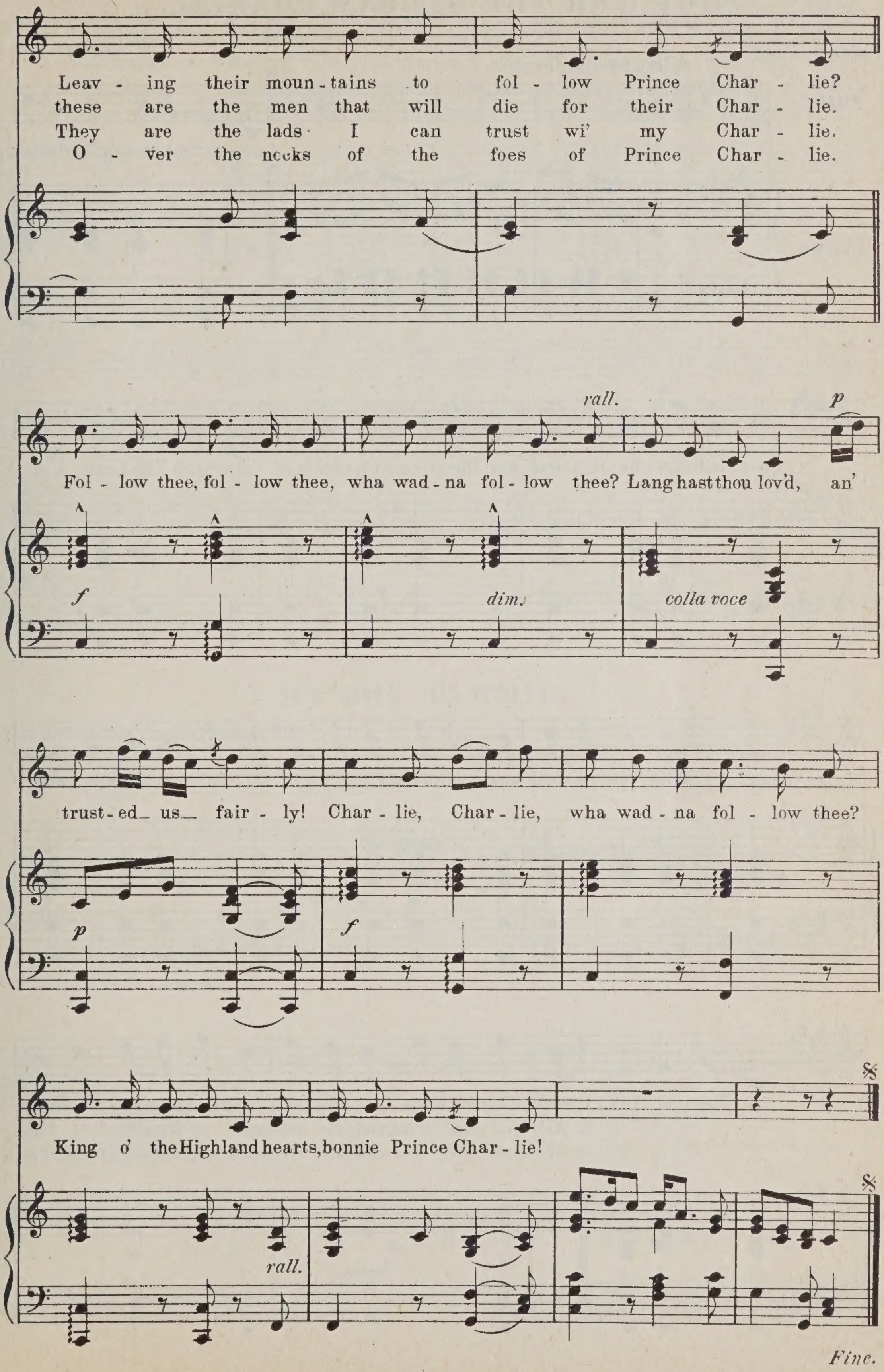

oh! the fic - kle, faith-less quean, She's ta'en the Carle, and left her Johnnie.
hap - py I, had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy of Al - di - val-loch.
me she ev - er will be dear, Tho' she's for ev - er left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,
Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal - loch.
mf

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

Written by James Hogg.
(1770-1835)

Air by Neil Gow Jr. (1795-1823)

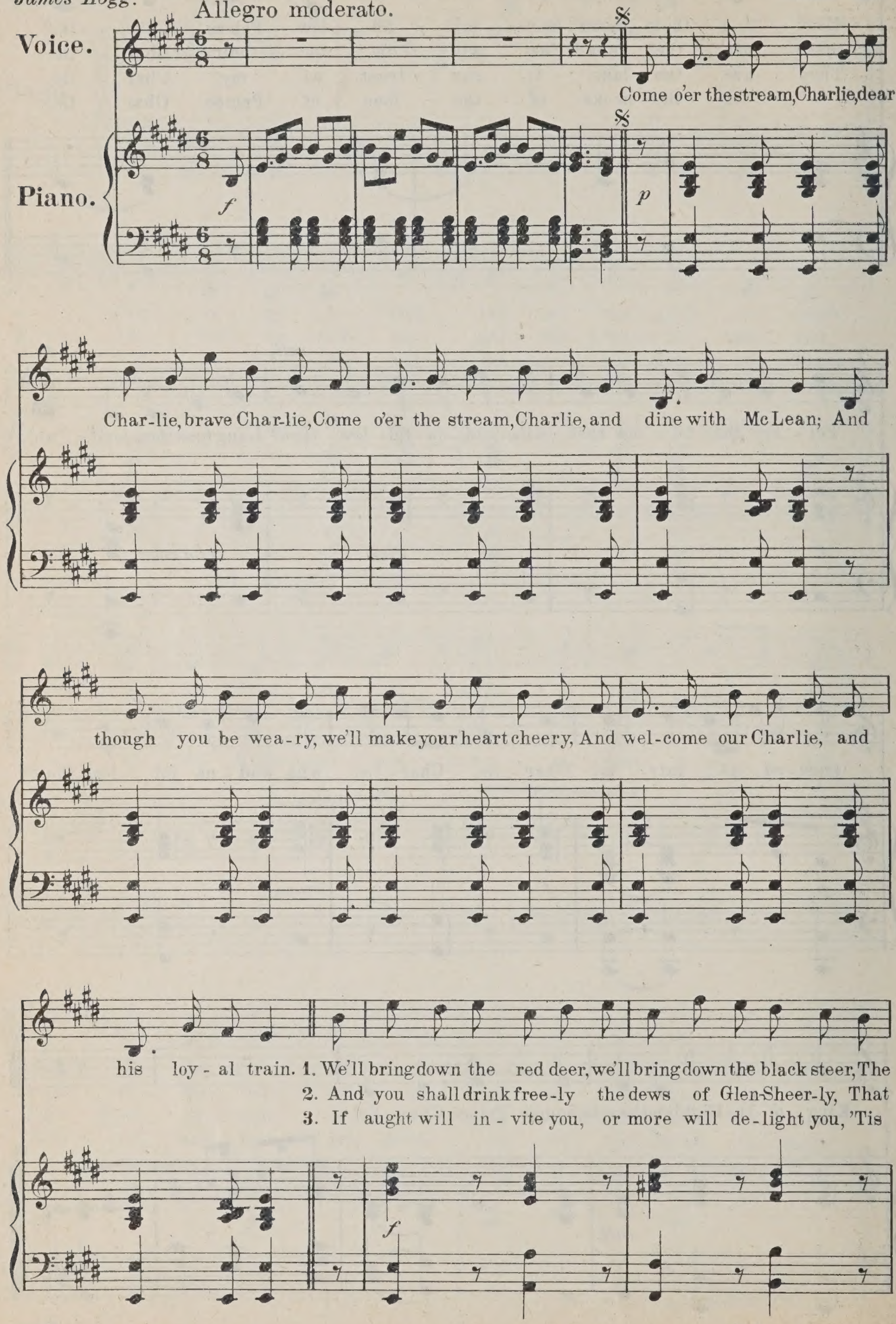

Allegro con spirito.
Piano.
p
1. Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the phil-a-beg?
2. I hae but ae son, my gal-lant young Do-nald; But
3. I'll to Loch-iel, and Ap-pin, and kneel to them;
4. Down thro' the Low-lands, down wi' the whig-a-more
Down by the Tum-mel, or banks o' the Gar-ry;
if I had ten they should fol-low Glen-gar-ry;
Down by Lord Mur-ray and Roy o' Kil-dar-lie;
Loy-al true High-land-ers, down wi' them rare-ly!
Saw ye the lads wi' their bon-nets an' white cock-ades,
Health to Mc-Don-ald and gal-lant Clan Ron-ald, For
Brave Mack-in-tosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;
Ron-ald and Don-ald, drive on wi' the broad clay-more,

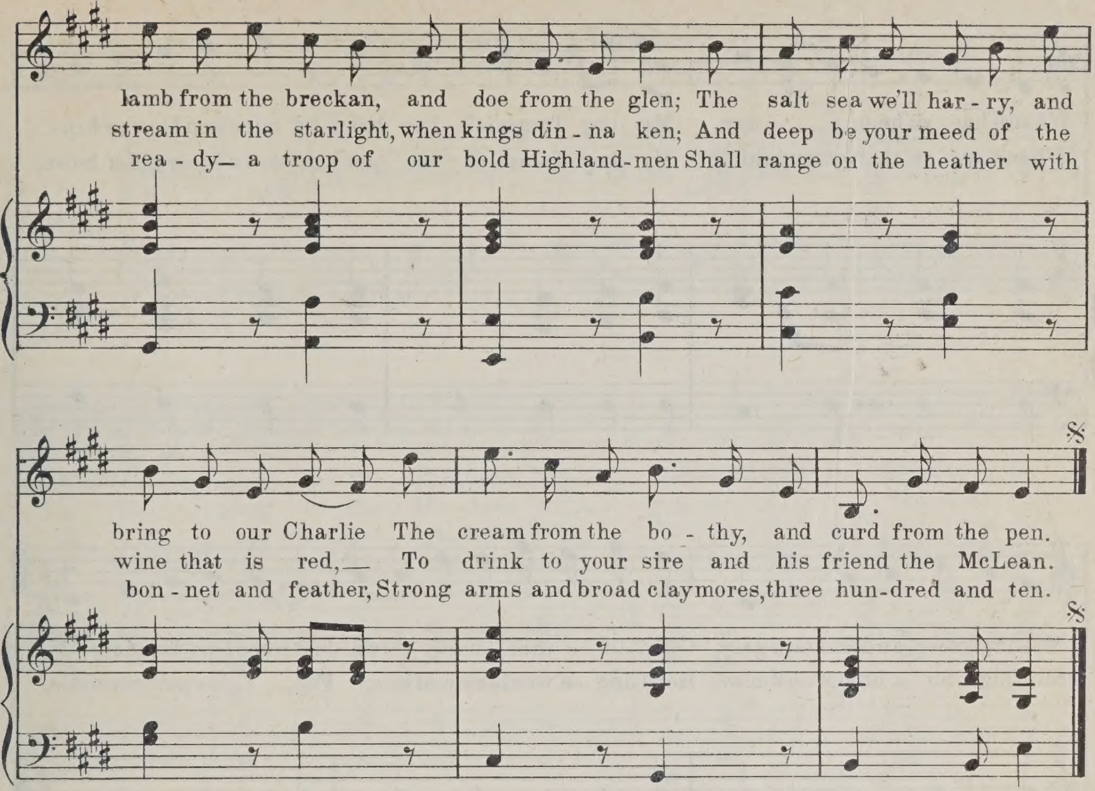

Leav - ing their moun - tains to fol - low Prince Char - lie?
these are the men that will die for their Char - lie.
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Char - lie.
O - ver the necks of the foes of Prince Char - lie.
rall.
p
Fol - low thee, fol - low thee, wha wad - na fol - low thee? Lang hast thou lov'd, an'
f
dim.
colla voce
trust - ed_ us_ fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie, wha wad - na fol - low thee?
p
f
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Char - lie!
rall.
Fine.

COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

James Hogg.

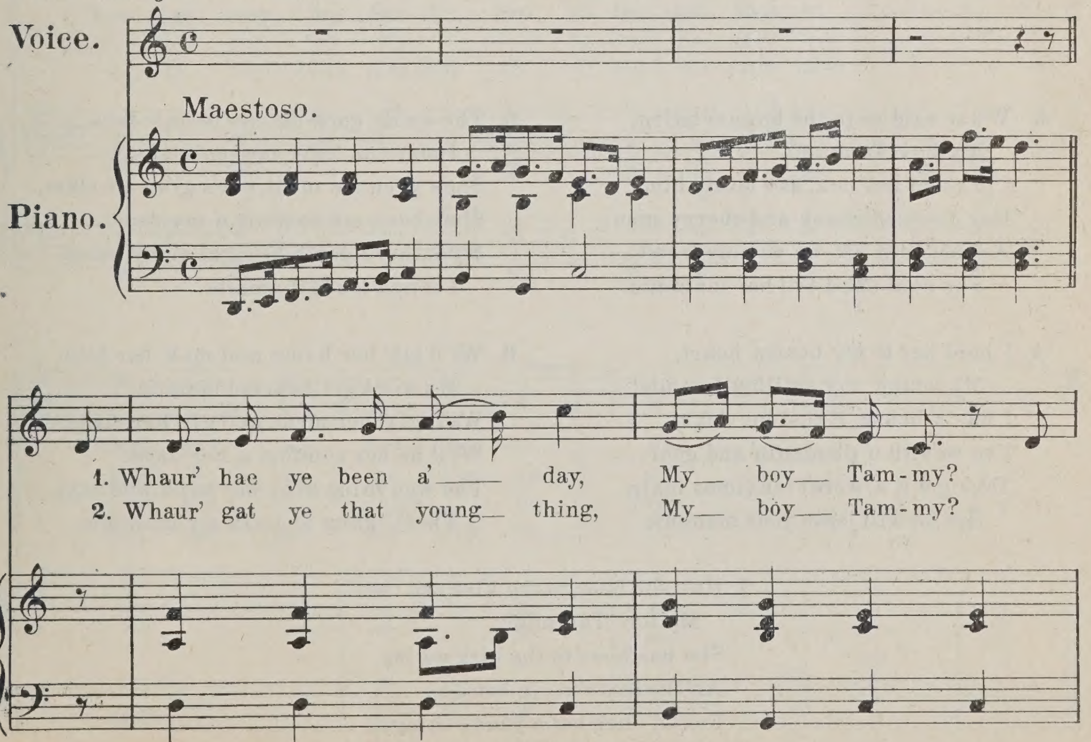
Gaelic Air.

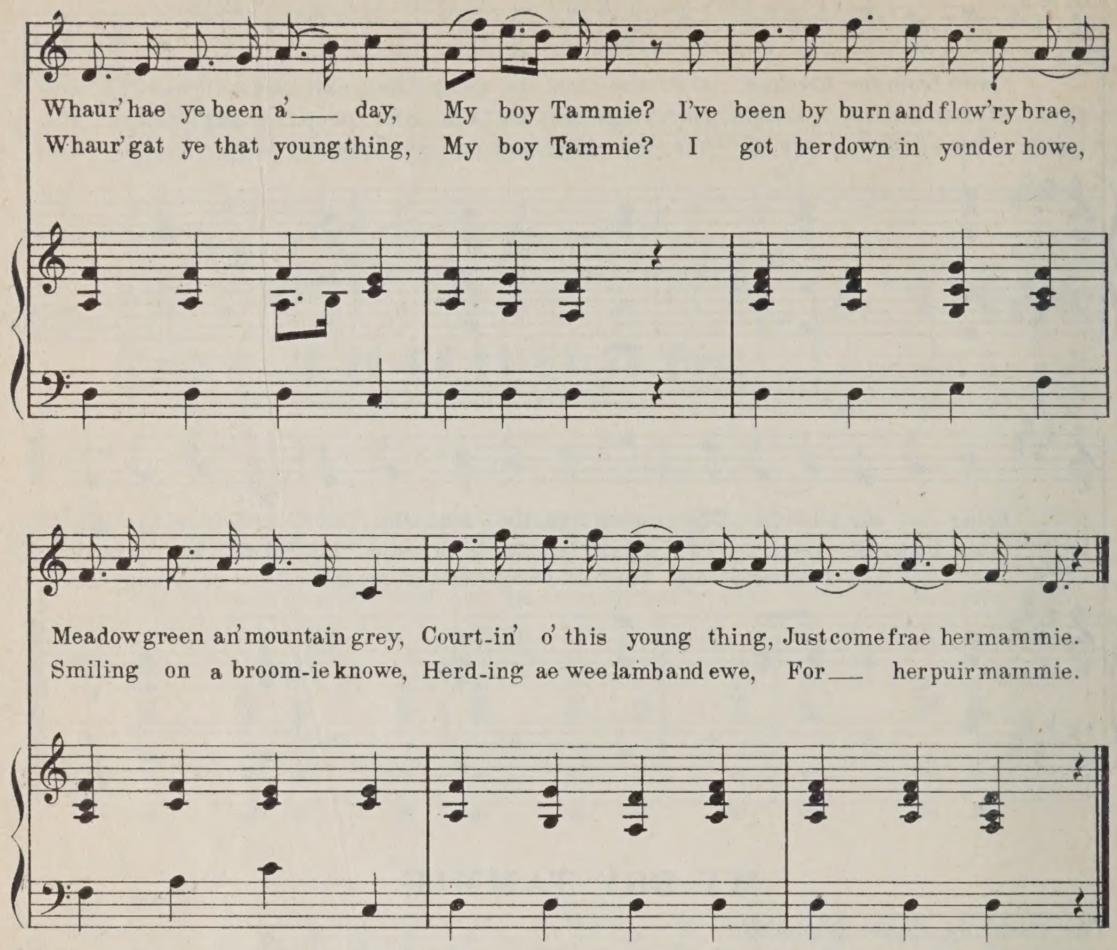

Allegro moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
f
p
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear
Char-lie, brave Char-lie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with McLean; And
though you be wea-ry, we'll make your heart cheery, And wel-come our Charlie, and
his loy - al train.
1. We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The
2. And you shall drink free-ly the dews of Glen-Sheer-ly, That
3. If aught will in - vite you, or more will de-light you, 'Tis
f


lamb from the breckan, and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll har - ry, and
stream in the starlight, when kings din - na ken; And deep be your meed of the
rea - dy— a troop of our bold Highland-men Shall range on the heather with
bring to our Charlie The cream from the bo - thy, and curd from the pen.
wine that is red,— To drink to your sire and his friend the McLean.
bon - net and feather, Strong arms and broad claymores, three hun-dred and ten.

MY BOY TAMMIE.

The words by Hector Macneill.


Voice.
Maestoso.
Piano.
1. Whaur' hae ye been a'— day, My— boy— Tam-my?
2. Whaur' gat ye that young— thing, My— boy— Tam-my?


Whaur' hae ye been a'___ day, My boy Tammie? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Whaur' gat ye that young thing, My boy Tammie? I got her down in yonder howe,
Meadow green an' mountain grey, Court-in' o' this young thing, Just come frae her mammie.
Smiling on a broom-ie knowe, Herd-ing ae wee lamb and ewe, For___ her puir mammie.

3. What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammie?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';
An' pree'd it aft; as ye may trow!_
She said she'd tell her mammie.

4. I held her to my beatin' heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;
Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammie.

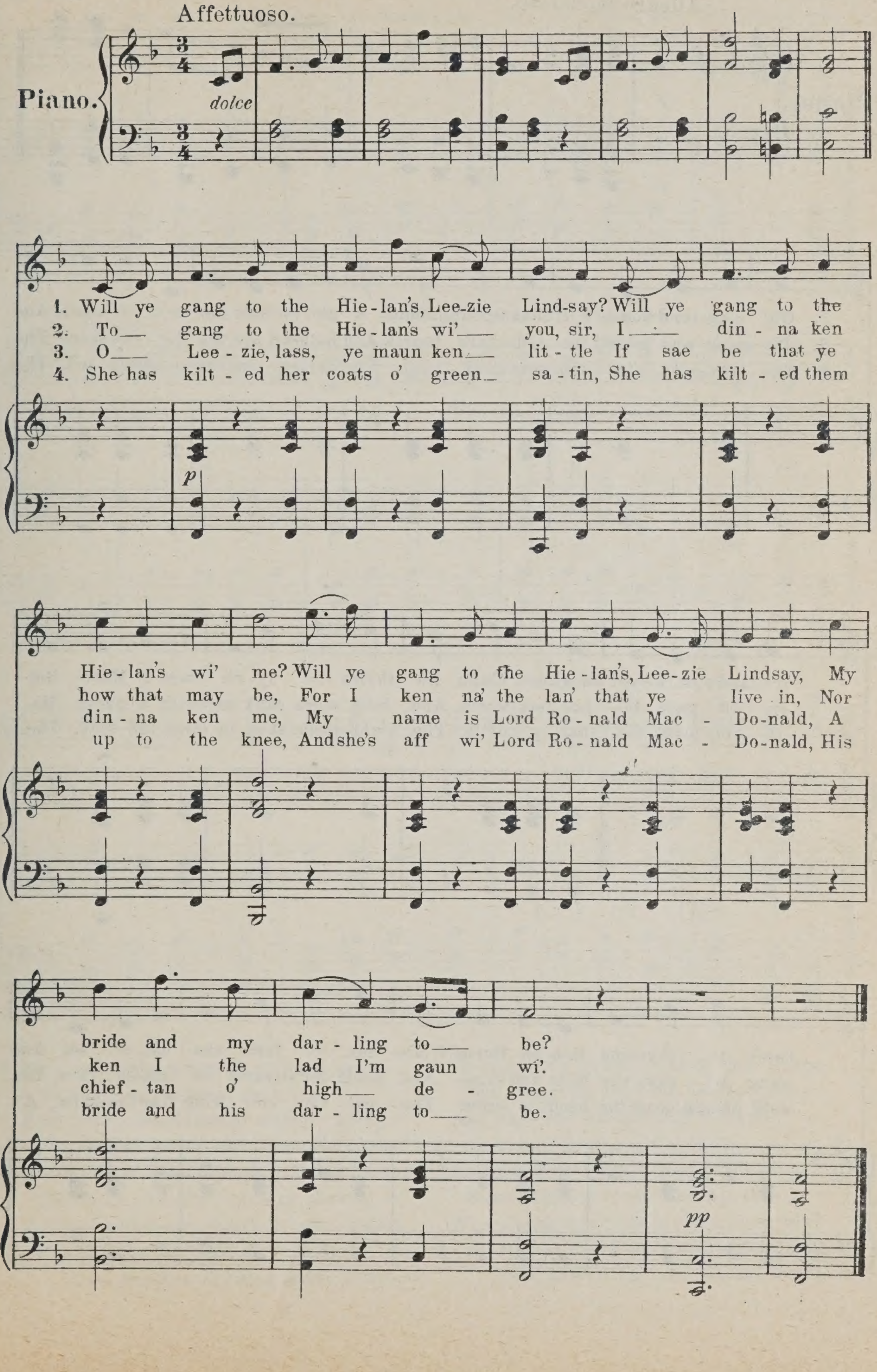
5. The smile gaed aff her bonnie face_
I maunna leave my mammie.
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days:_
My father's death brought mony waes!
I canna leave mammie.

6. We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie.
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says,
There! gang and ask my mammie.

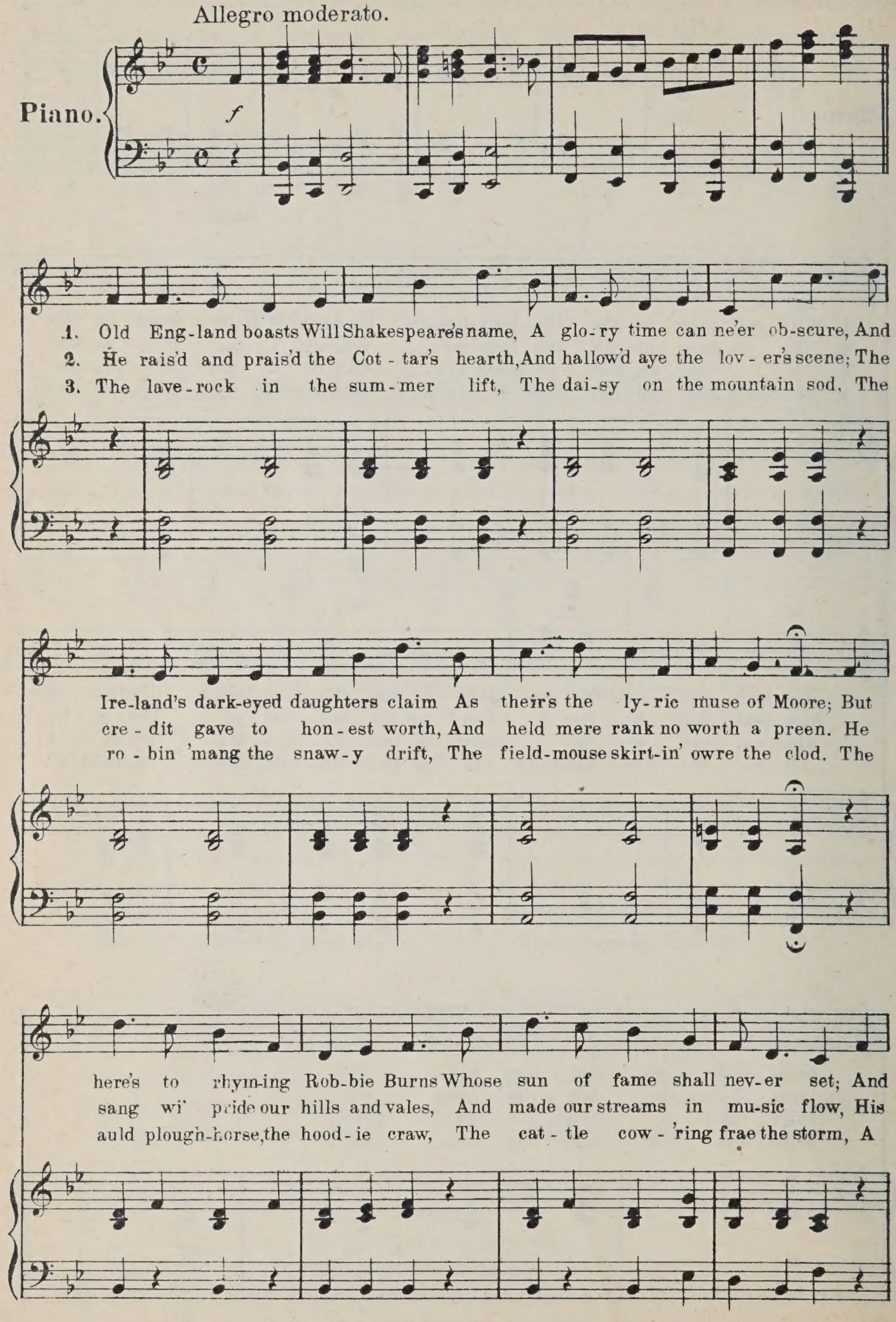
7. Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammie?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
An' the tear was in her e'e:
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammie.

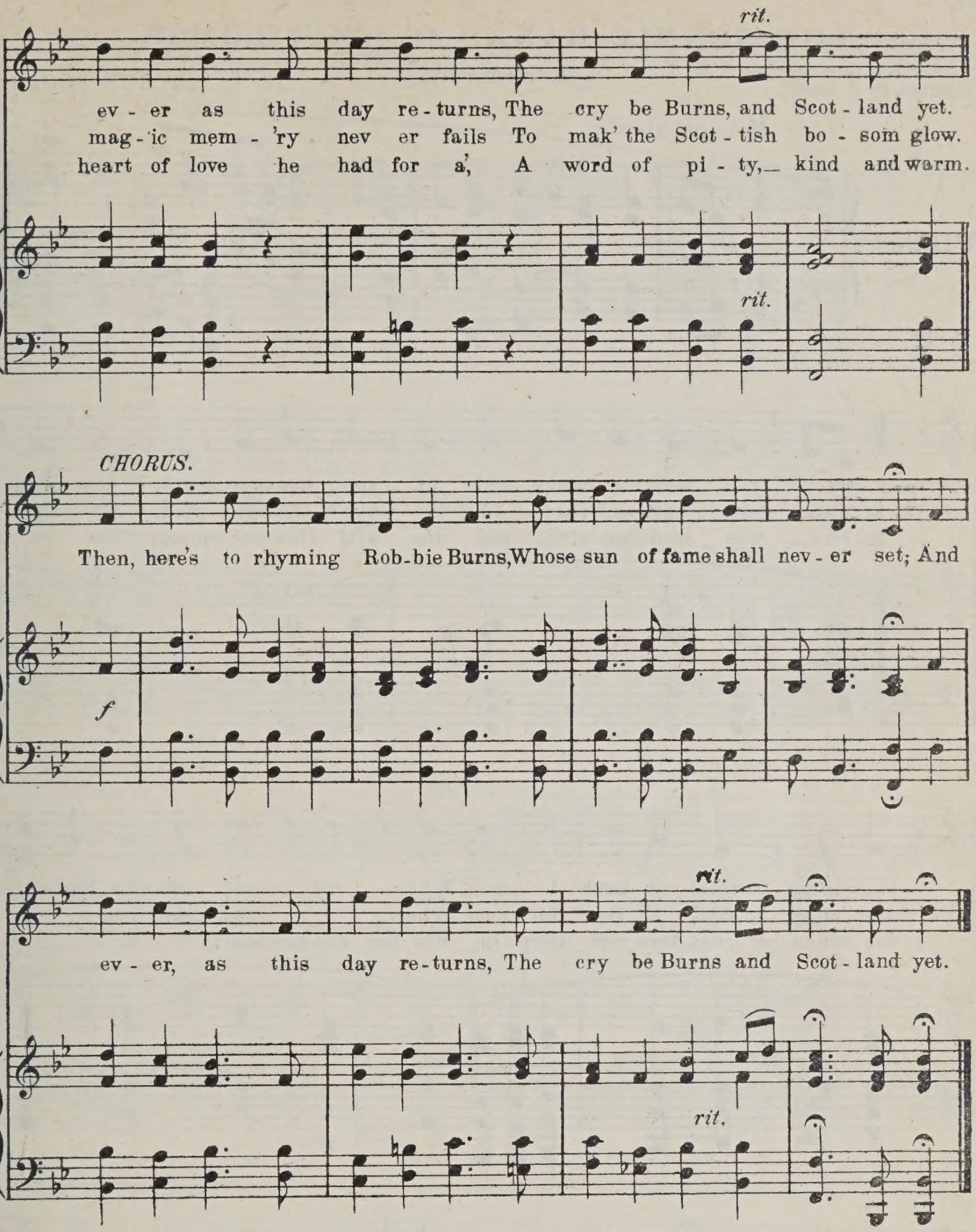
LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Anonymous.


Affettuoso.
Piano.
dolce
p
1. Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the
2. To__ gang to the Hie-lan's wi'__ you, sir, I__ din-na ken
3. O__ Lee-zie, lass, ye maun ken__ lit-tle If sae be that ye
4. She has kilt-ed her coats o' green__ sa-tin, She has kilt-ed them
Hie-lan's wi' me? Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lindsay, My
how that may be, For I ken na' the lan' that ye live in, Nor
din-na ken me, My name is Lord Ro-nald Mac-Do-nald, A
up to the knee, And she's aff wi' Lord Ro-nald Mac-Do-nald, His
bride and my dar-ling to__ be?
ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.
chief-tan o' high__ de-gree.
bride and his dar-ling to__ be.
pp

BURNS AND SCOTLAND YET!


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
f
1. Old Eng-land boasts Will Shakespeare's name, A glo-ry time can ne'er ob-scure, And
2. He rais'd and prais'd the Cot-tar's hearth, And hallow'd aye the lov-er's scene; The
3. The lave-rock in the sum-mer lift, The dai-sy on the mountain sod, The
Ire-land's dark-eyed daughters claim As their's the ly-ric muse of Moore; But
cre-dit gave to hon-est worth, And held mere rank no worth a preen. He
ro-bin 'mang the snaw-y drift, The field-mouse skirt-in' owre the clod. The
here's to rhym-ing Rob-bie Burns Whose sun of fame shall nev-er set; And
sang wi' pride our hills and vales, And made our streams in mu-sic flow, His
auld plough-horse, the hood-ie craw, The cat-tle cow-'ring frae the storm, A


rit.
ev - er as this day re - turns, The cry be Burns, and Scot - land yet.
mag - ic mem - 'ry nev er fails To mak' the Scot - tish bo - som glow.
heart of love he had for a', A word of pi - ty,_ kind and warm.
rit.
CHORUS.
Then, here's to rhyming Rob-bie Burns, Whose sun of fame shall nev - er set; And
f
rit.
ev - er, as this day re-turns, The cry be Burns and Scot - land yet.
rit.

4. This nicht, where-ever Scotchmen meet,
At hame, or far ayont the brine,
Fond hearts the claims of memory greet,
Wi' "Bonnie Doon," and "Auld lang syne,"
Far, far from Scotland's lowly homes
The exile owns their melting charm;
For still, where-ever the Scotchman roams,
His heart wi' Burns's sangs is warm.
Then, here's to rhyming Robbie Burns, etc.

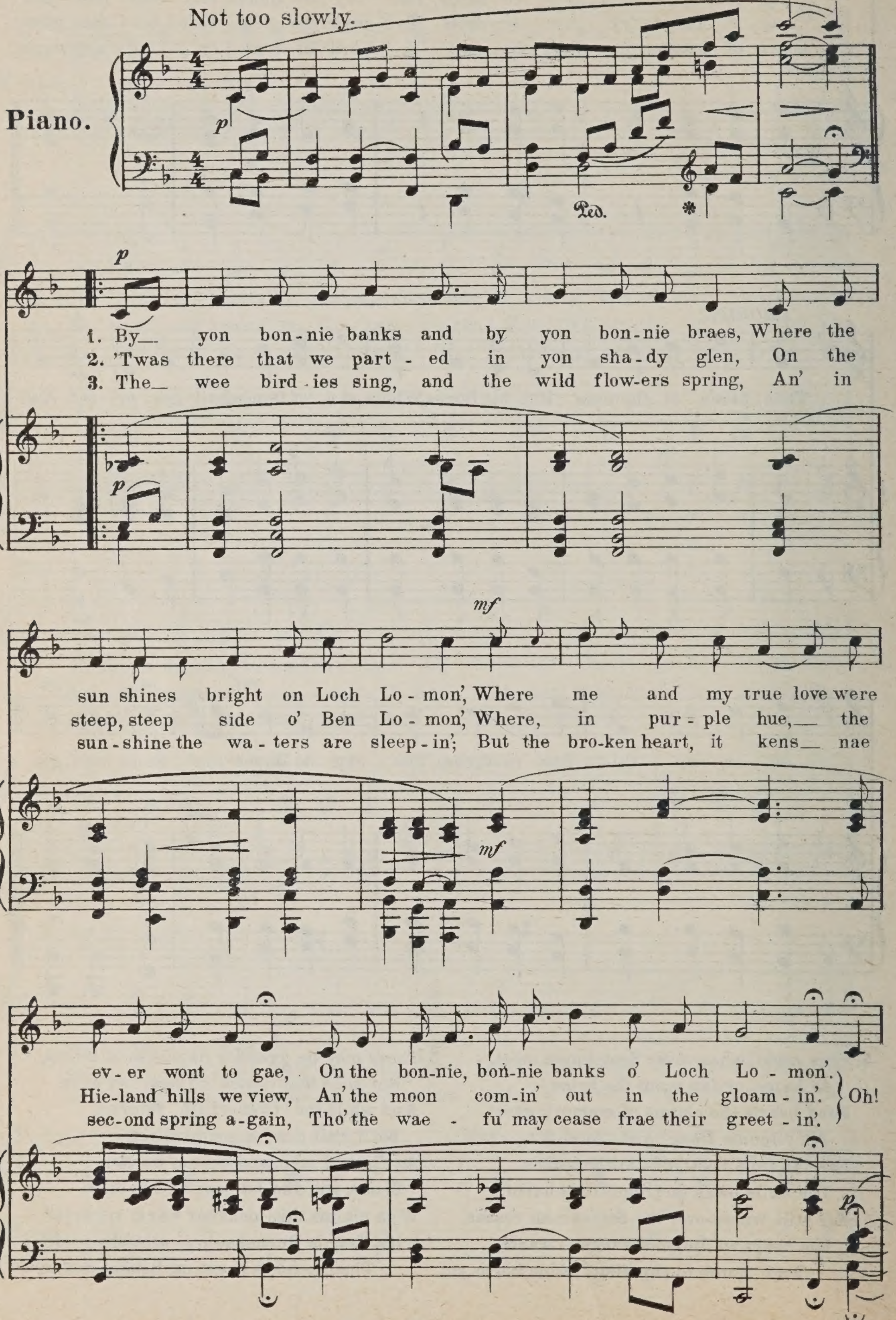
5. There may be grander names than Burns,
But none that comes the heart so near;
And while the "twentyfifth" returns,
We'll hail it wi' a social cheer,
As first of men, and best of bards,
Sense, wit, and humour on his side.
Wha claims this nicht our warm regards?
It's Robbie Burns, auld Scotland's pride!
Then, here's to rhyming Robbie Burns, etc.

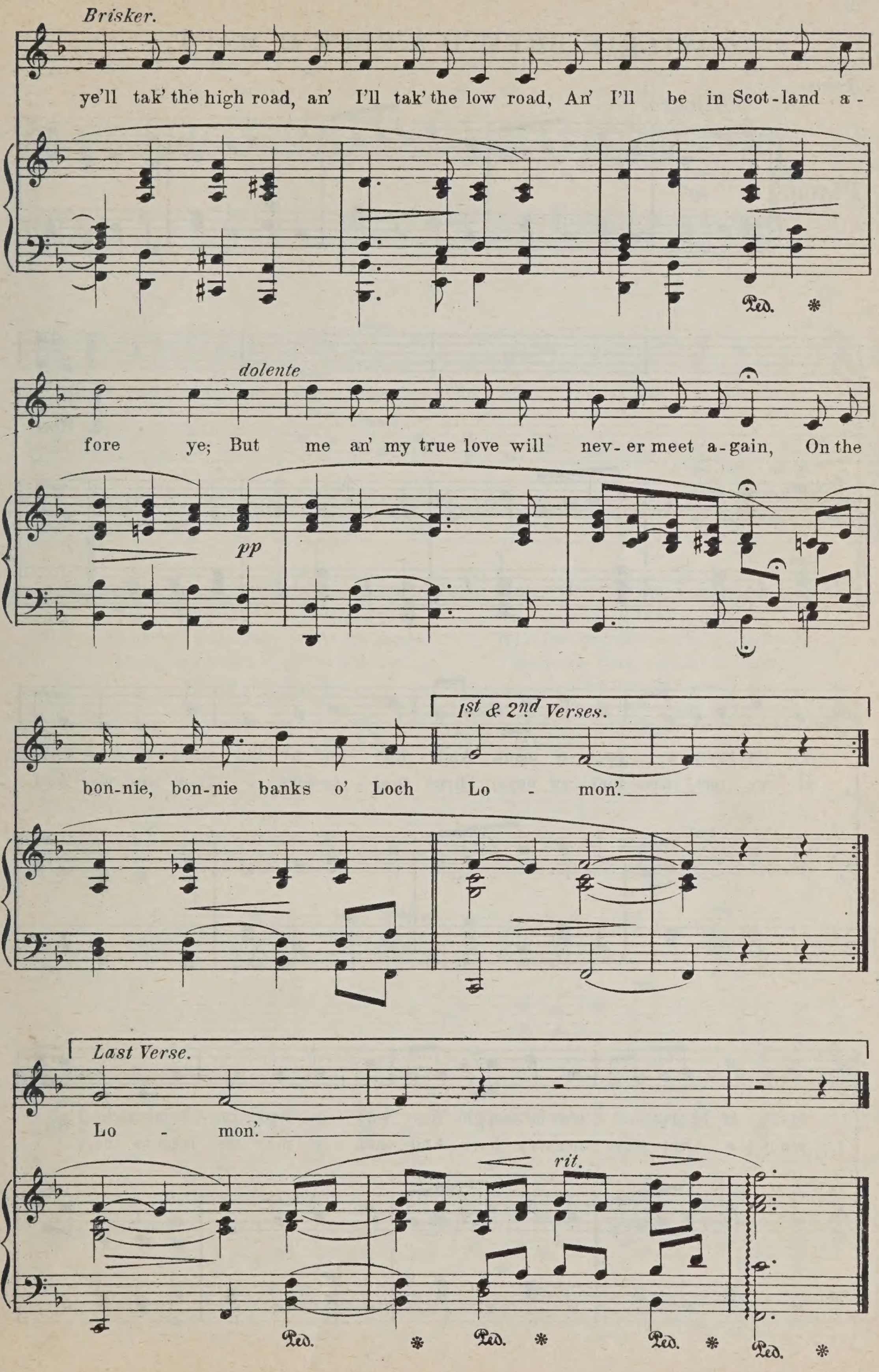
THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON'

(Old Scotch Song.)

Written by a Lady.

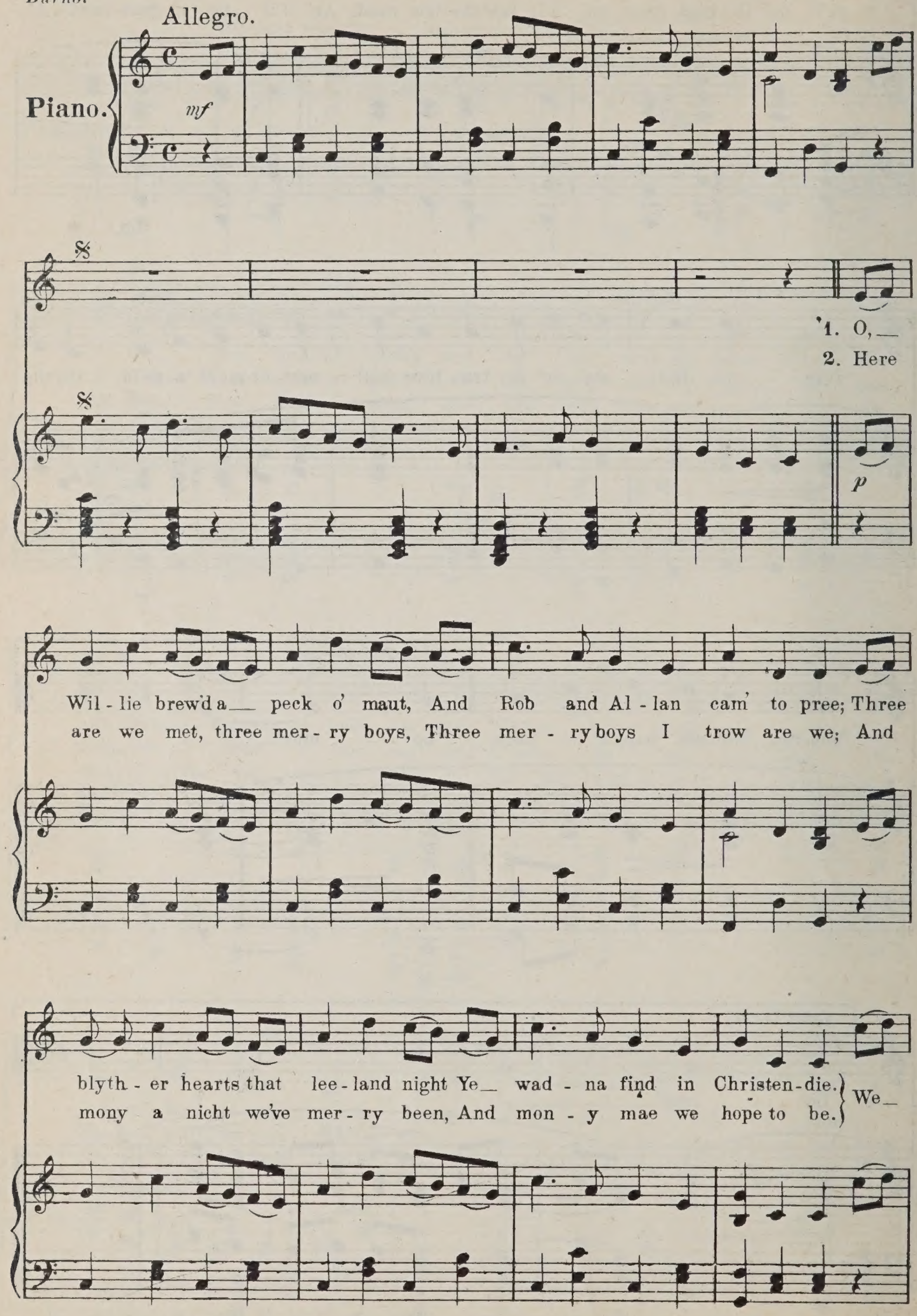
Arr. by ARTHUR FOOTE.

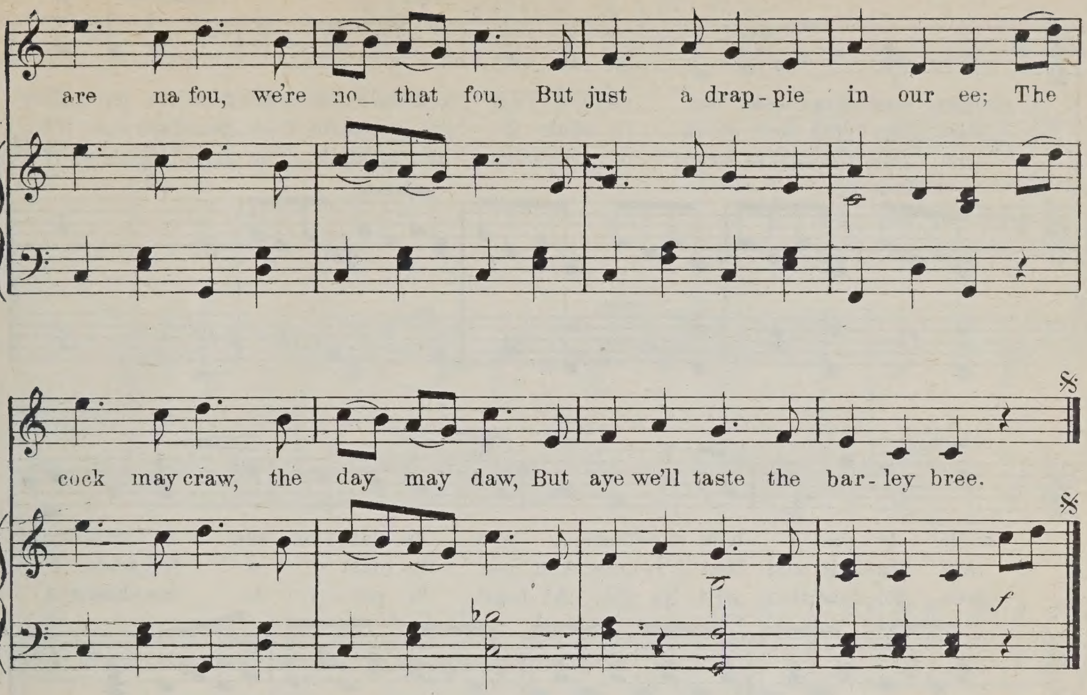

Not too slowly.
Piano.
p
Ped.
*
p
1. By__ yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
3. The__ wee bird-ies sing, and the wild flow-ers spring, An' in
p
mf
sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where me and my true love were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon', Where, in pur-ple hue,__ the
sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in'; But the bro-ken heart, it kens__ nae
mf
ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mon'.
Hie-land hills we view, An' the moon com-in' out in the gloam-in'.
sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the wae - fu' may cease frae their greet-in'.
Oh!
p


Brisker.
ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a-
Ped. *
dolente
fore ye; But me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain, On the
pp
bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch
1st & 2nd Verses.
Lo - mon'.
Last Verse.
Lo - mon'.
rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Burns.


Allegro.
Piano.
mf
1. O,_
2. Here
p
Wil - lie brew'd a_ peck o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan cam' to pree; Three
are we met, three mer - ry boys, Three mer - ry boys I trow are we; And
blyth - er hearts that lee - land night Ye_ wad - na find in Christen - die.
mony a nicht we've mer - ry been, And mon - y mae we hope to be.
We_

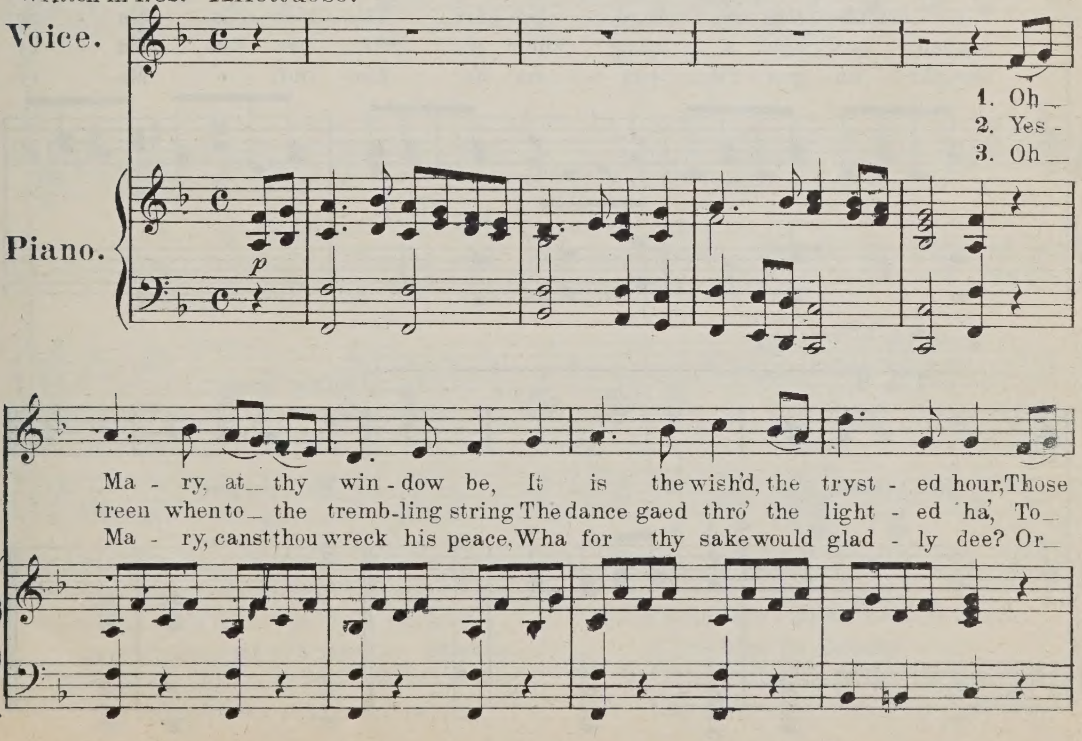

are na fou, we're no_ that fou, But just a drap-pie in our ee; The
cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar-ley bree.
f

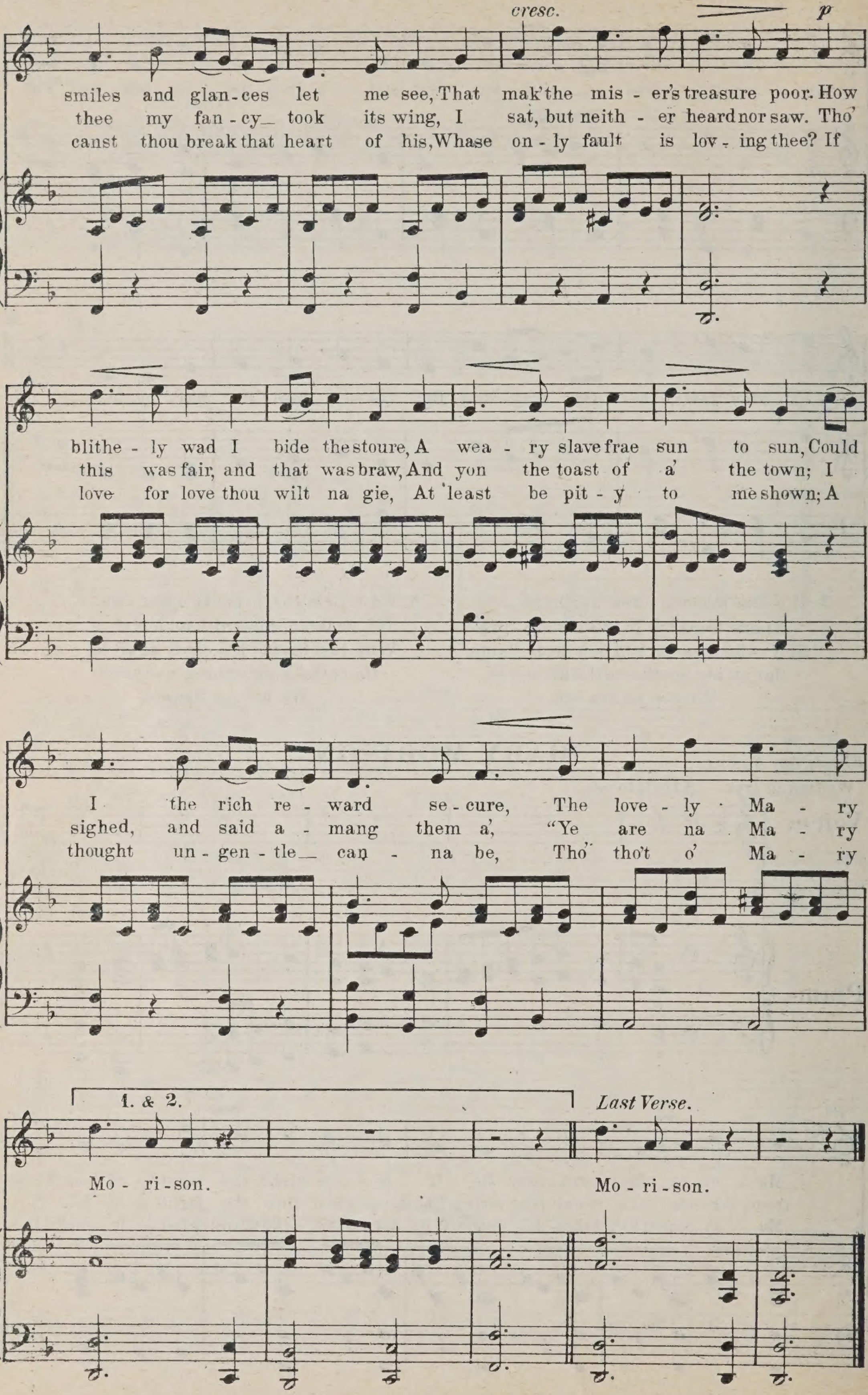
3. It is the moon_ I ken her horn_
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bricht to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou, etc.

4. Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, etc.

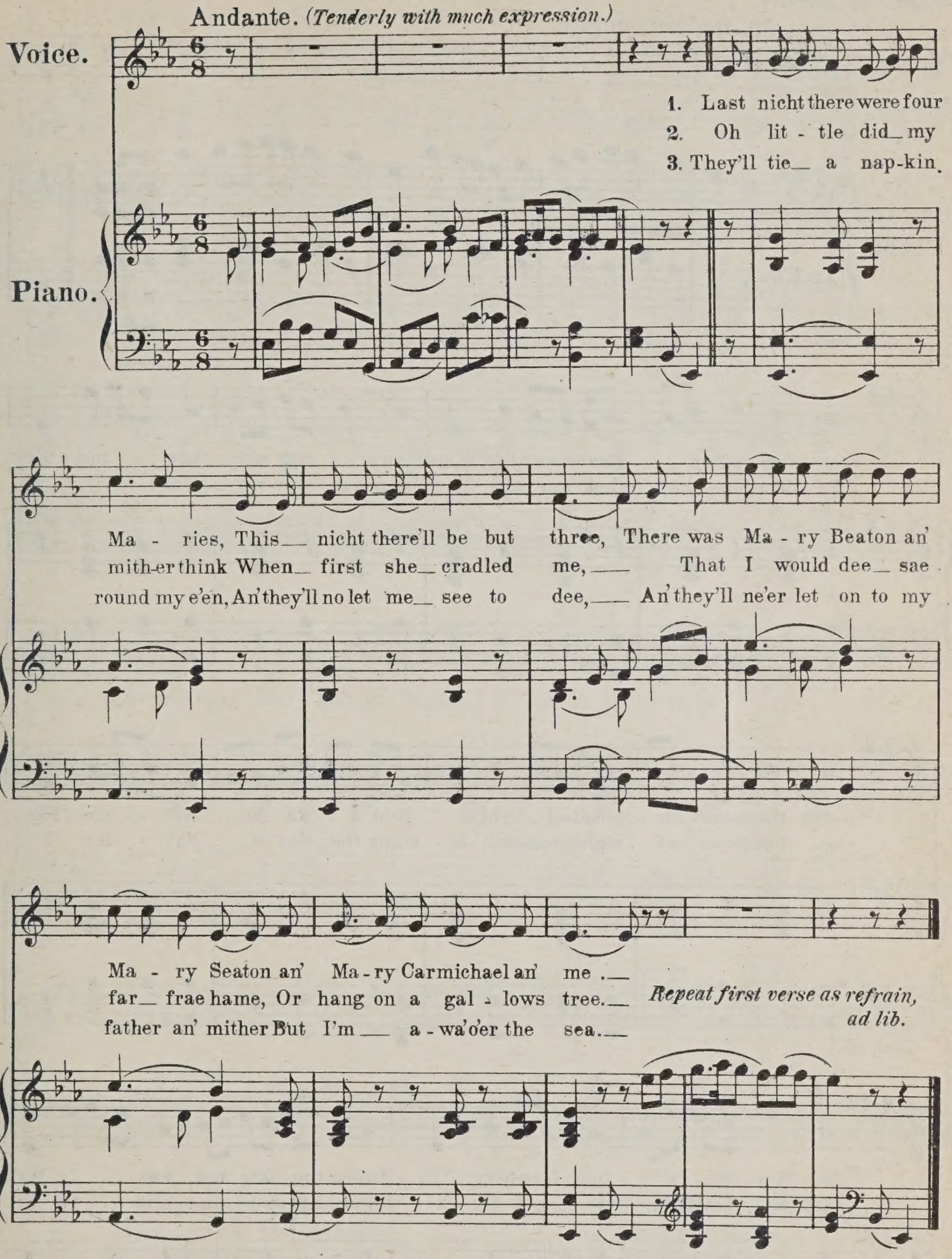
MARY MORISON.

Words by Burns.
Written in 1782. Affettuoso.


Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Oh_
2. Yes-
3. Oh_
Ma-ry, at_ thy win-dow be, It is the wish'd, the tryst-ed hour, Those
treen when to_ the tremb-ling string The dance gaed thro' the light-ed ha', To_
Ma-ry, canst thou wreck his peace, Wha for thy sake would glad-ly dee? Or_


cresc.
p
smiles and glan-ces let me see, That mak'the mis-er's treasure poor. How
thee my fan-cy took its wing, I sat, but neith-er heard nor saw. Tho'
canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on-ly fault is lov-ing thee? If
blithe-ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea-ry slave frae sun to sun, Could
this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the toast of a' the town; I
love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pit-y to me shown; A
I the rich re-ward se-cure, The love-ly Ma-ry
sighed, and said a-mang them a', "Ye are na Ma-ry
thought un-gen-tle can-na be, Tho' tho't o' Ma-ry
1. & 2.
Mo-ri-son.
Last Verse.
Mo-ri-son.

THE FOUR MARIES.

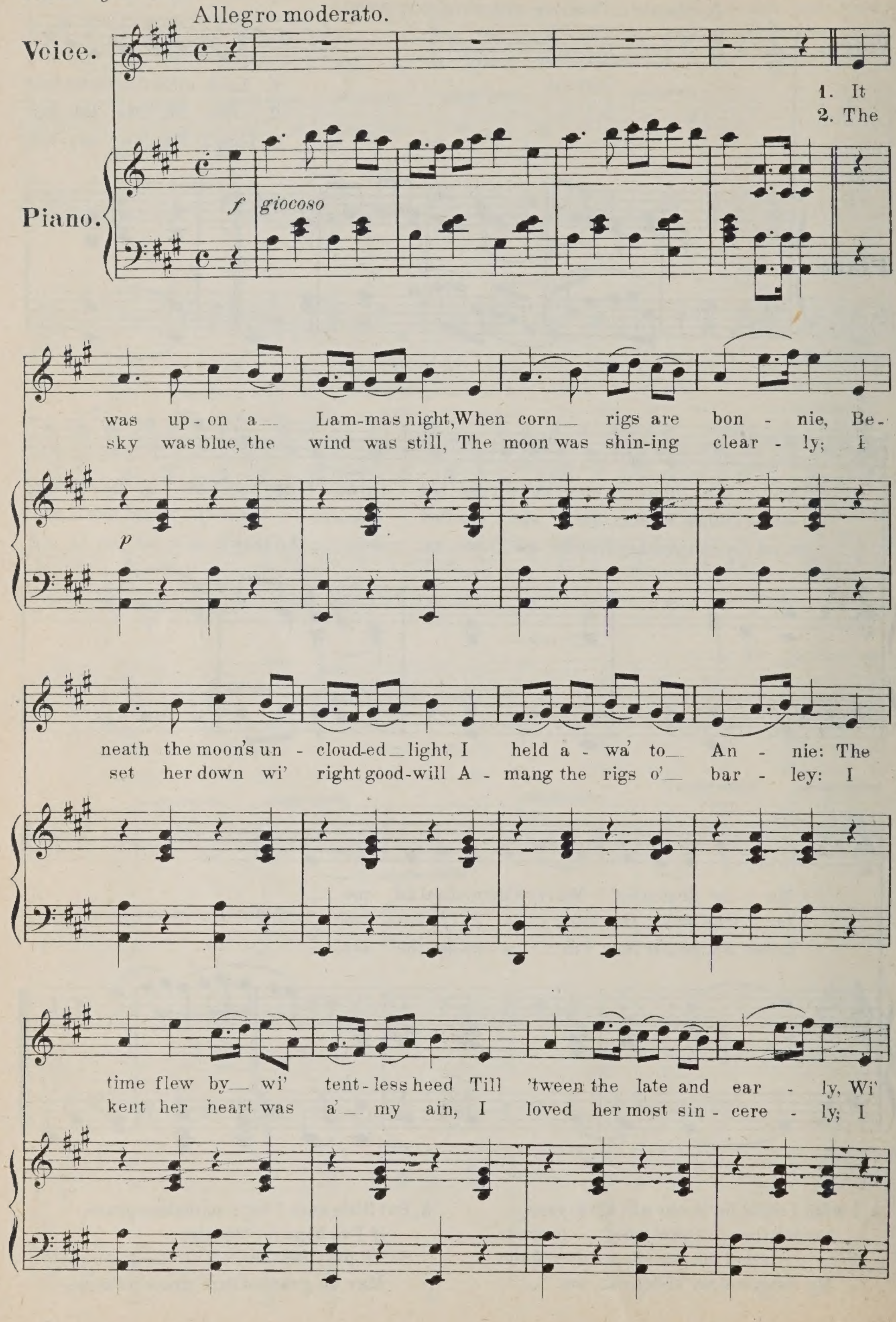

Andante. (Tenderly with much expression.)
Voice.
Piano.
1. Last nicht there were four Ma - ries, This__ nicht there'll be but three, There was Ma - ry Beaton an' Ma - ry Seaton an' Ma - ry Carmichael an' me.__
2. Oh lit - tle did__ my mith-er think When__ first she__ cradled me,___ That I would dee__ sae far__ frae hame, Or hang on a gal - lows tree.__
3. They'll tie__ a nap-kin round my e'en, An' they'll no let me__ see to dee,___ An' they'll ne'er let on to my father an' mither But I'm___ a - wa' o'er the sea.__
Repeat first verse as refrain, ad lib.

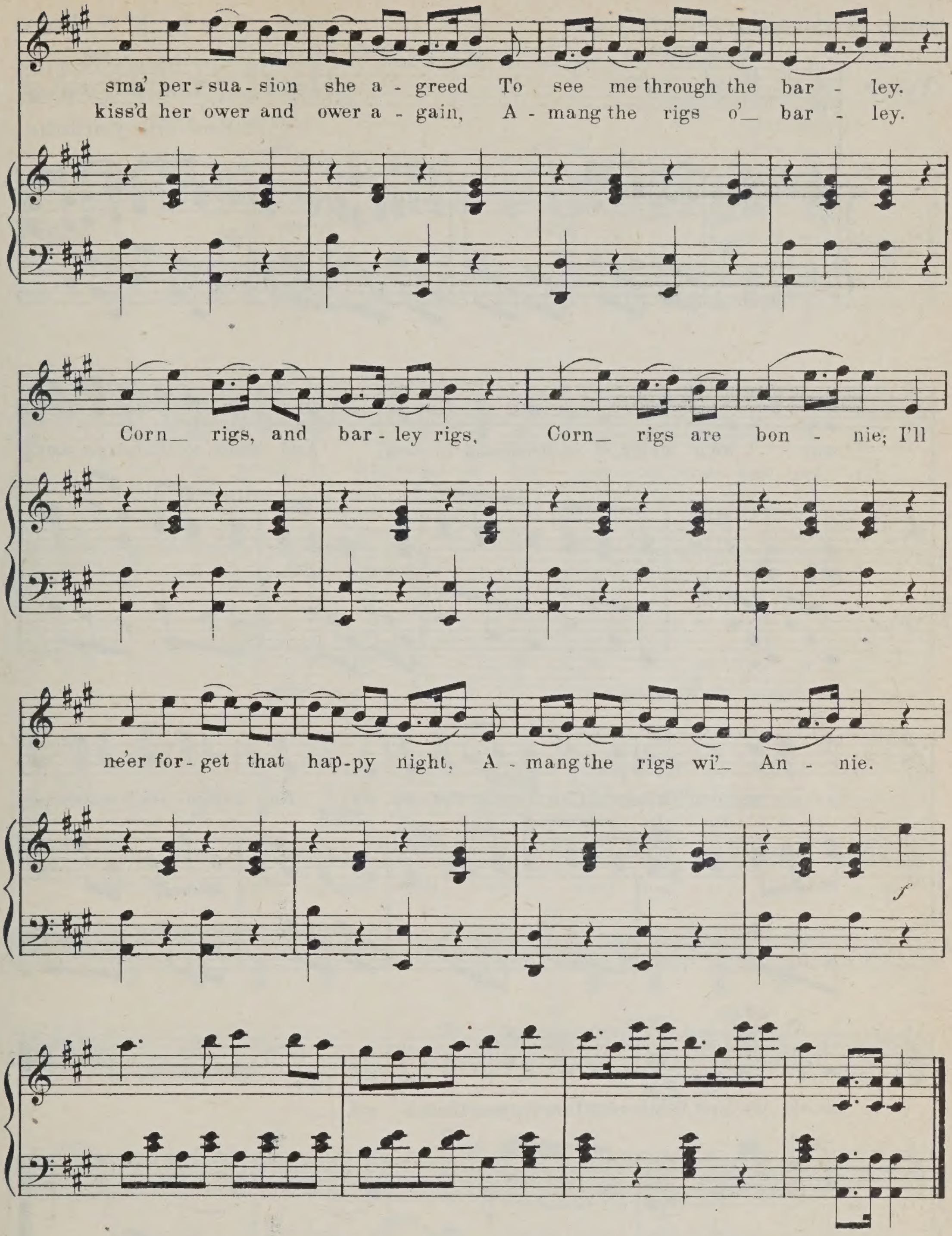
4. I wish I could lie in our ain kirk-yard,
Aneath the auld yew tree,
Where we pu'd the gowans, an' thread the rowans
My brothers, my sisters an' me.

5. But little care I for a nameless grave,
If I've hope for eternity,
So I'll pray that the faith o' the deein' thief
May be granted thro' grace unto me.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE.

Words by Burns.


Allegro moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
f
giocoso
p
1. It
2. The
was up-on a Lam-mas night, When corn rigs are bon-nie, Be-
sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin-ing clear-ly; I
neath the moon's un-cloud-ed light, I held a-wa' to An-nie: The
set her down wi' right good-will A-mang the rigs o' bar-ley: I
time flew by wi' tent-less heed Till 'tween the late and ear-ly, Wi'
kent her heart was a' my ain, I loved her most sin-cere-ly; I

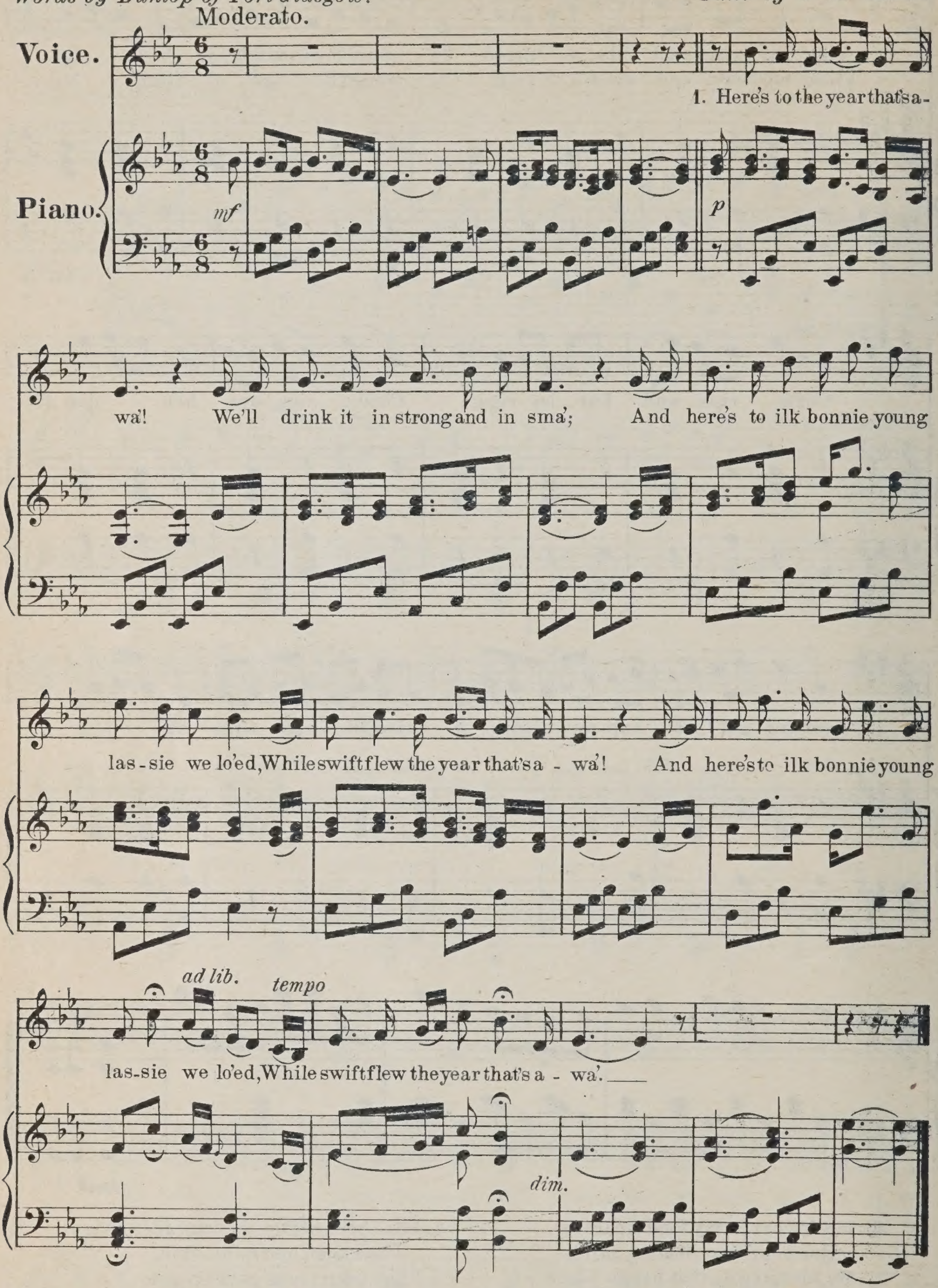

sma' per-sua-sion she a-greed To see me through the bar-ley.
kiss'd her ower and ower a-gain, A-mang the rigs o' bar-ley.
Corn rigs, and bar-ley rigs, Corn rigs are bon-nie; I'll
ne'er for-get that hap-py night, A-mang the rigs wi' An-nie.
f

3. I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessing on that happy place
Amang the rigs o' Barley.
But, by the moon and stars so bright
That shone that hour so clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

4. I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear,
I hae been happy thinkin';
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

HERE'S TO THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

Words by Dunlop of Port Glasgow. *Tune by W. H. Moore.*

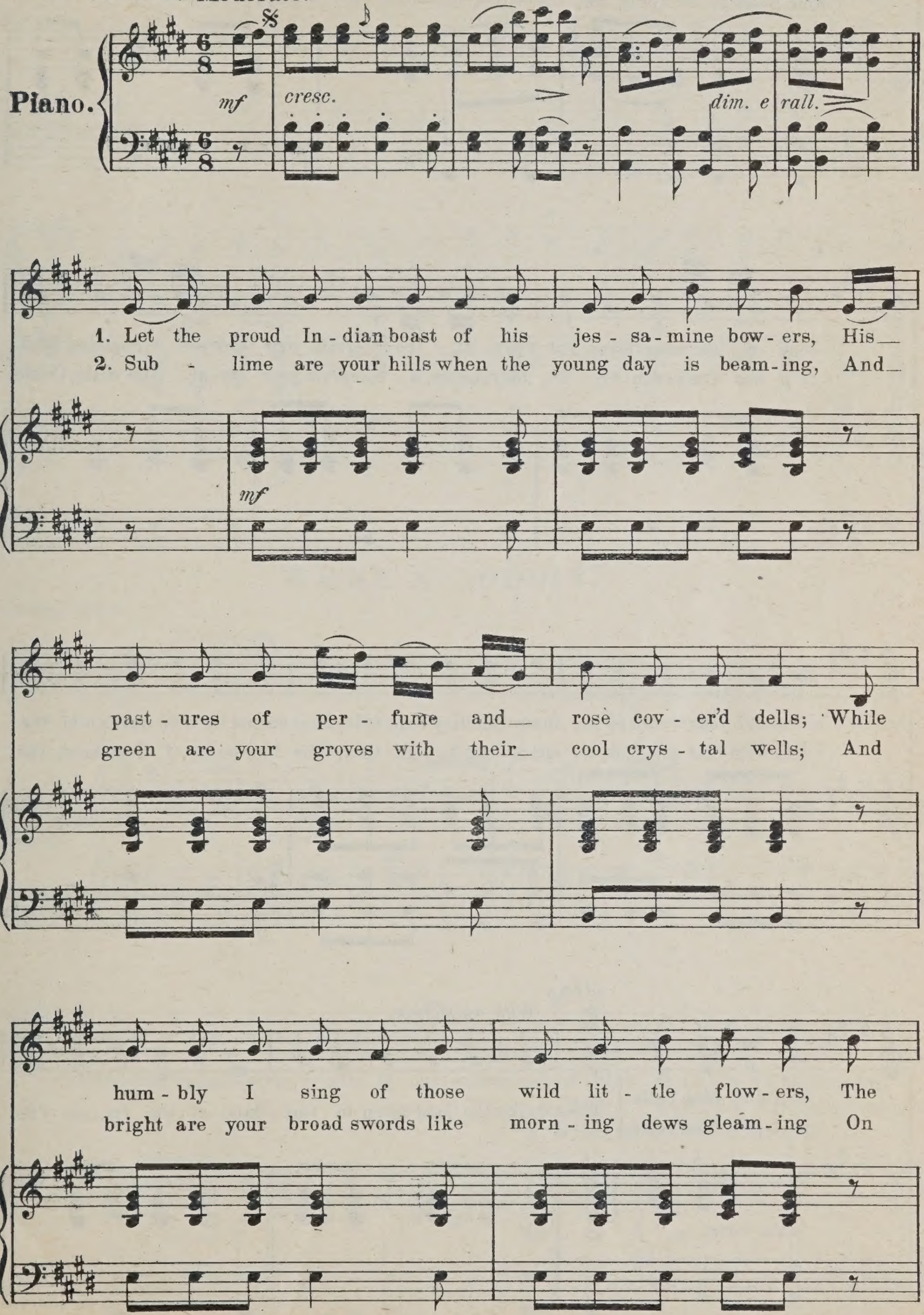

Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. Here's to the year that's a-
wa! We'll drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ilk bonnie young
las-sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'!
And here's to ilk bonnie young
ad lib.
tempo
las-sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'.
dim.

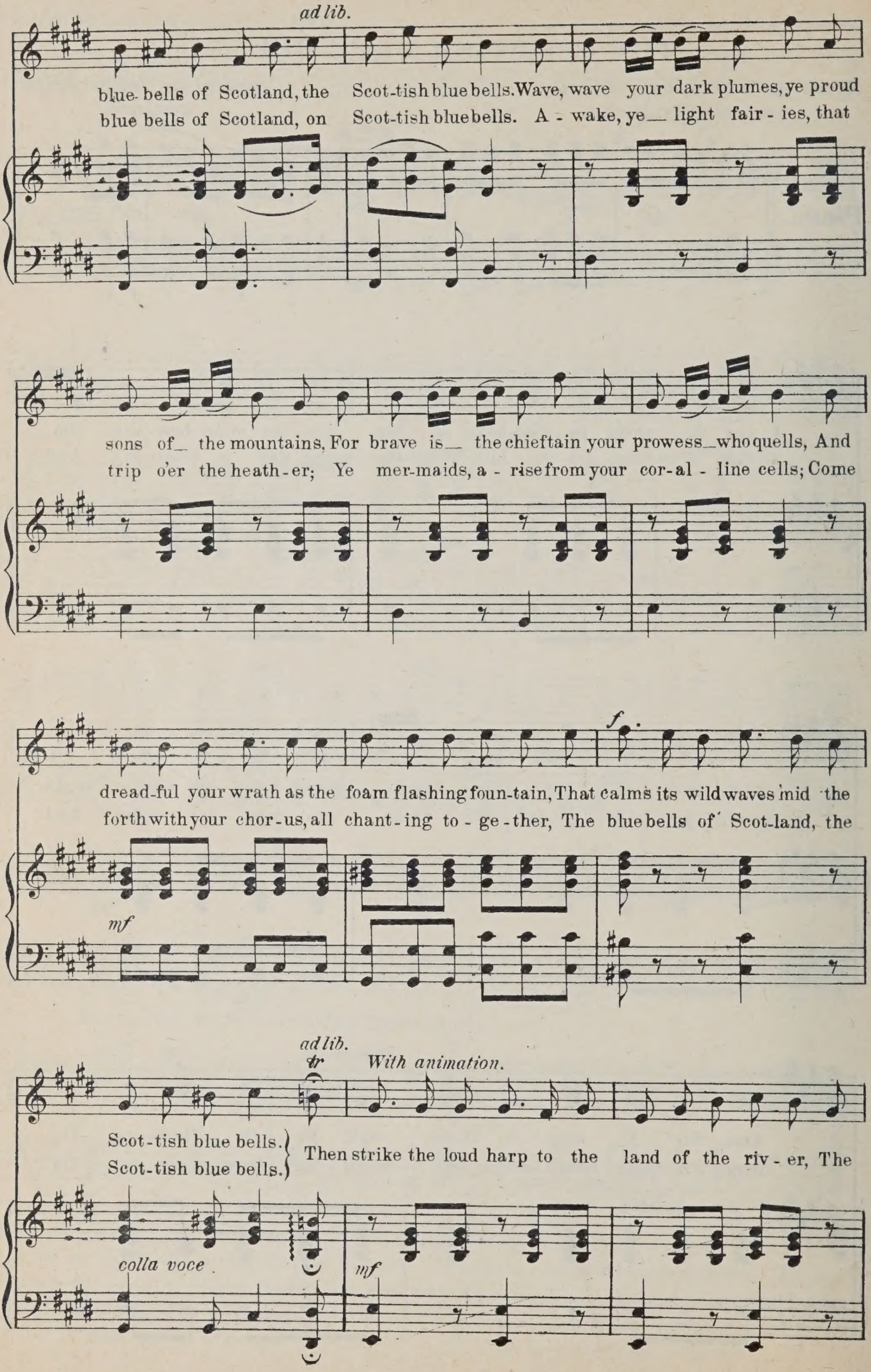
2. Here's to the soldier who bled—
To the sailor who bravely did fa'!
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, etc.

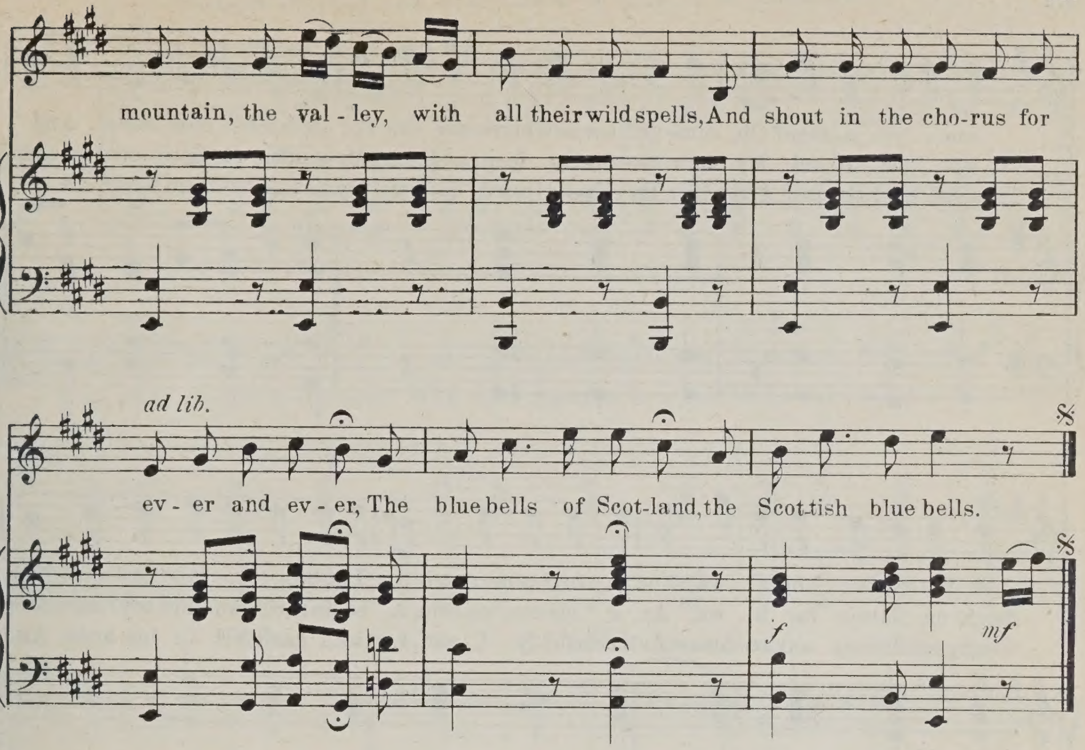
3. Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blaw!
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
May they live in our song, etc.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Words by Charles Doyne Sillery. *Composed by George Barker.*
(1807-1836) Moderato. (1812-1876)

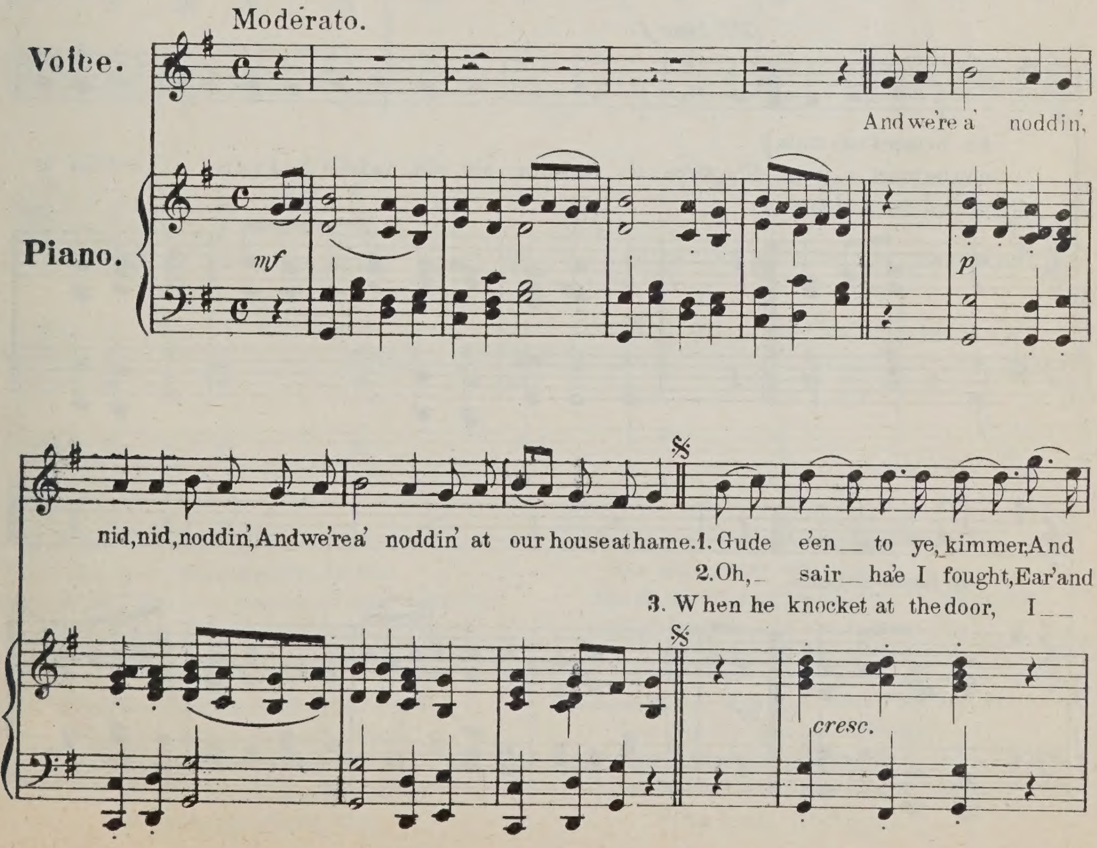

Piano.
mf
cresc.
dim. e rall.
mf
1. Let the proud In-dian boast of his jes-sa-mine bow-ers, His pas-tures of per-fume and rose cov-er'd dells; While hum-bly I sing of those wild lit-tle flow-ers, The
2. Sub-lime are your hills when the young day is beam-ing, And green are your groves with their cool crys-tal wells; And bright are your broad swords like morn-ing dews gleam-ing On

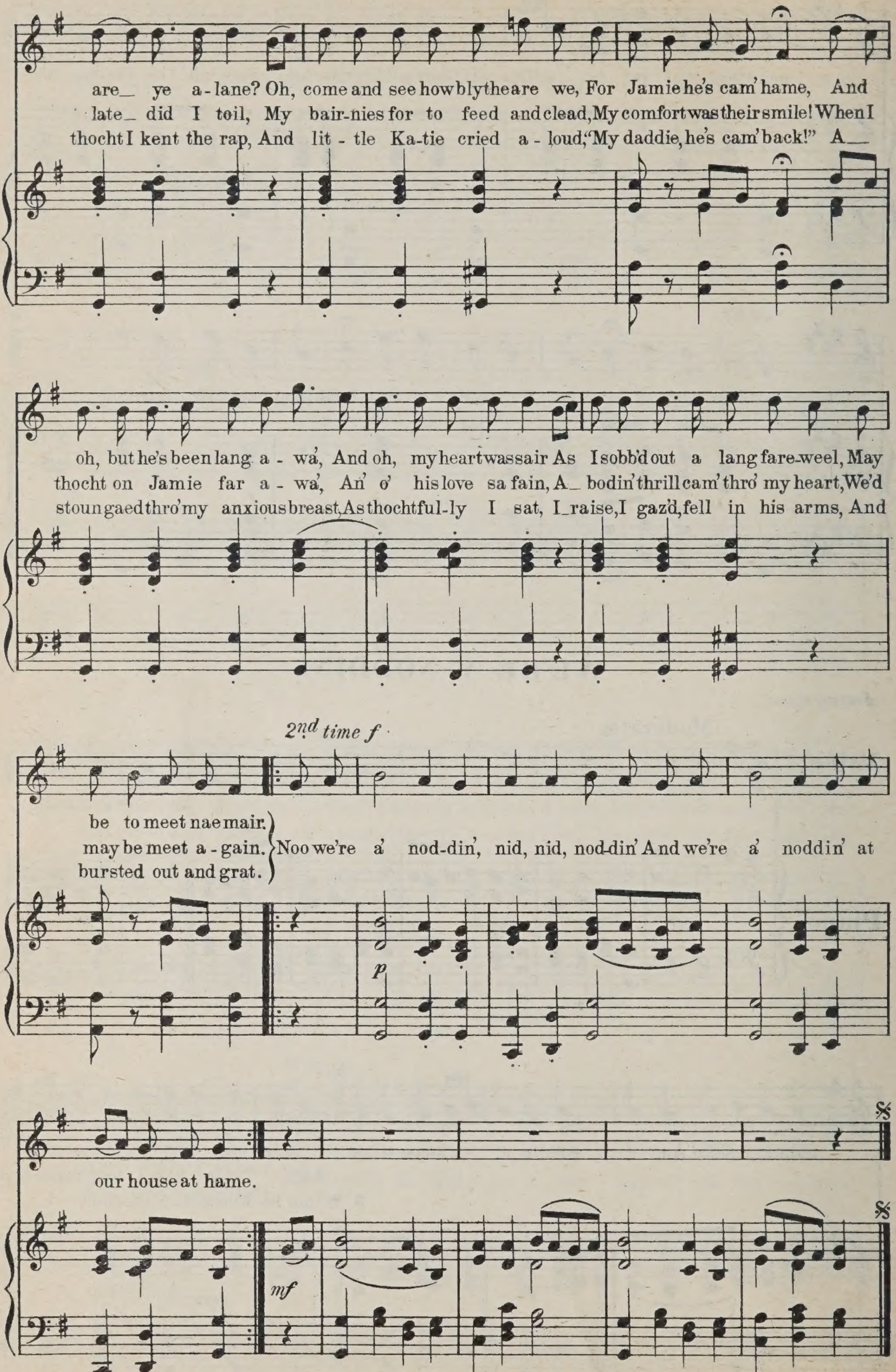

ad lib.
blue-bells of Scotland, the Scot-tish blue bells. Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud
blue bells of Scotland, on Scot-tish blue bells. A - wake, ye light fair - ies, that
sons of the mountains, For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells, And
trip o'er the heath - er; Ye mer-maids, a - rise from your cor - al - line cells; Come
f
dread-ful your wrath as the foam flashing foun-tain, That calms its wild waves 'mid the
forth with your chor - us, all chant - ing to - ge - ther, The blue bells of Scot-land, the
mf
ad lib.
tr
With animation.
Scot - tish blue bells.
Scot - tish blue bells.
Then strike the loud harp to the land of the riv - er, The
colla voce
mf


mountain, the val - ley, with all their wild spells, And shout in the cho-rus for
ad lib.
ev - er and ev - er, The blue bells of Scot-land, the Scot-tish blue bells.
f
mf

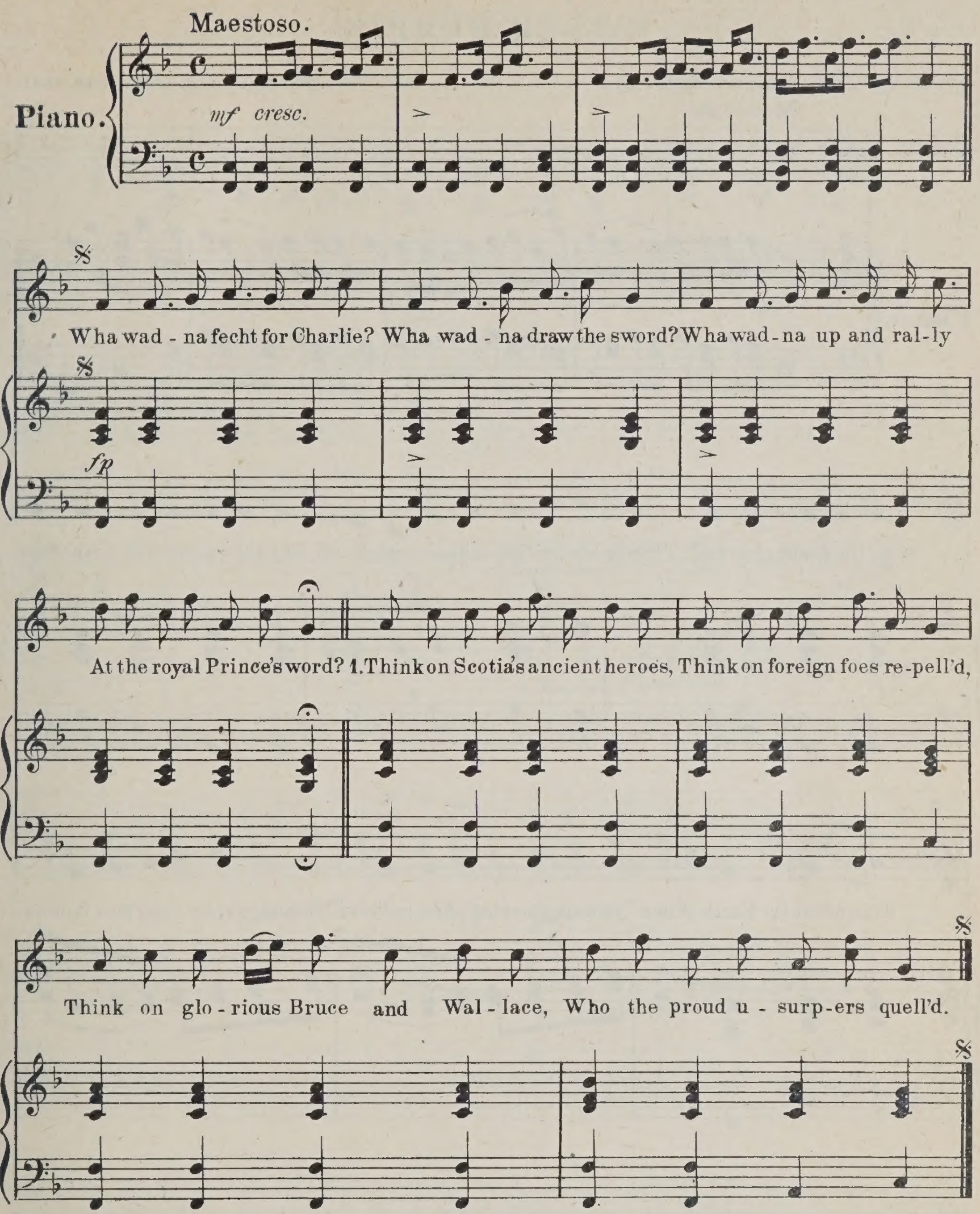
WE'RE A' NODDIN'

Anonymous.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
And we're a' noddin',
nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame. 1. Gude e'en__ to ye, kimmer, And
2. Oh, _ sair__ ha'e I fought, Ear' and
3. When he knocket at the door, I__
cresc.


are_ ye a-lane? Oh, come and see how blythe are we, For Jamie he's cam' hame, And
late_ did I toil, My bair-nies for to feed and clead, My comfort was their smile! When I
thocht I kent the rap, And lit-tle Ka-tie cried a-loud, "My daddie, he's cam' back!" A__
oh, but he's been lang a-wa', And oh, my heart was sair As I sobb'd out a lang fare-weel, May
thocht on Jamie far a-wa', An' o' his love sa fain, A_ bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart, We'd
stoun gaed thro' my anxious breast, As thochtful-ly I sat, I_ raise, I gaz'd, fell in his arms, And
2nd time f
be to meet nae mair.
may be meet a-gain.
bursted out and grat.
Noo we're a' nod-din', nid, nid, nod-din' And we're a' noddin' at
p
our house at hame.
mf

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?


Maestoso.
Piano.
mf cresc.
fp
Wha wad - na fecht for Charlie? Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na up and ral - ly
At the royal Prince's word? 1. Think on Scotia's ancient heroes, Think on foreign foes re - pell'd,
Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u - surp - ers quell'd.

2. Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the North!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

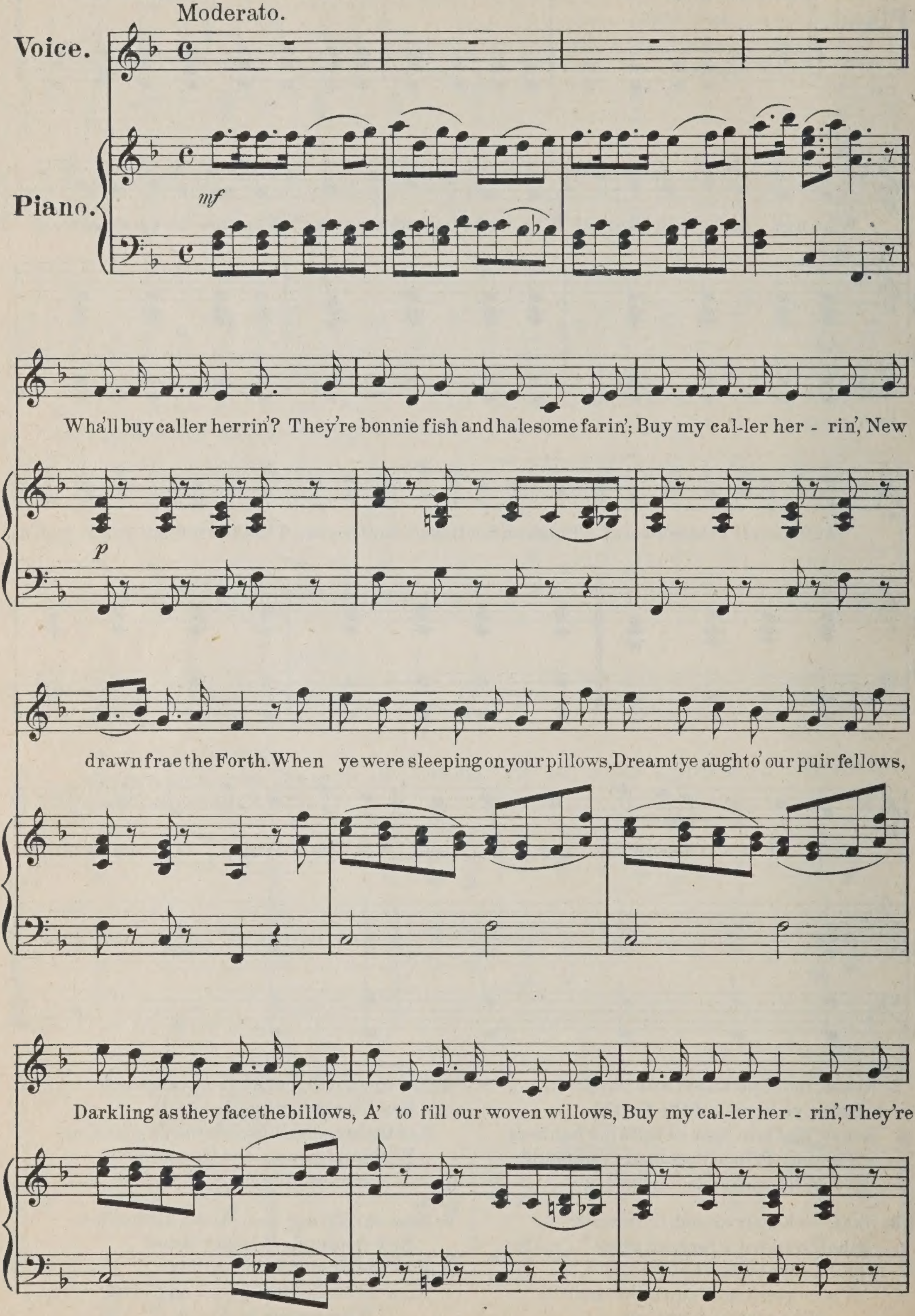
3. Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

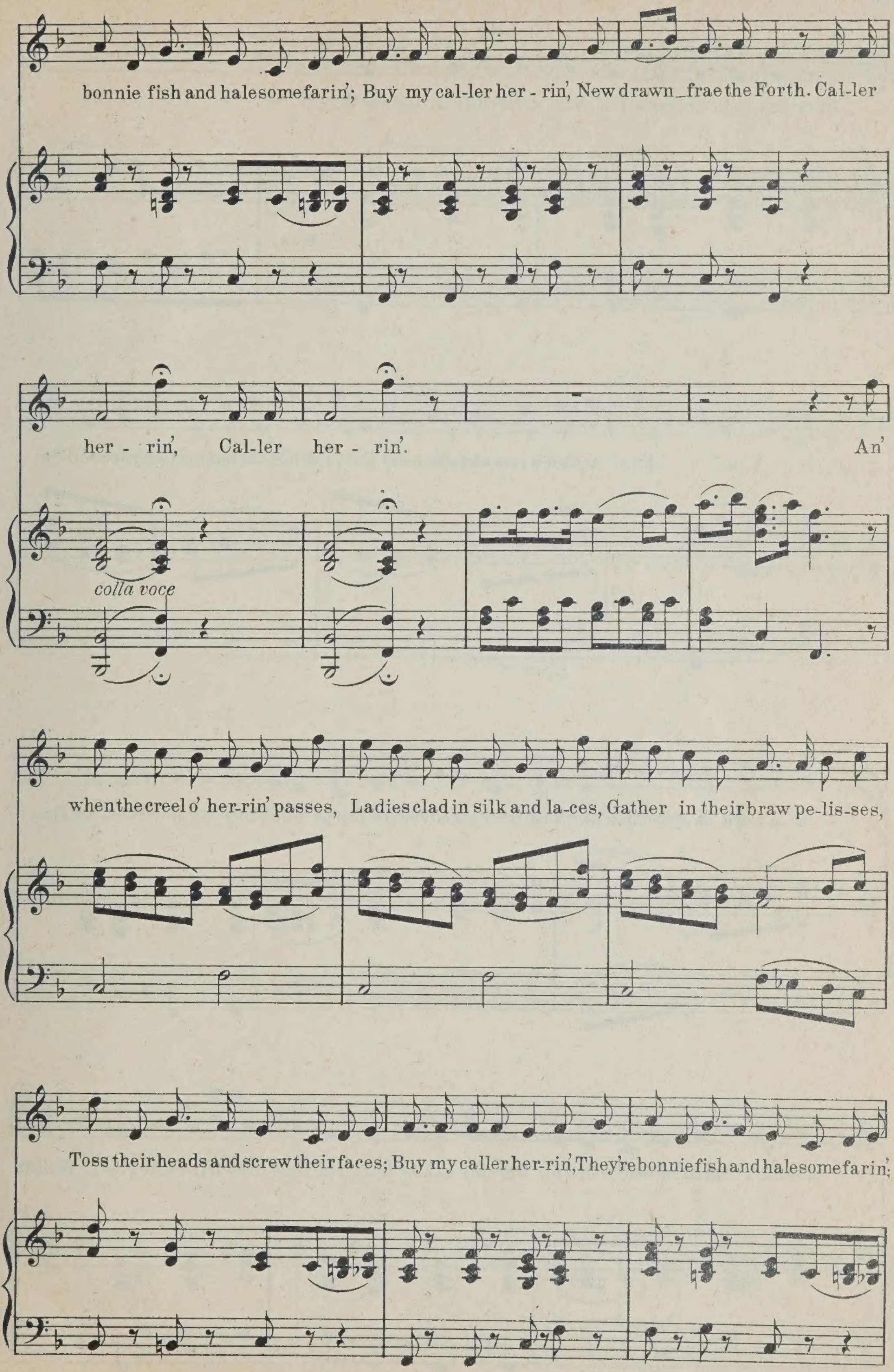
4. See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

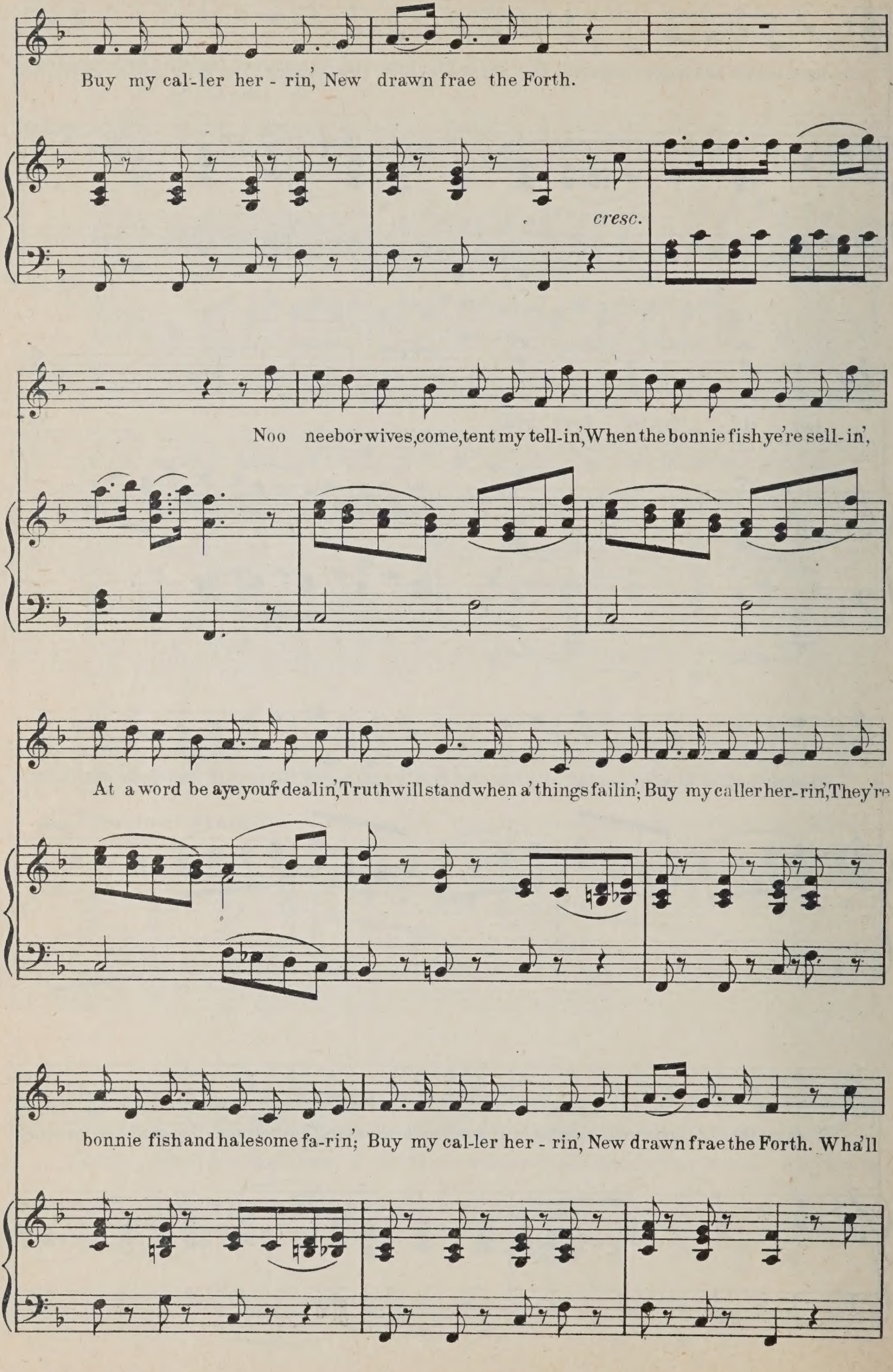
5. Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause:
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

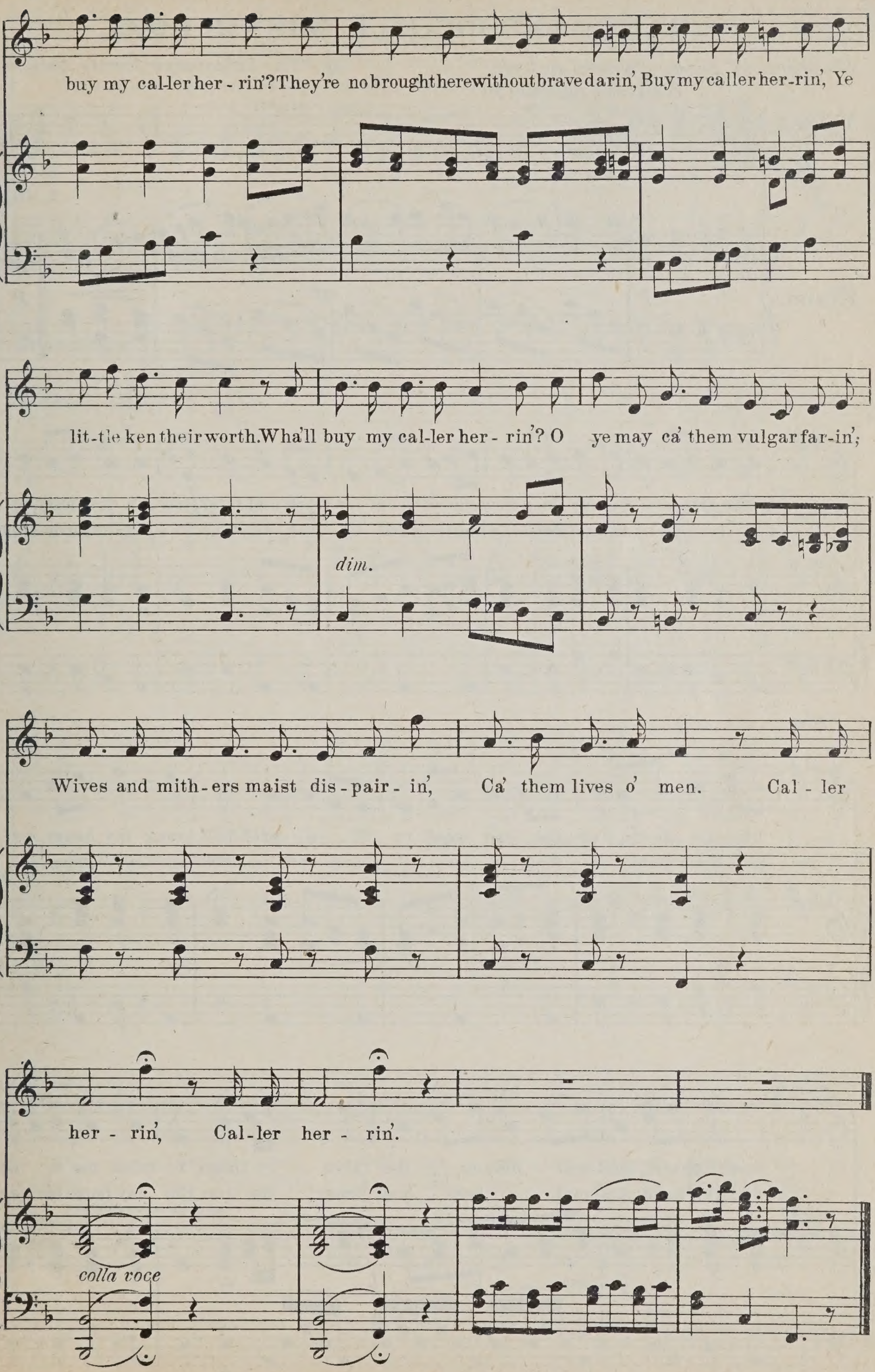
CALLER HERRIN'

Words by Lady Nairne. (1766-1845) *Air by Nath. Gow.* (1766-1831)


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'; Buy my cal-ler her - rin', New
drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleeping on your pillows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows, A' to fill our woven willows, Buy my cal-ler her - rin', They're

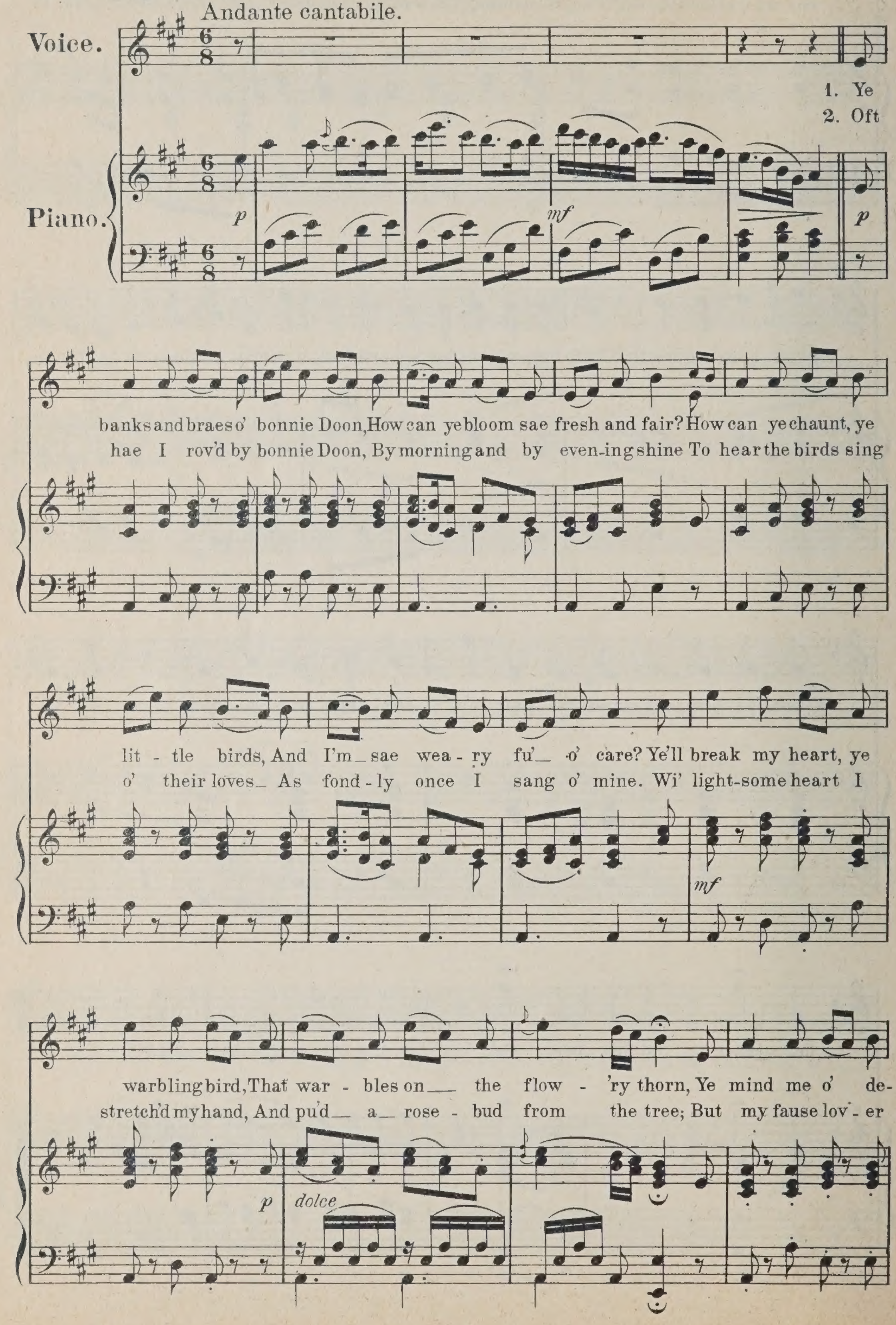

bonnie fish and halesome farin'; Buy my cal-ler her - rin', New drawn_frae the Forth. Cal-ler
her - rin', Cal-ler her - rin'. An'
colla voce
when the creel o' her-rin' passes, Ladies clad in silk and la-ces, Gather in their braw pe-lis-ses,
Toss their heads and screw their faces; Buy my caller her-rin', They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';

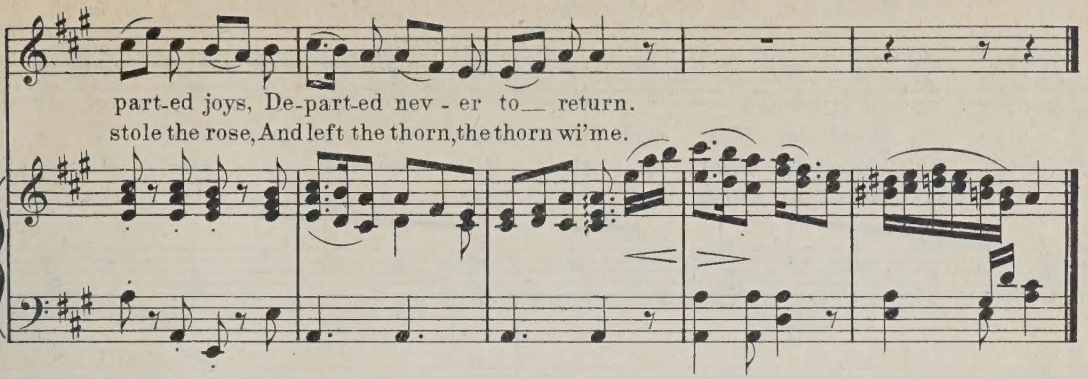

Buy my cal-ler her - rin, New drawn frae the Forth.
cresc.
Noo neebor wives, come, tent my tell-in, When the bonnie fish ye're sell-in',
At a word be aye your dealin, Truth will stand when a' things failin'; Buy my caller her-rin, They're
bonnie fish and halesome fa-rin; Buy my cal-ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll


buy my cal-ler her - rin'? They're no brought here without brave darin', Buy my caller her-rin', Ye
lit-tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal-ler her - rin'? O ye may ca' them vulgar far-in';
dim.
Wives and mith-ers maist dis-pair - in', Ca' them lives o' men. Cal - ler
her - rin', Cal-ler her - rin'.
colla voce

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

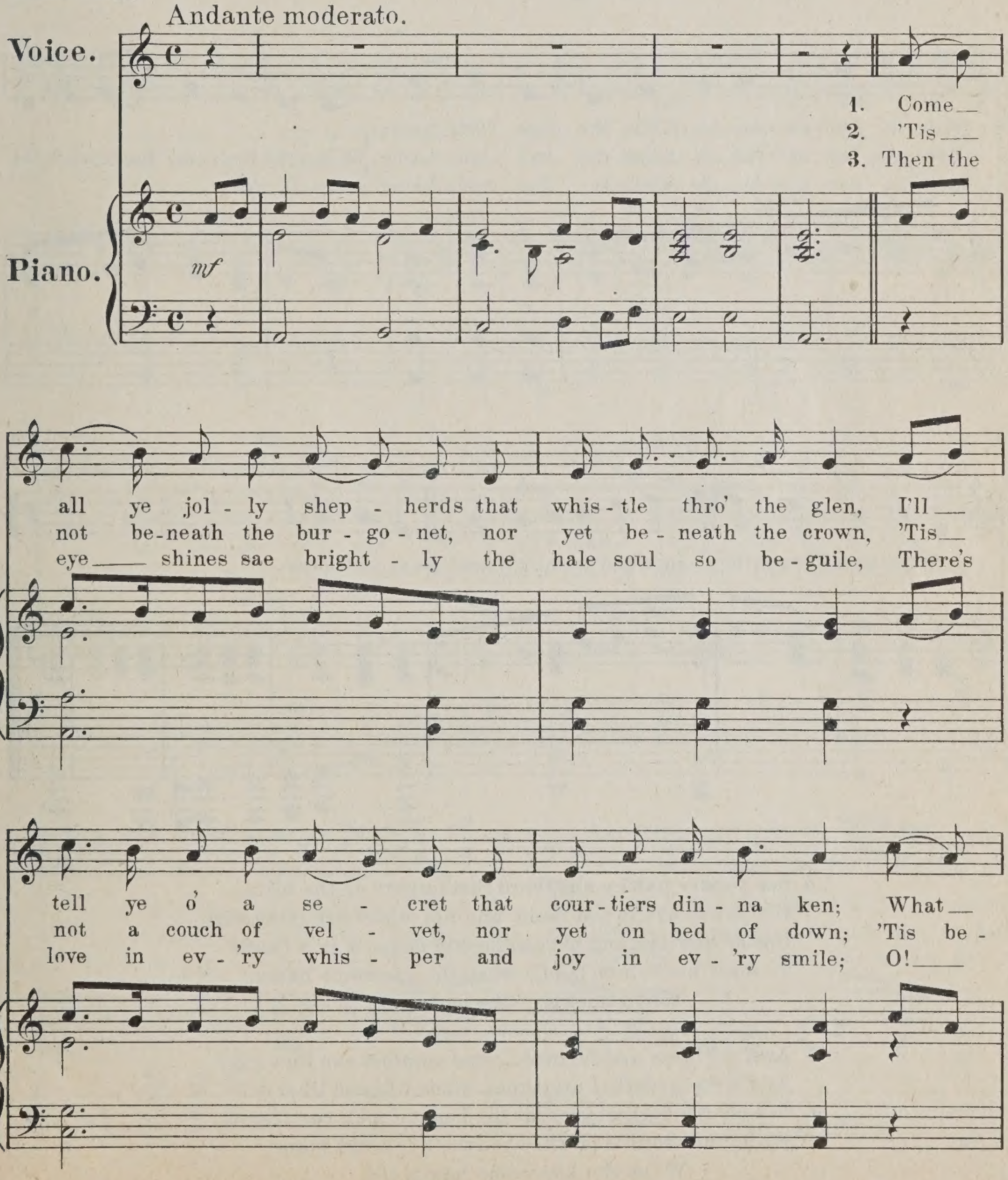
The Words by Burns. (Written in 1791) *Air "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."*

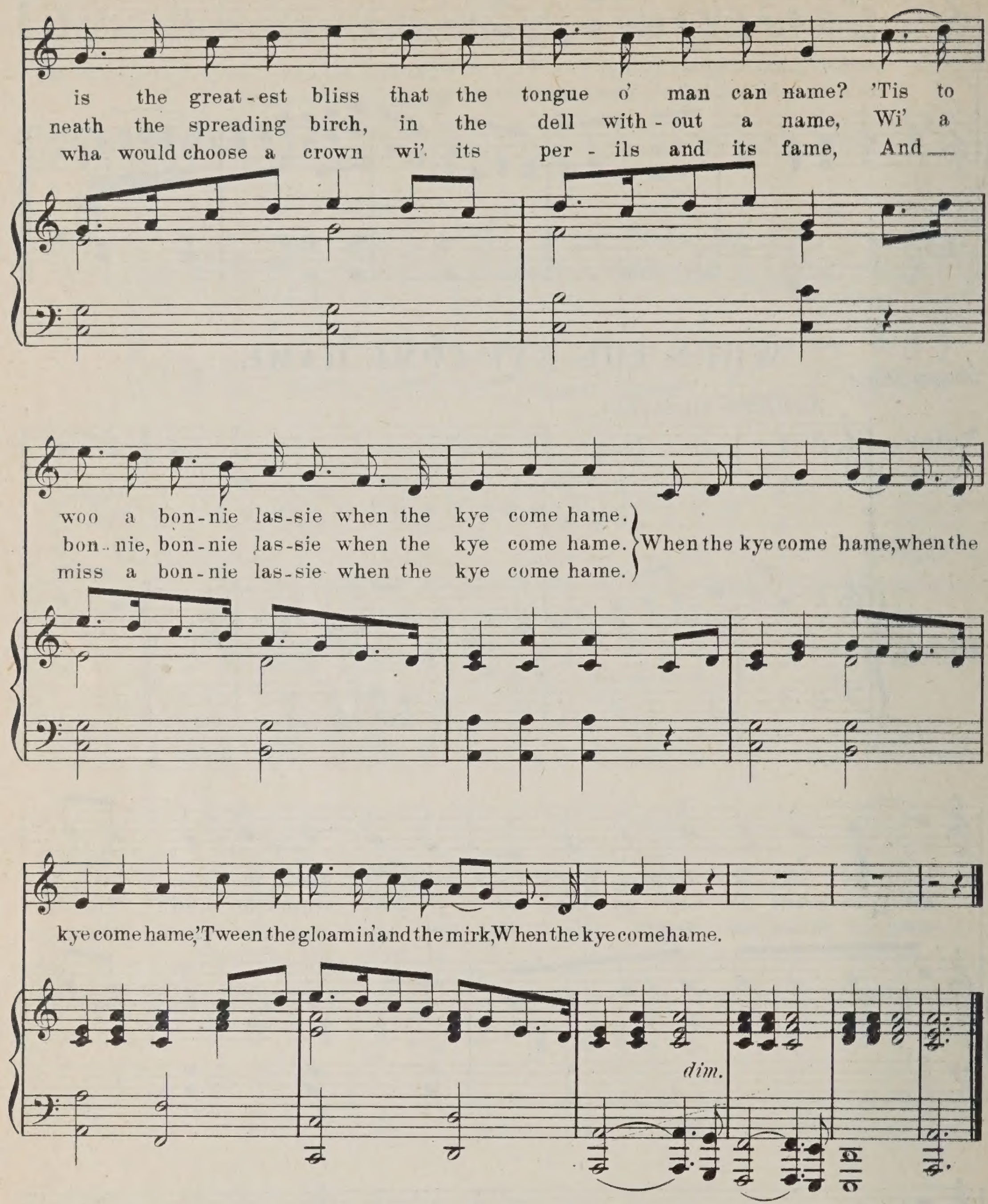

Andante cantabile.
Voice.
Piano.
p
mf
p
1. Ye
2. Oft
banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye
hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, By morning and by even-ing shine To hear the birds sing
lit - tle birds, And I'm_ sae wea - ry fu'_ o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
o' their loves_ As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light-some heart I
mf
warbling bird, That war - bles on_ the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de-
stretch'd my hand, And pu'd_ a_ rose - bud from the tree; But my fause lov - er
p
dolce


part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev - er to__ return.
stole the rose, And left the thorn, the thorn wi'me.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

James Hogg.

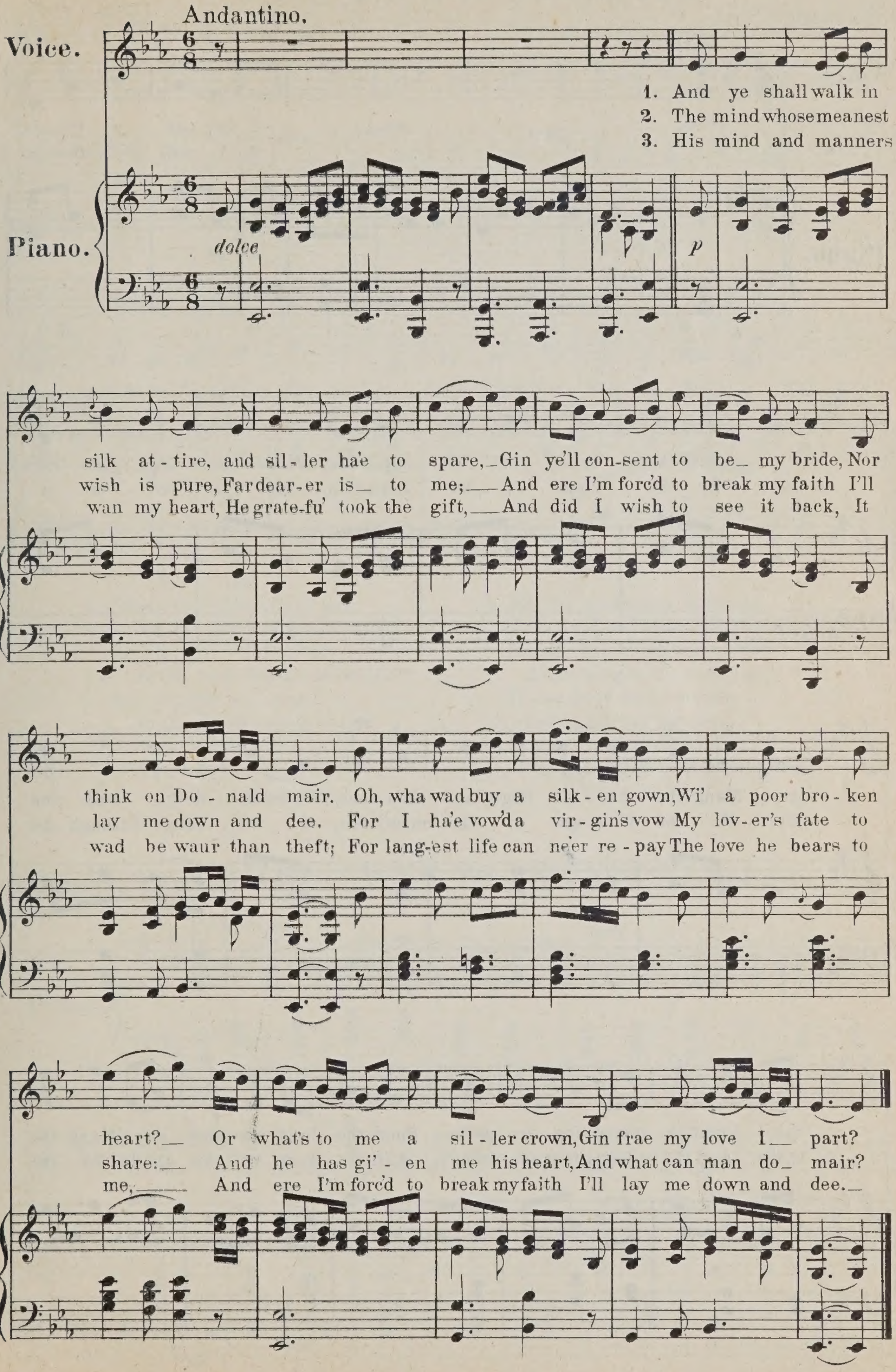

Andante moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. Come__ all ye jol - ly shep - herds that whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll__ tell ye o' a se - cret that cour - tiers din - na ken; What__
2. 'Tis__ not be-neath the bur - go - net, nor yet be - neath the crown, 'Tis__ not a couch of vel - vet, nor yet on bed of down; 'Tis be -
3. Then the eye__ shines sae bright - ly the hale soul so be - guile, There's love in ev - 'ry whis - per and joy in ev - 'ry smile; O!__


is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to
neath the spreading birch, in the dell with-out a name, Wi' a
wha would choose a crown wi' its per-ils and its fame, And
woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame.
bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame.
miss a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, when the
kye come hame, 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.
dim.

4. See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill —
His yowes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;
But he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, etc.

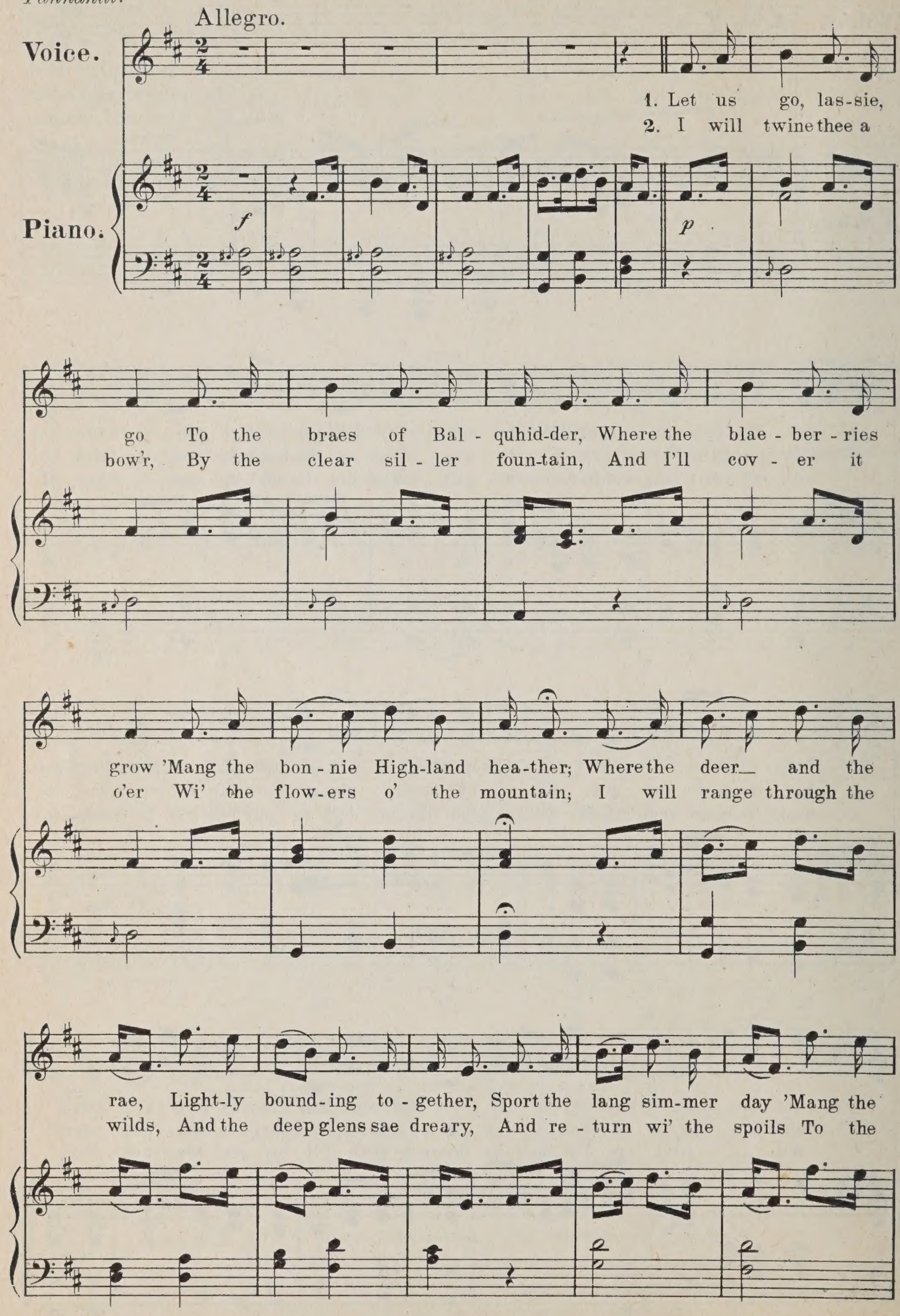
5. Awa' wi' fame and fortune — what comfort can they gi'e?
And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and libertie!
Gi'e me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, etc.

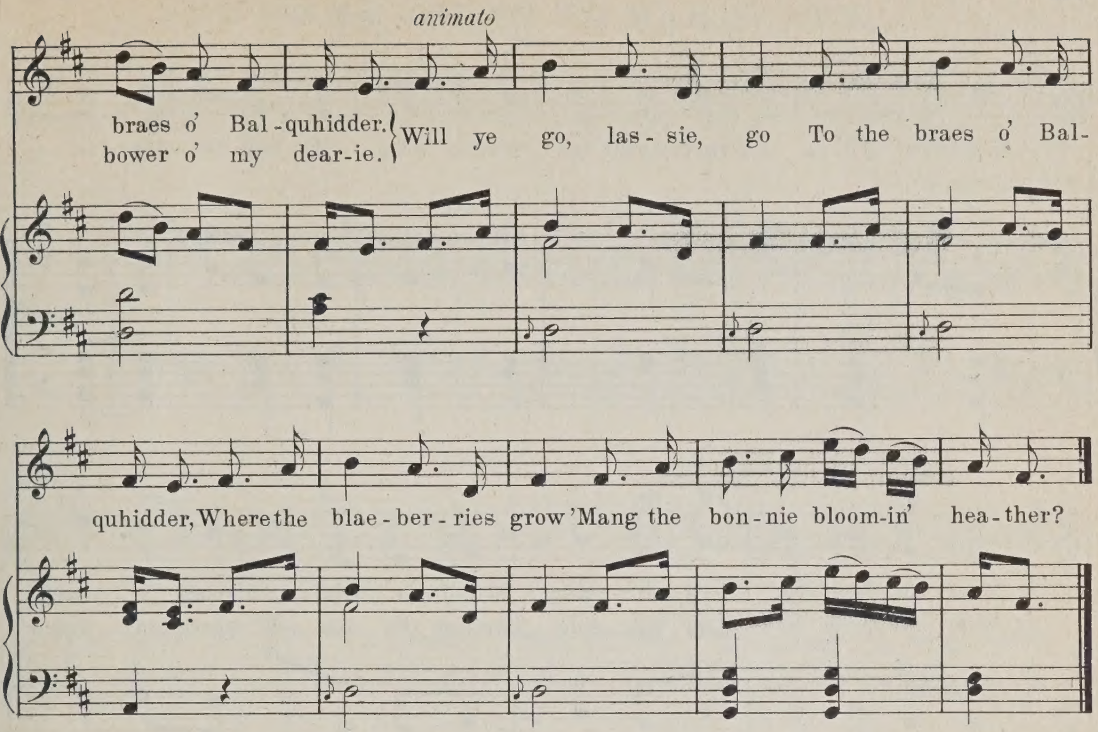
AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.


Andantino.
Voice.
Piano.
dolce
p
1. And ye shall walk in
2. The mind whose meanest
3. His mind and manners
silk at-tire, and sil-ler ha'e to spare,_ Gin ye'll con-sent to be_ my bride, Nor
wish is pure, Far dear-er is_ to me;_ And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith I'll
wan my heart, He grate-fu' took the gift,_ And did I wish to see it back, It
think on Do-nald mair. Oh, wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor bro-ken
lay me down and dee. For I ha'e vow'd a vir-gin's vow My lov-er's fate to
wad be waur than theft; For lang-est life can ne'er re-pay The love he bears to
heart?_ Or what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I_ part?
share:_ And he has gi'-en me his heart, And what can man do_ mair?
me,_ And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith I'll lay me down and dee._

THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

Tannahill.


Allegro.
Voice.
Piano.
f
p
1. Let us go, las-sie, go To the braes of Bal - quhid-der, Where the blae - ber - ries grow 'Mang the bon - nie High-land hea-ther; Where the deer and the rae, Light-ly bound-ing to - gether, Sport the lang sim-mer day 'Mang the
2. I will twine thee a bow'r, By the clear sil - ler foun-tain, And I'll cov - er it o'er Wi' the flow-ers o' the mountain; I will range through the wilds, And the deep glens sae dreary, And re - turn wi' the spoils To the

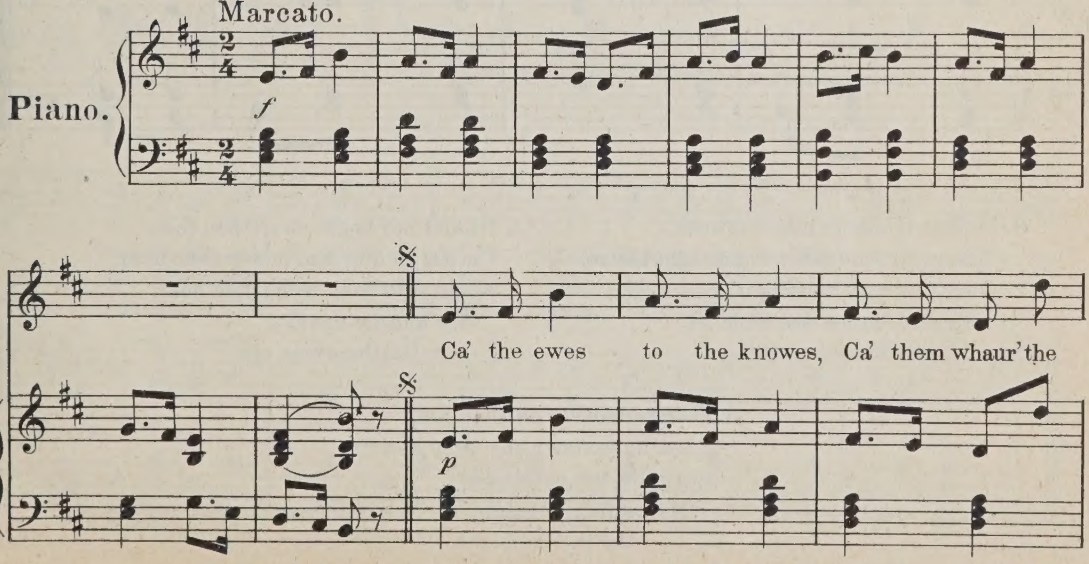

animato
braes o' Bal-quhidder.
bower o' my dear-ie.
Will ye go, las-sie, go To the braes o' Bal-
quhidder, Where the blae-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie bloom-in' hea-ther?

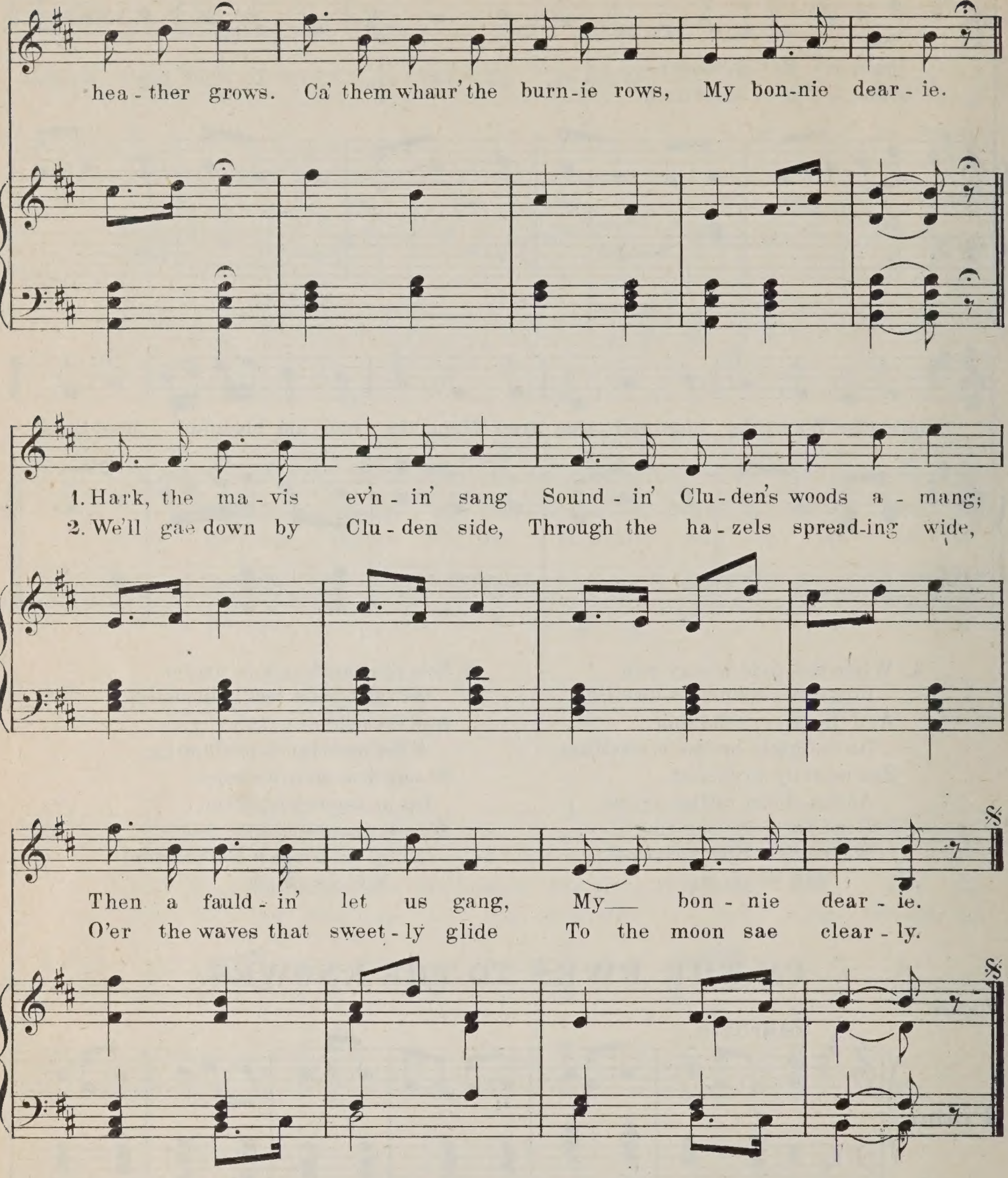
3. When the rude wintry win
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night-breeze is swelling;
Sae merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the deer shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.
Will ye go, etc.

4. Now the summer is in prime
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns,
'Mang the braes o' Balquhidder.
Will ye go, etc.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

Burns.


Marcato.
Piano.
f
p
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the


hea - ther grows. Ca' them whaur' the burn-ie rows, My bon-nie dear - ie.
1. Hark, the ma - vis ev'n - in' sang Sound - in' Clu - den's woods a - mang;
2. We'll gae down by Clu - den side, Through the ha - zels spread-ing wide,
Then a fauld - in' let us gang, My___ bon - nie dear - ie.
O'er the waves that sweet - ly glide To the moon sae clear - ly.

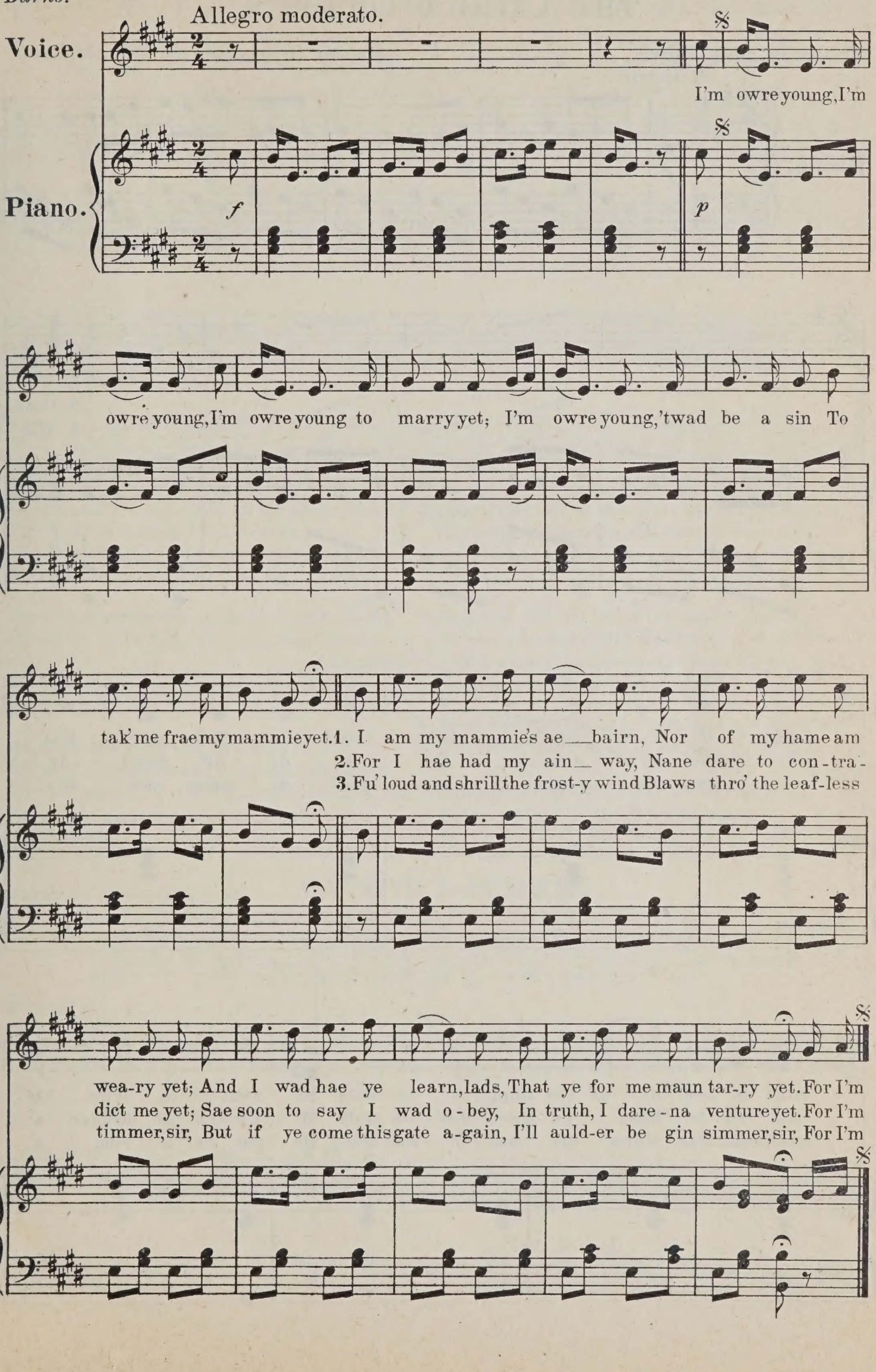
3. Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheerie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

4. Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

5. Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart·
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

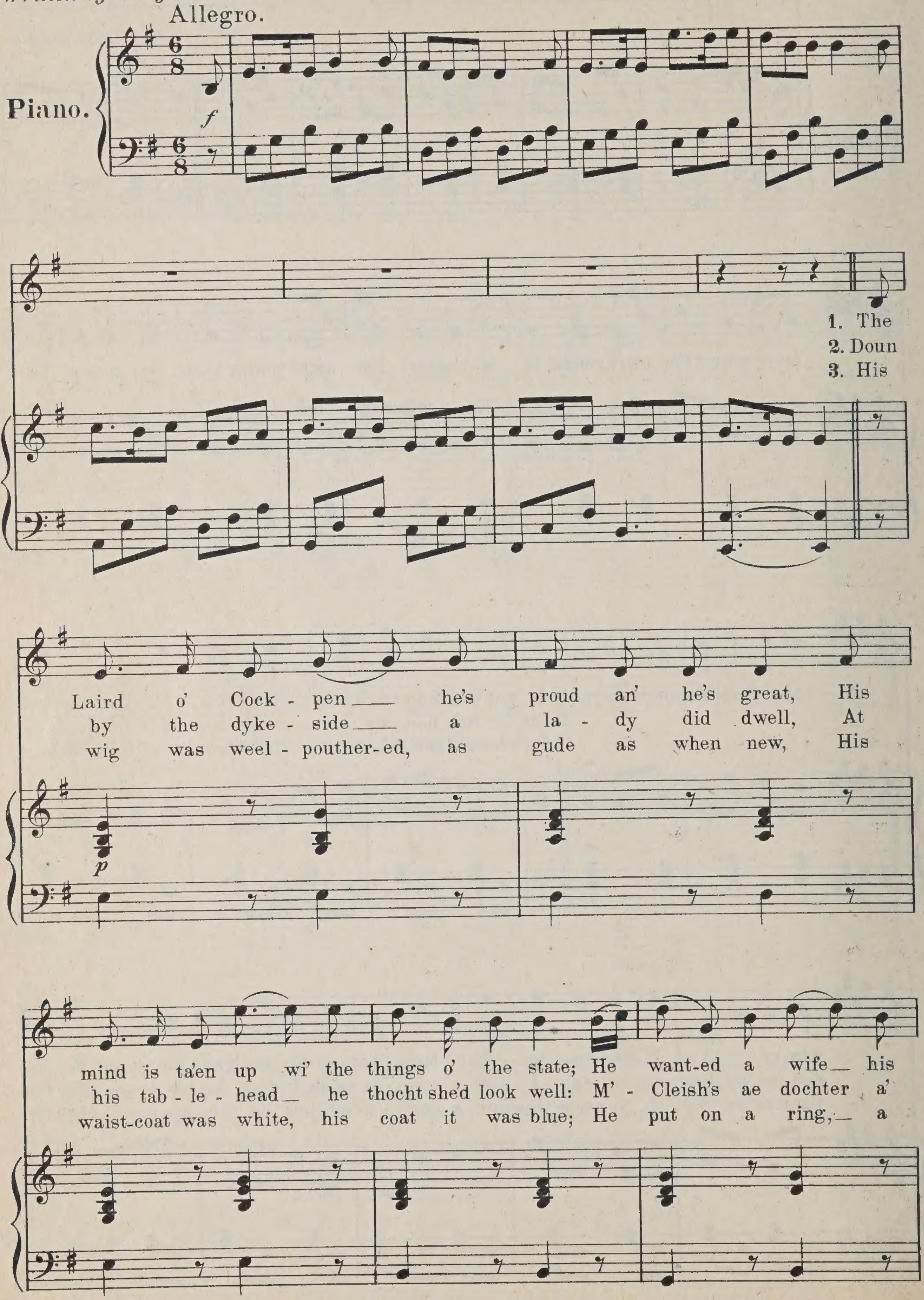
Burns.

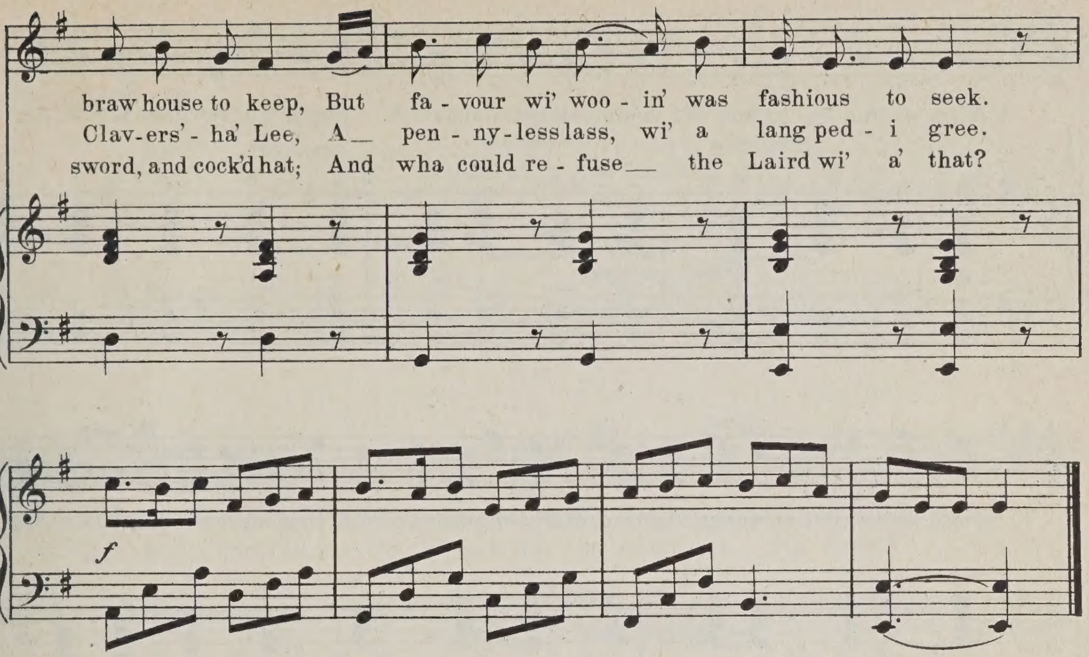

Allegro moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
f
p
I'm owre young, I'm owre young, I'm owre young to marry yet; I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin To tak' me frae my mammie yet.
1. I am my mammie's ae bairn, Nor of my hame am wea-ry yet; And I wad hae ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar-ry yet. For I'm
2. For I hae had my ain way, Nane dare to con-tra-dict me yet; Sae soon to say I wad o-bey, In truth, I dare-na venture yet. For I'm
3. Fu' loud and shrill the frost-y wind Blaws thro' the leaf-less timmer, sir, But if ye come this gate a-gain, I'll auld-er be gin simmer, sir, For I'm

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Written by Lady Nairne.

Melody "When she cam' ben she bobbit."


Allegro.
Piano.
f
1. The
2. Doun
3. His
p
Laird o' Cock - pen he's proud an' he's great, His
by the dyke - side a la - dy did dwell, At
wig was weel - pouther-ed, as gude as when new, His
mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He want-ed a wife his
his tab - le - head he thocht she'd look well: M' - Cleish's ae dochter a'
waist-coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a


braw house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fashious to seek.
Clav-ers' - ha' Lee, A_ pen - ny - less lass, wi' a lang ped - i gree.
sword, and cock'd hat; And wha could re - fuse_ the Laird wi' a' that?
f

4. He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

5. Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—
"What the deil brings the Laird here at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

6. An' when she came ben, he bobbit fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na".
An' wi' a leigh curtsie she turned awa'.

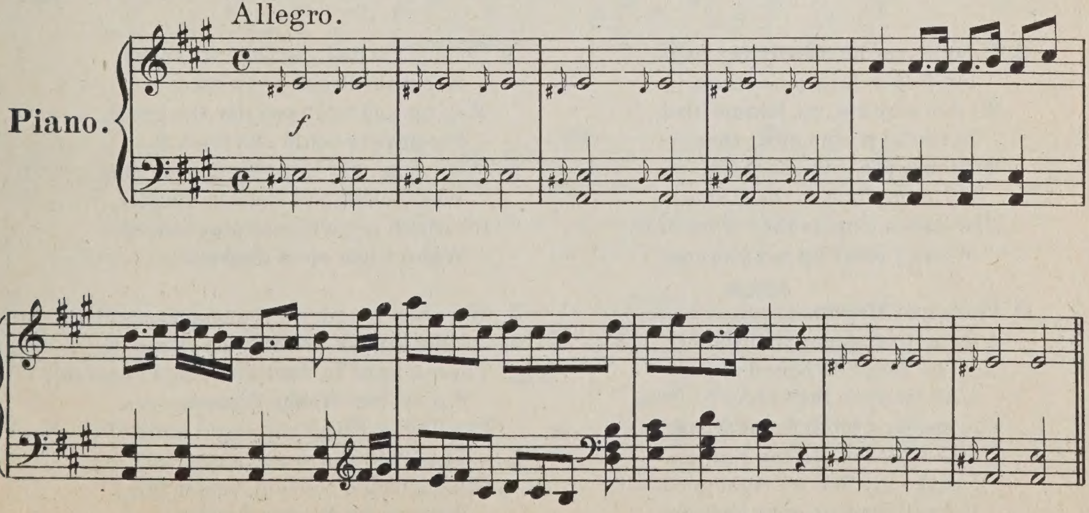
7. Dumbfounder'd was he—but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
"She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

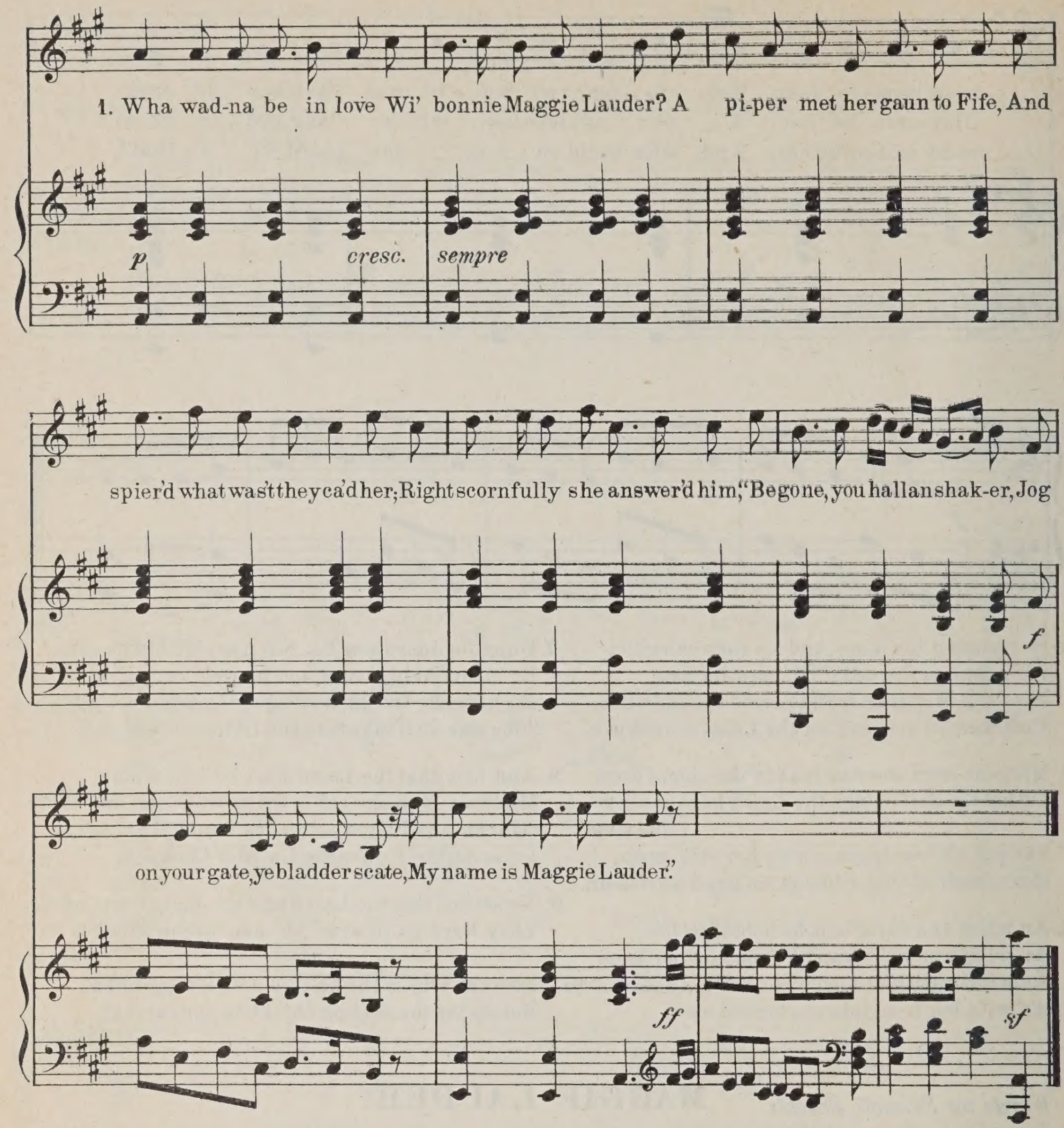
8. And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

9. Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

Words by Francis Semple.

MAGGIE LAUDER.


Allegro.
Piano.
f


1. Wha wad-na be in love Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder? A pi-per met her gaun to Fife, And
p
cresc.
sempre
spier'd what was't they ca'd her; Right scornfully she answer'd him, "Begone, you hallan shak-er, Jog
f
on your gate, ye bladder scate, My name is Maggie Lauder."
ff
sf

2. Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags
   I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
   In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
   My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
   When I blaw up my chanter.

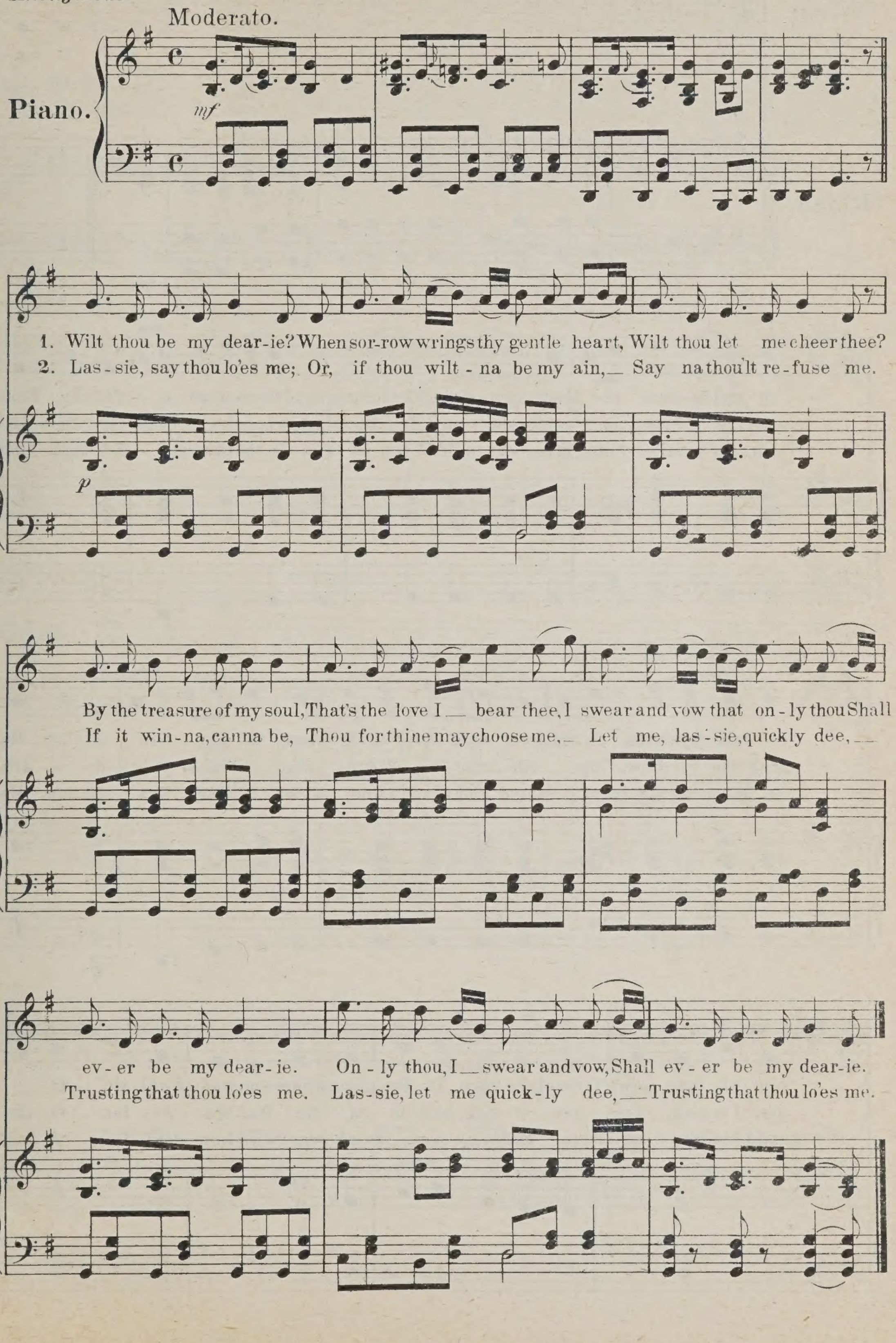
3. Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,
   Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
   Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
   Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
   Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

4. Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
   About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
   For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done, quo' he: play up, quo' she:
   Weel bobb'd, quo' Rob the Ranter;
It's worth my while to play, indeed,
   When I hae sic a dancer.

5. Weel hae you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
   Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
   Sin' we lost Habby Simson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
   These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
   Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

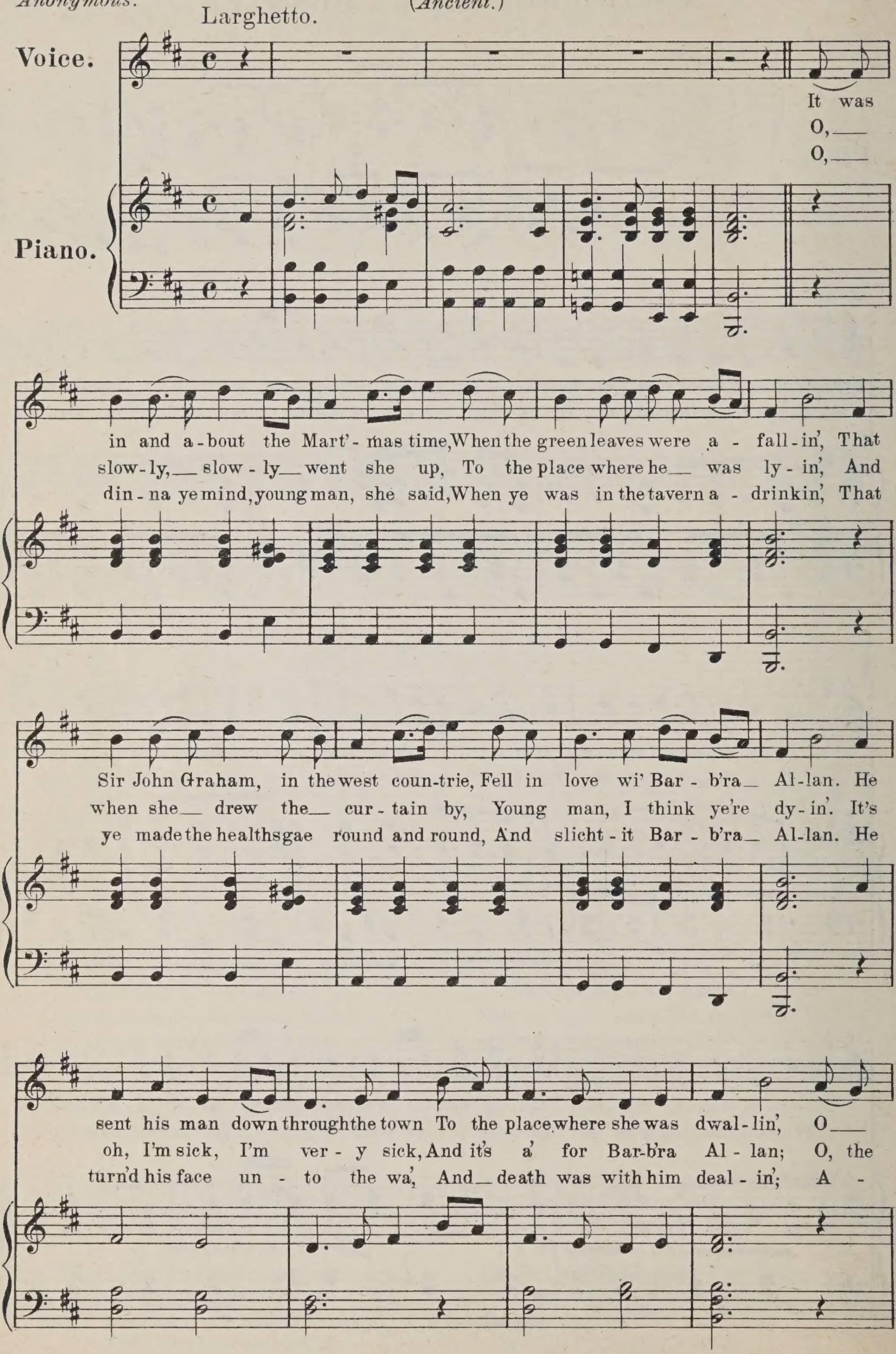
Anonymous.

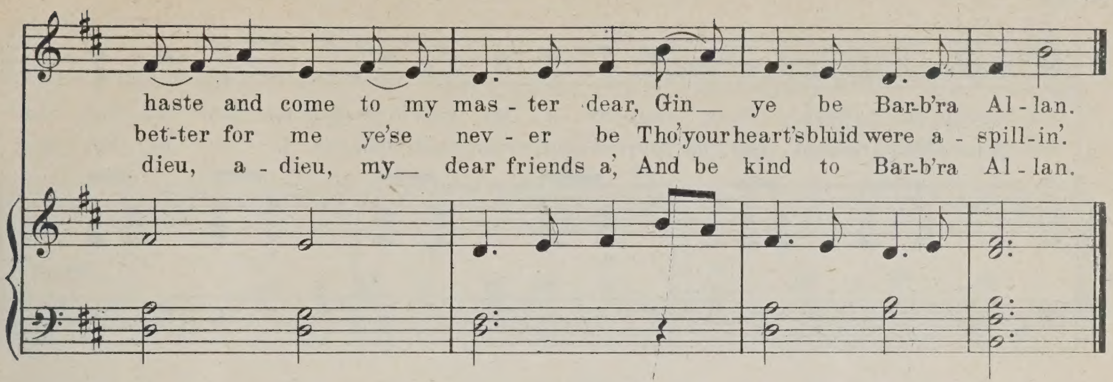

Moderato.
Piano.
mf
1. Wilt thou be my dear-ie? When sor-row wrings thy gentle heart, Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
2. Las-sie, say thou lo'es me; Or, if thou wilt-na be my ain,_ Say na thou'lt re-fuse me.
p
By the treasure of my soul, That's the love I_ bear thee, I swear and vow that on-ly thou Shall
If it win-na, canna be, Thou for thine may choose me,_ Let me, las-sie, quickly dee,_
ev-er be my dear-ie. On-ly thou, I_ swear and vow, Shall ev-er be my dear-ie.
Trusting that thou lo'es me. Las-sie, let me quick-ly dee,_ Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BARBARA ALLAN.

Anonymous.

(*Ancient.*)


Larghetto.
Voice.
Piano.
It was
O,___
O,___
in and a-bout the Mart'-mas time, When the green leaves were a - fall-in', That
slow-ly,__ slow - ly__ went she up, To the place where he__ was ly - in', And
din - na ye mind, young man, she said, When ye was in the tavern a - drinkin', That
Sir John Graham, in the west coun-trie, Fell in love wi' Bar - b'ra__ Al-lan. He
when she__ drew the__ cur - tain by, Young man, I think ye're dy - in'. It's
ye made the healths gae round and round, And slicht - it Bar - b'ra__ Al-lan. He
sent his man down through the town To the place where she was dwal-lin', O___
oh, I'm sick, I'm ver - y sick, And it's a' for Bar-b'ra Al - lan; O, the
turn'd his face un - to the wa', And__ death was with him deal - in'; A -


haste and come to my mas - ter dear, Gin__ ye be Bar-b'ra Al - lan.
bet-ter for me ye'se nev - er be Tho' your heart's bluid were a - spill-in'.
dieu, a - dieu, my__ dear friends a', And be kind to Bar-b'ra Al - lan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin', said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

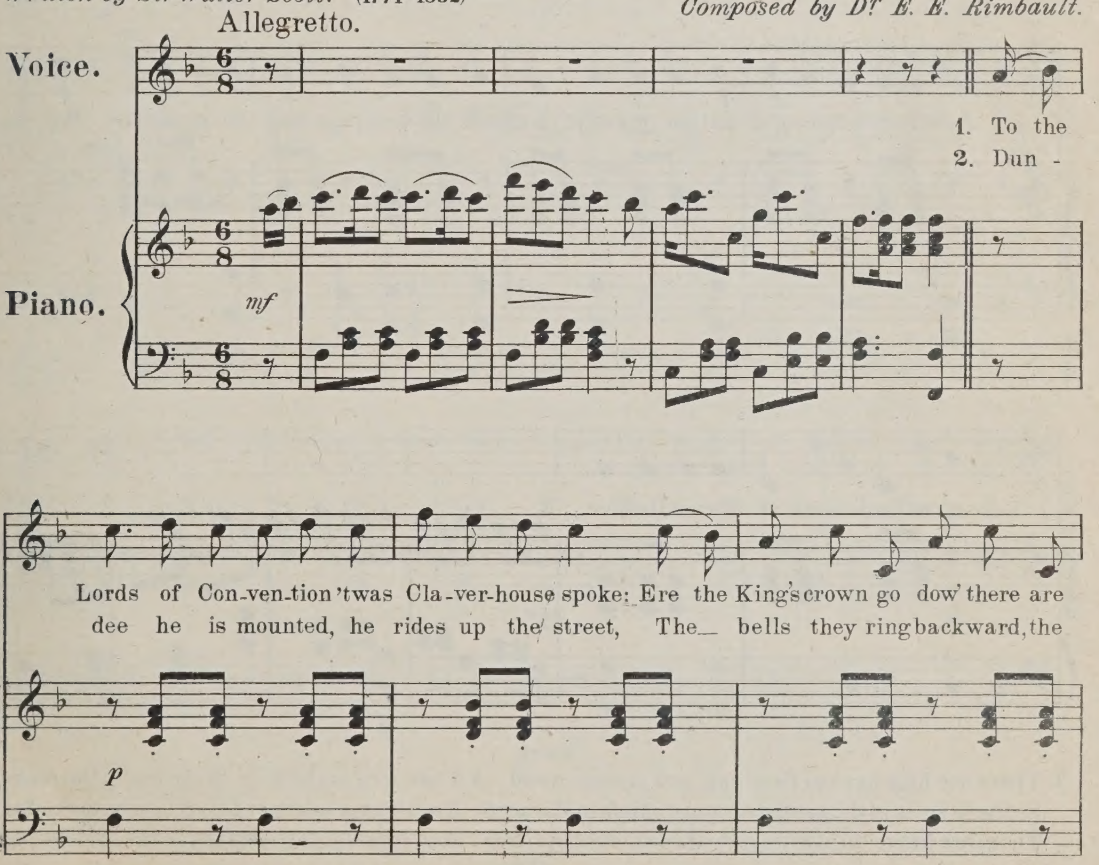
She had-na gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringin',
And ev'ry jow the deid-bell gi'ed
It cried, Wae to Barbara Allan.

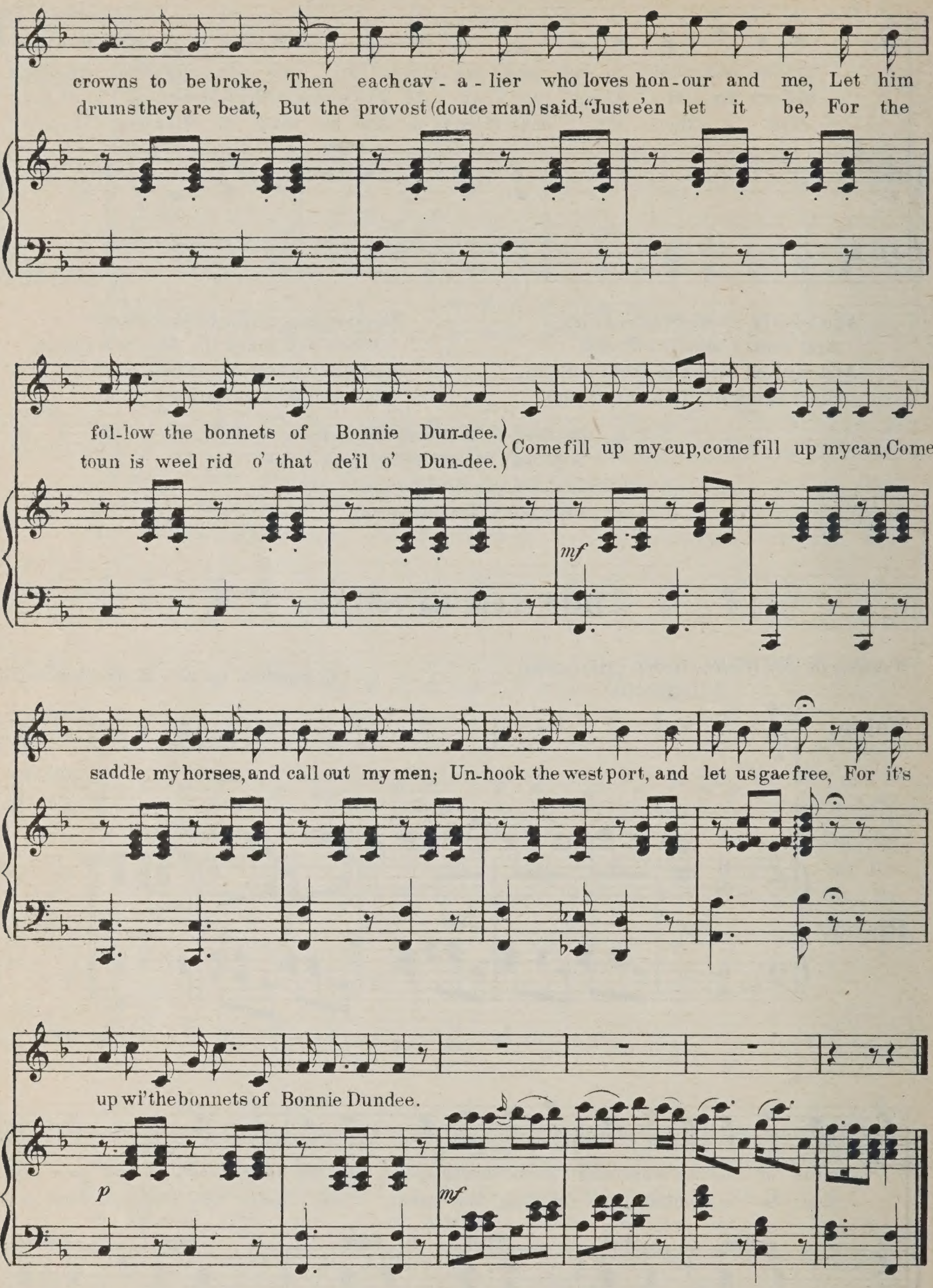
O, mother, mother mak' my bed,
And mak' it saft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day
I'll die for him to-morrow.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Written by Sir Walter Scott. (1771-1832)

Composed by Dr. E. F. Rimbault.


Allegretto.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Cla-ver-house spoke; Ere the King's crown go dow' there are
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The__ bells they ring backward, the

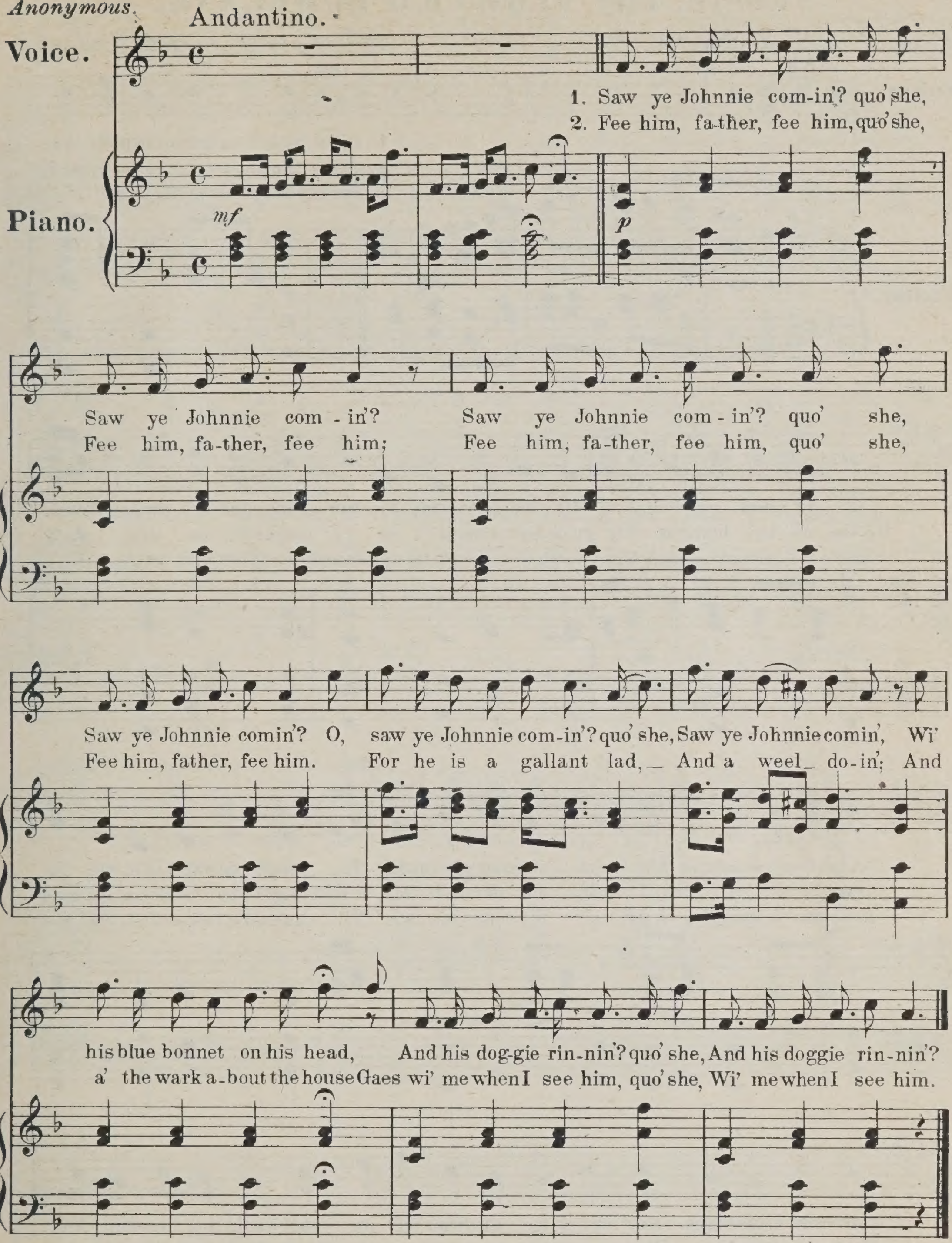

crowns to be broke, Then each cav - a - lier who loves hon - our and me, Let him
drums they are beat, But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be, For the
fol-low the bonnets of Bonnie Dun-dee.
toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun-dee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
saddle my horses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae free, For it's
up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.
mf
p
mf

3. There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinnewassels three thousand times three,
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

4. Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

Anonymous.

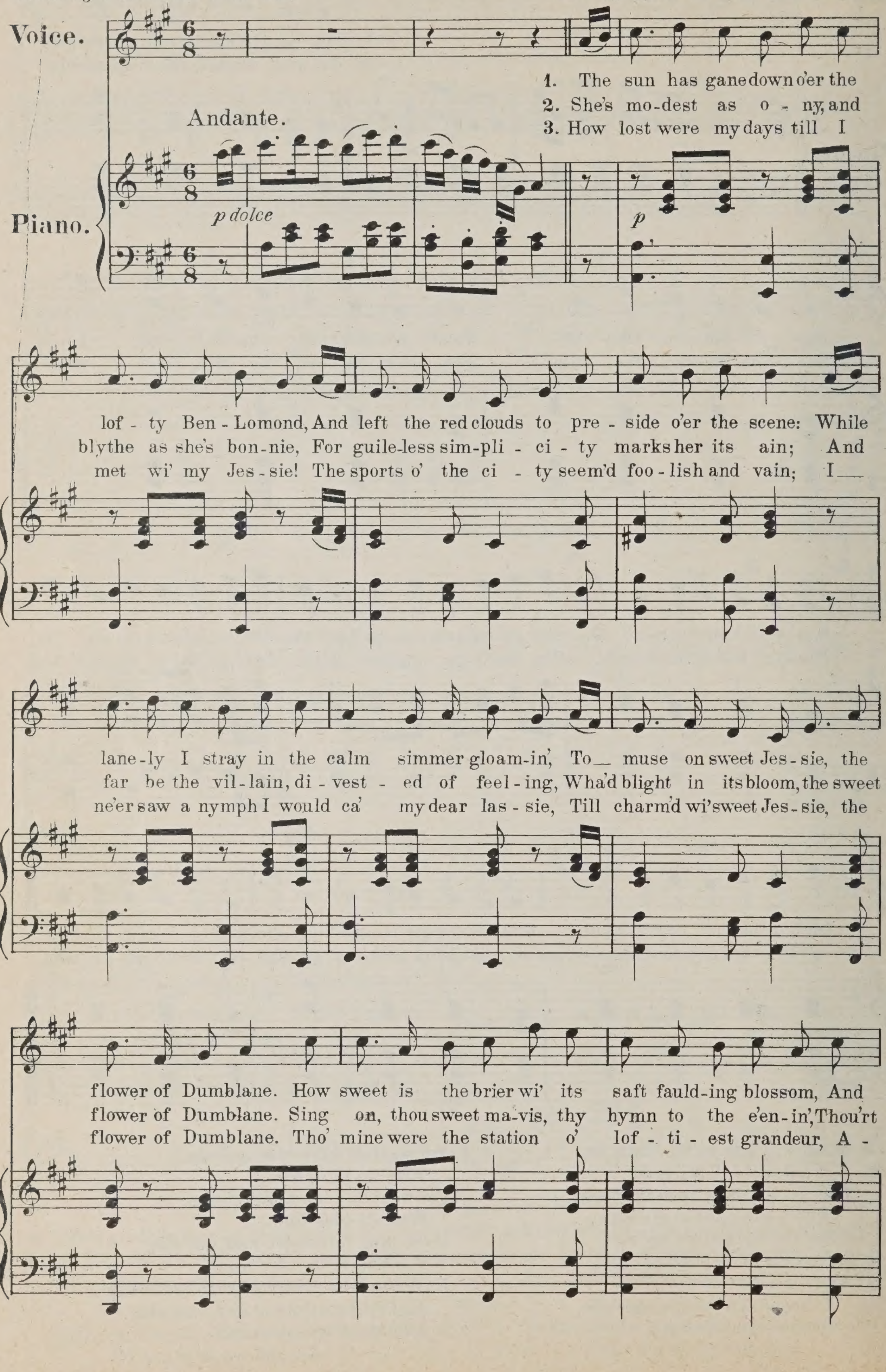

Andantino.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. Saw ye Johnnie com-in'? quo' she,
2. Fee him, fa-ther, fee him, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie com - in'? Saw ye Johnnie com - in'? quo' she,
Fee him, fa-ther, fee him; Fee him, fa-ther, fee him, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie comin'? O, saw ye Johnnie com-in'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin', Wi'
Fee him, father, fee him. For he is a gallant lad,_ And a weel_ do-in'; And
his blue bonnet on his head, And his dog-gie rin-nin'? quo' she, And his doggie rin-nin'?
a' the wark a-bout the house Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she, Wi' me when I see him.

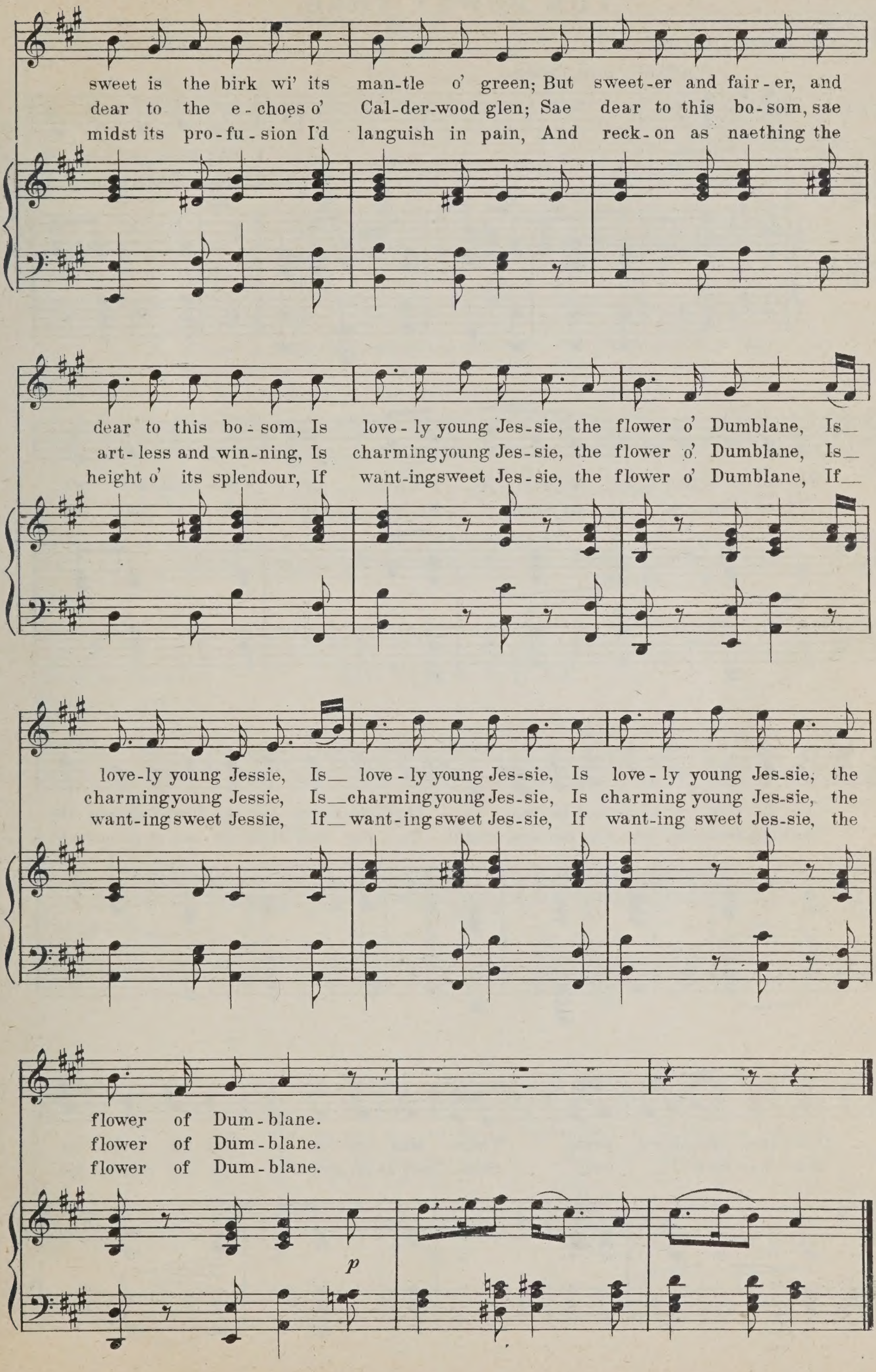
3. What will I do wi' him? quo' he,
   What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
   And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
   And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,
And for a merk o' mair fee,
   Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
   Dinna stand wi' him.

4. For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
   Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
   Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
   Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
   And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
   And crack wi' me at e'en.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

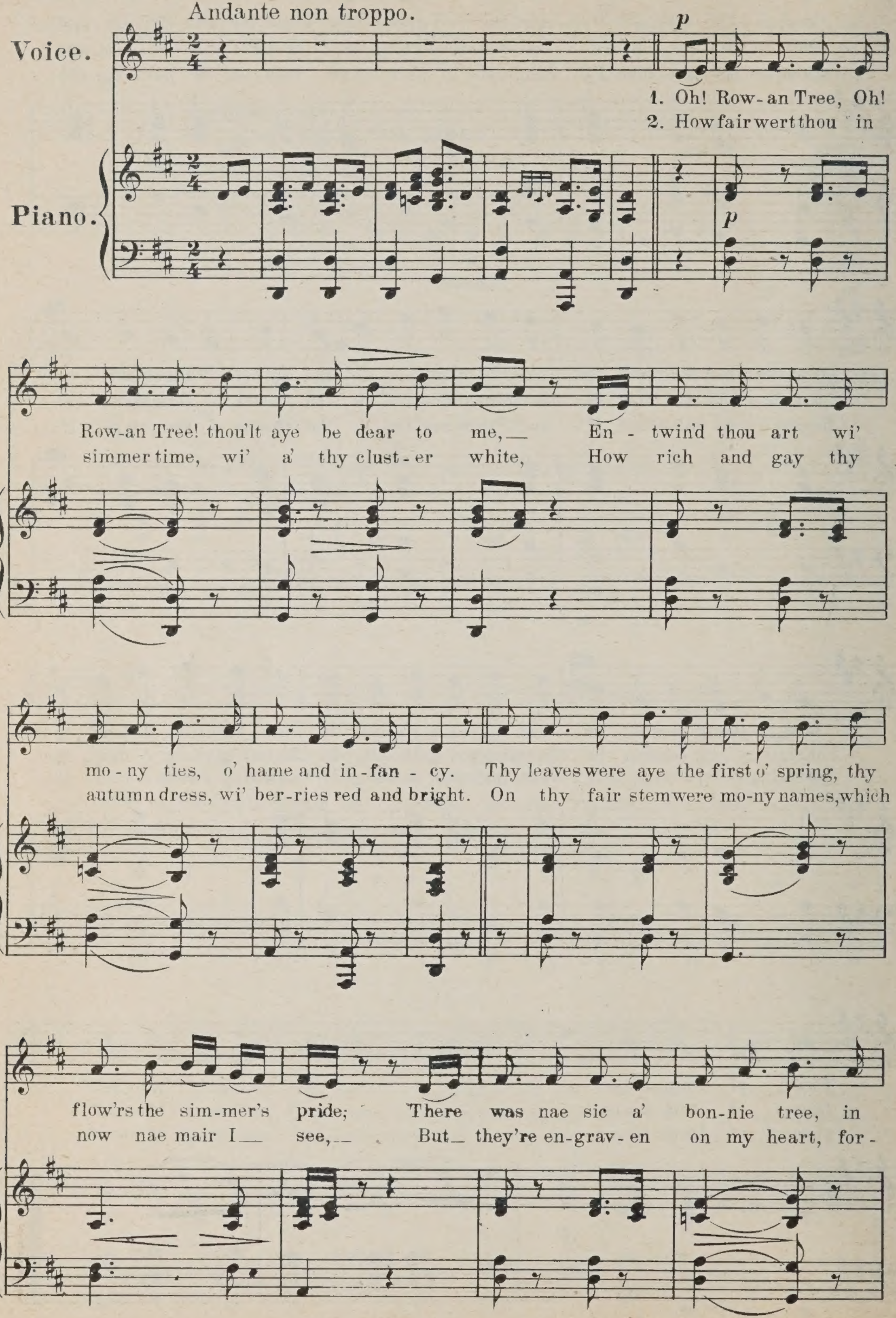
Words by Tannahill. (1774-1810) *Melody by R. A. Smith.* (1780-1829)

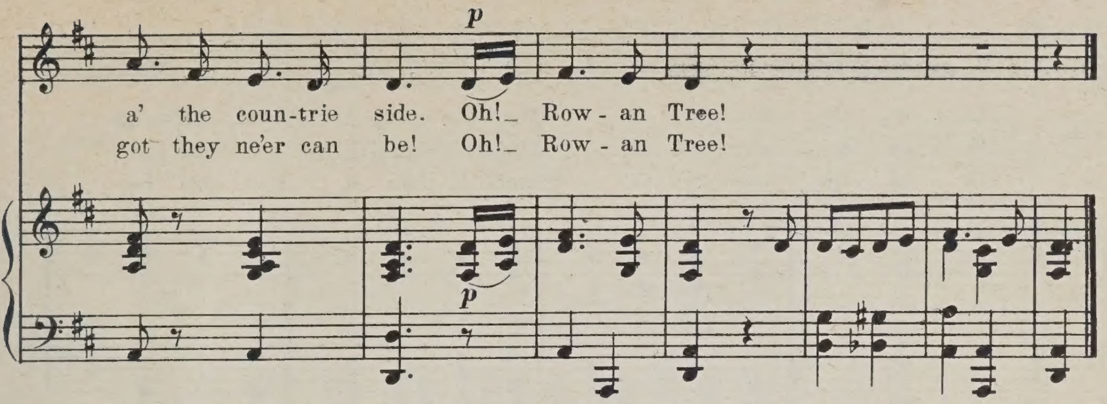

Voice.
Andante.
Piano.
p dolce
p
1. The sun has gane down o'er the
2. She's mo-dest as o - ny, and
3. How lost were my days till I
lof - ty Ben - Lomond, And left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene: While
blythe as she's bon-nie, For guile-less sim-pli - ci - ty marks her its ain; And
met wi' my Jes - sie! The sports o' the ci - ty seem'd foo - lish and vain; I__
lane - ly I stray in the calm simmer gloam-in', To__ muse on sweet Jes - sie, the
far be the vil - lain, di - vest - ed of feel - ing, Wha'd blight in its bloom, the sweet
ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear las - sie, Till charm'd wi' sweet Jes - sie, the
flower of Dumblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld-ing blossom, And
flower of Dumblane. Sing on, thou sweet ma-vis, thy hymn to the e'en-in', Thou'rt
flower of Dumblane. Tho' mine were the station o' lof - ti - est grandeur, A -


sweet is the birk wi' its man-tle o' green; But sweet-er and fair-er, and
dear to the e-choes o' Cal-der-wood glen; Sae dear to this bo-som, sae
midst its pro-fu-sion I'd languish in pain, And reck-on as naething the
dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, Is__
art-less and win-ning, Is charming young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, Is__
height o' its splendour, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, If__
love-ly young Jessie, Is__ love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the
charming young Jessie, Is__charming young Jes-sie, Is charming young Jes-sie, the
want-ing sweet Jessie, If__ want-ing sweet Jes-sie, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, the
flower of Dum-blane.
flower of Dum-blane.
flower of Dum-blane.
p

THE ROWAN TREE.

Words by Lady Nairne.


Andante non troppo.
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Oh! Row-an Tree, Oh!
2. How fair wert thou in
Row-an Tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me,__ En-twin'd thou art wi'
simmer time, wi' a' thy clust-er white, How rich and gay thy
mo-ny ties, o' hame and in-fan-cy. Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy
autumn dress, wi' ber-ries red and bright. On thy fair stem were mo-ny names, which
flow'rs the sim-mer's pride; There was nae sic a' bon-nie tree, in
now nae mair I__ see,__ But__ they're en-grav-en on my heart, for-

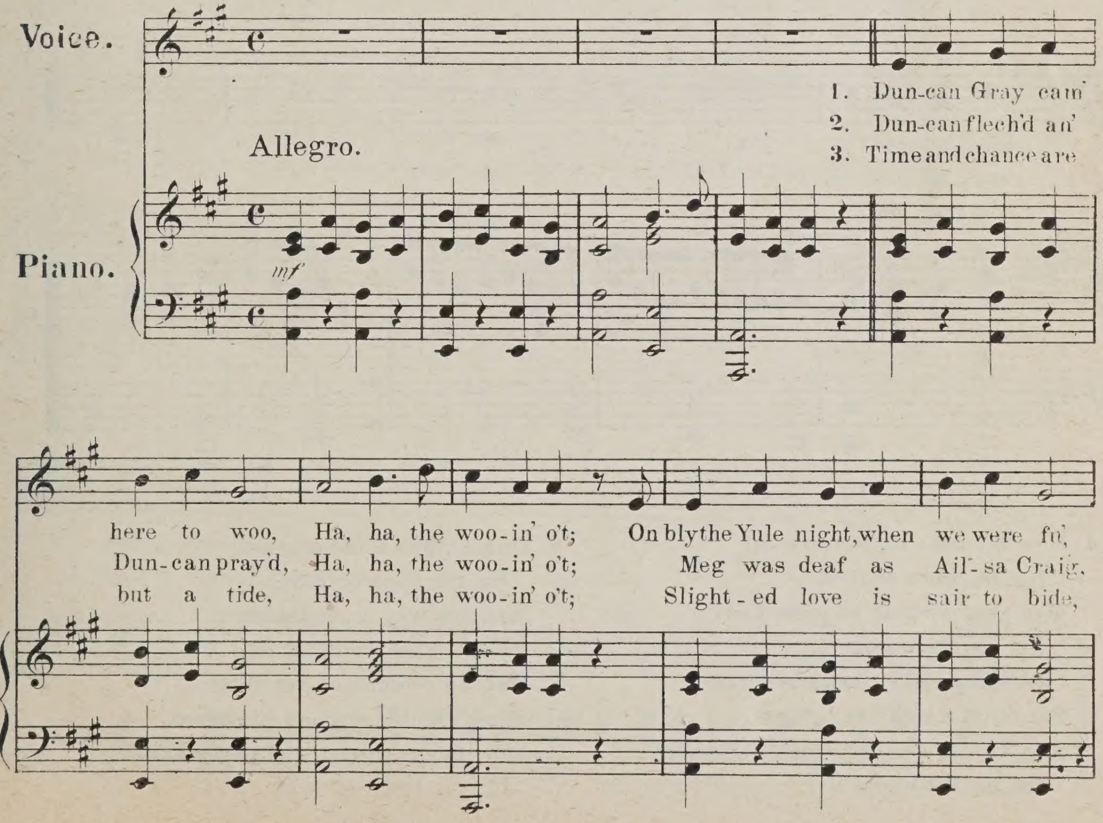

p
a' the coun-trie side. Oh!_ Row - an Tree!
got they ne'er can be! Oh!_ Row - an Tree!
p

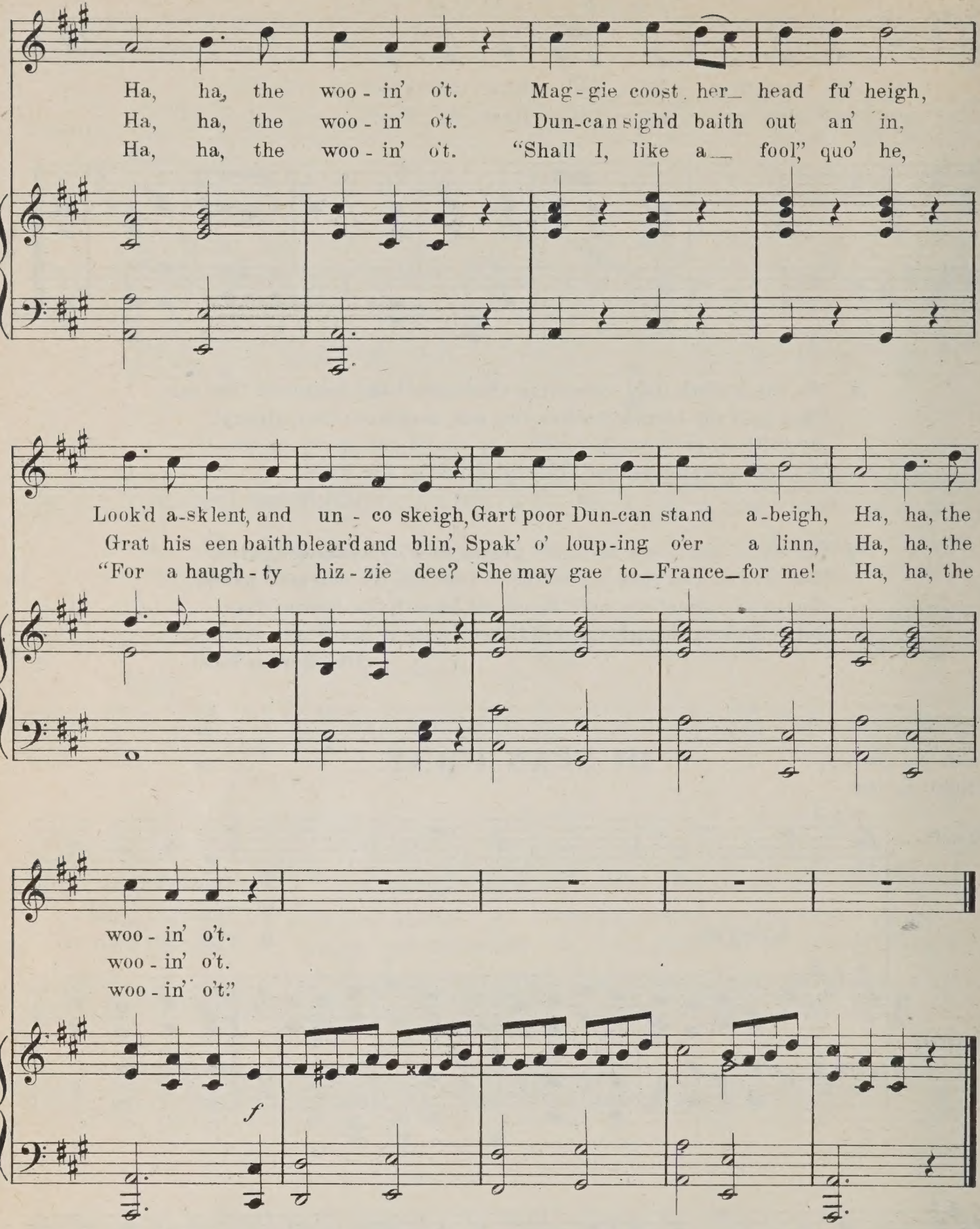
3. We sat aneath they spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang.
My mither! oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee!
Oh! Rowan Tree!

4. Oh! there arose my faither's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mither's voice, in the martyrs' psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan Tree!
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.
Oh! Rowan Tree!

Words by Burns.
Written in 1792.

DUNCAN GRAY.


Voice.
Piano.
Allegro.
mf
1. Dun-can Gray cam'
2. Dun-can flech'd an'
3. Time and chance are
here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't; On blythe Yule night, when we were fu',
Dun-can pray'd, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't; Meg was deaf as Ail-sa Craig,
but a tide, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't; Slight-ed love is sair to bide,

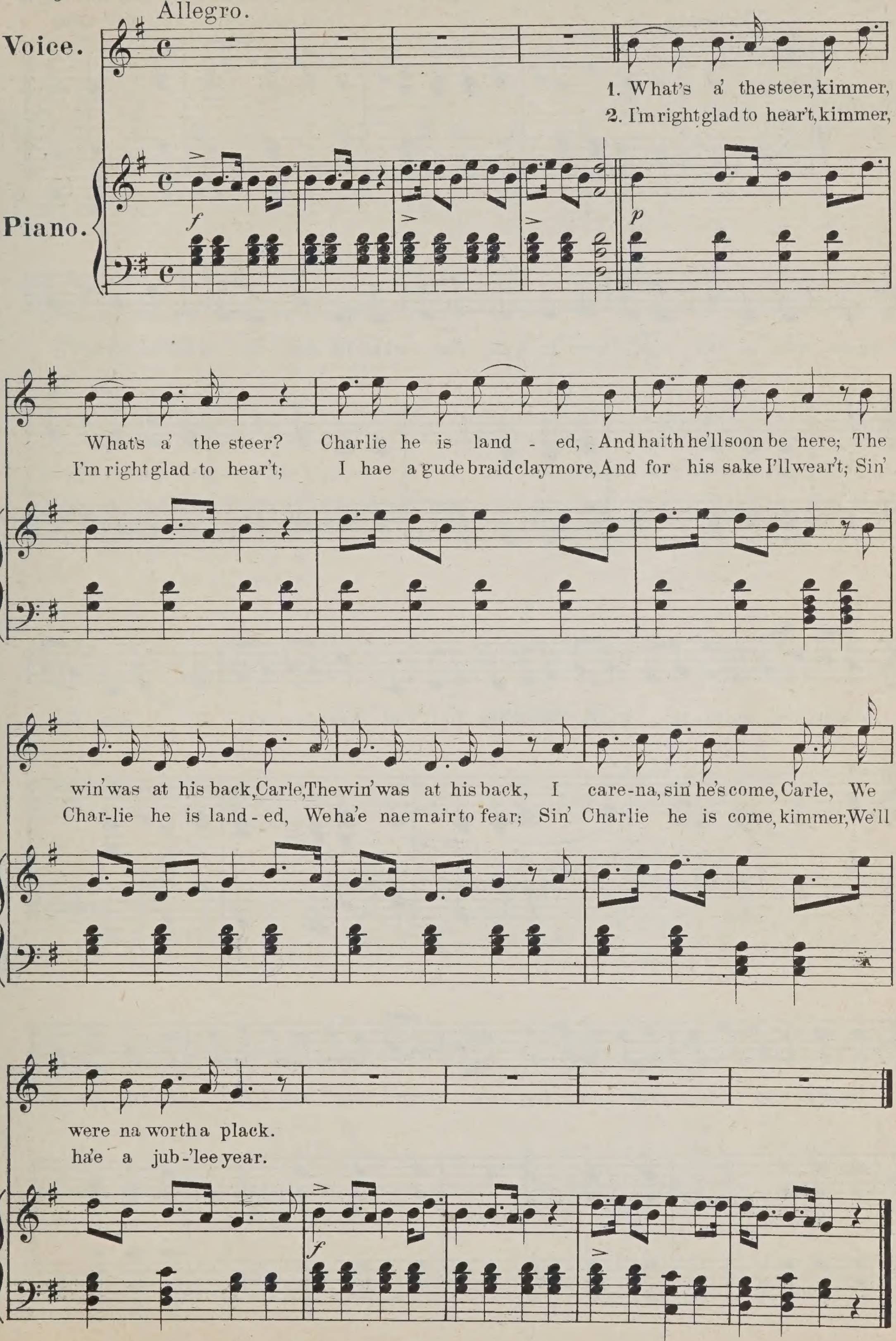

Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't. Mag - gie coost her head fu' heigh,
Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't. Dun-can sigh'd baith out an' in,
Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't. "Shall I, like a fool," quo' he,
Look'd a-sklent, and un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun-can stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the
Grat his een baith bleard and blin', Spak' o' loup-ing o'er a linn, Ha, ha, the
"For a haugh - ty hiz - zie dee? She may gae to France for me! Ha, ha, the
woo - in' o't.
woo - in' o't.
woo - in' o't."
f

4. How it comes let Doctors tell,
   Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
   Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O! her een, they spak' sic things,
   Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

5. Duncan was a lad o' grace,
   Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
   Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
   Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

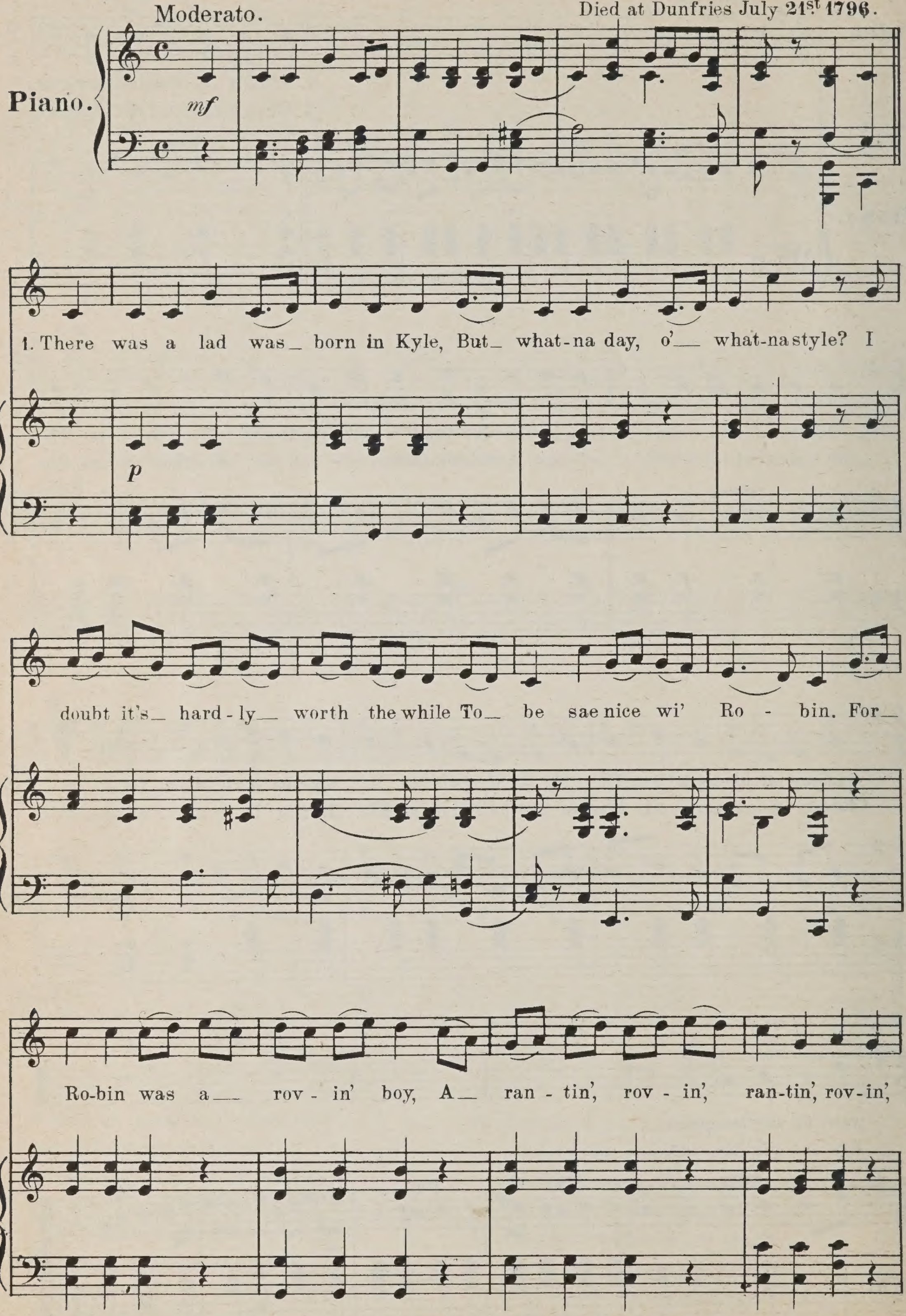
Anonymous.

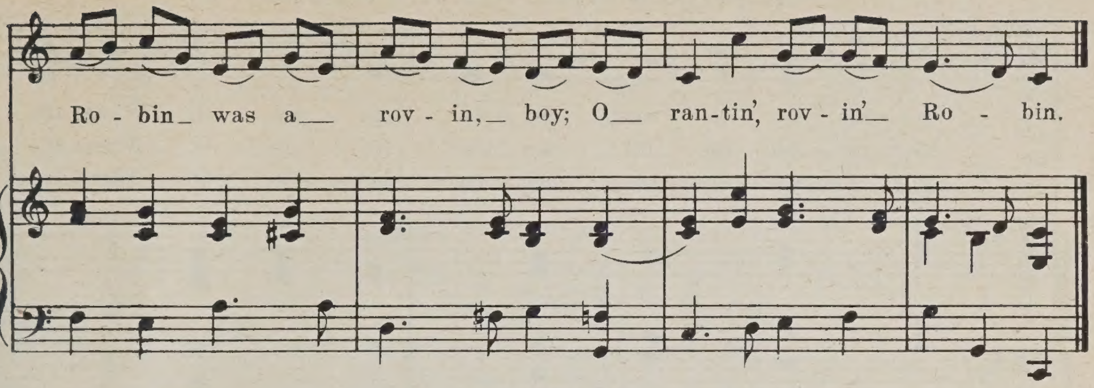

Allegro.
Voice.
Piano.
f
p
1. What's a' the steer, kimmer,
2. I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,
What's a' the steer? Charlie he is land - ed, And haith he'll soon be here; The
I'm right glad to hear't; I hae a gude braid claymore, And for his sake I'll wear't; Sin'
win' was at his back, Carle, The win' was at his back, I care-na, sin' he's come, Carle, We
Char-lie he is land - ed, We ha'e nae mair to fear; Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer, We'll
were na worth a plack.
ha'e a jub-'lee year.
f

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Air taken from an old pre-Reformation Song
"O gin ye were dead, guidman."

Words by Robert Burns.
Born near Ayr, January 25th 1759.
Died at Dunfries July 21st 1796.


Moderato.
Piano.
mf
1. There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day, o' what-na style? I
p
doubt it's hard-ly worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro-bin. For
Ro-bin was a rov-in' boy, A ran-tin', rov-in', ran-tin', rov-in',


Ro - bin was a rov - in, boy; O rantin', rov - in' Ro - bin.

2. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.
For Robin was, etc.

3. The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin."
For Robin was, etc.

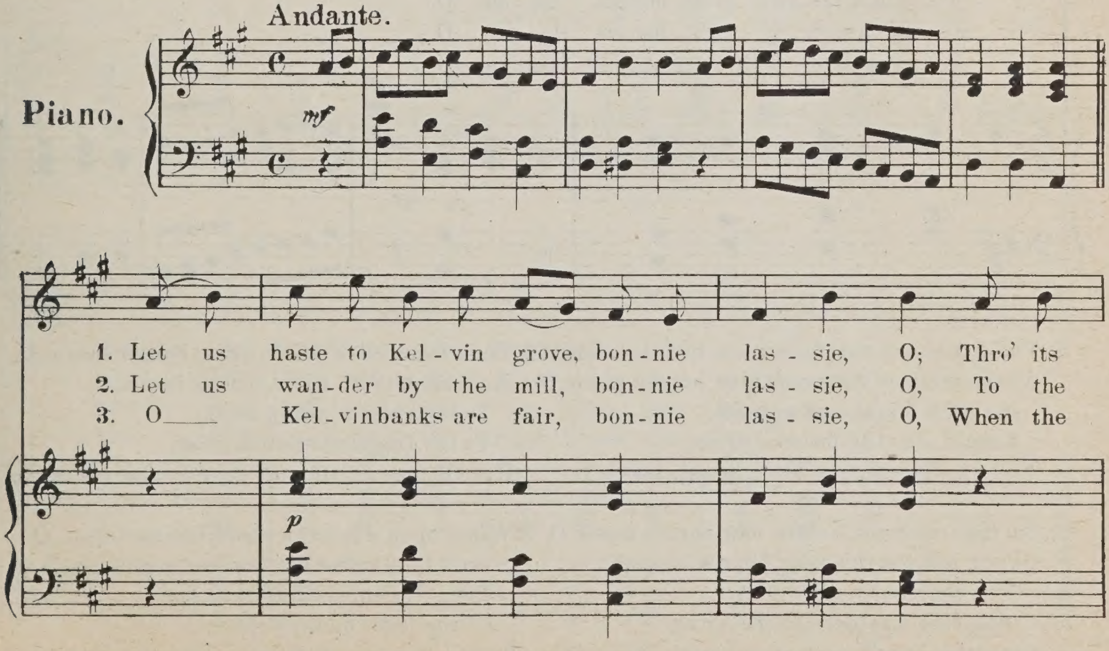
4. "He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."
For Robin was, etc.

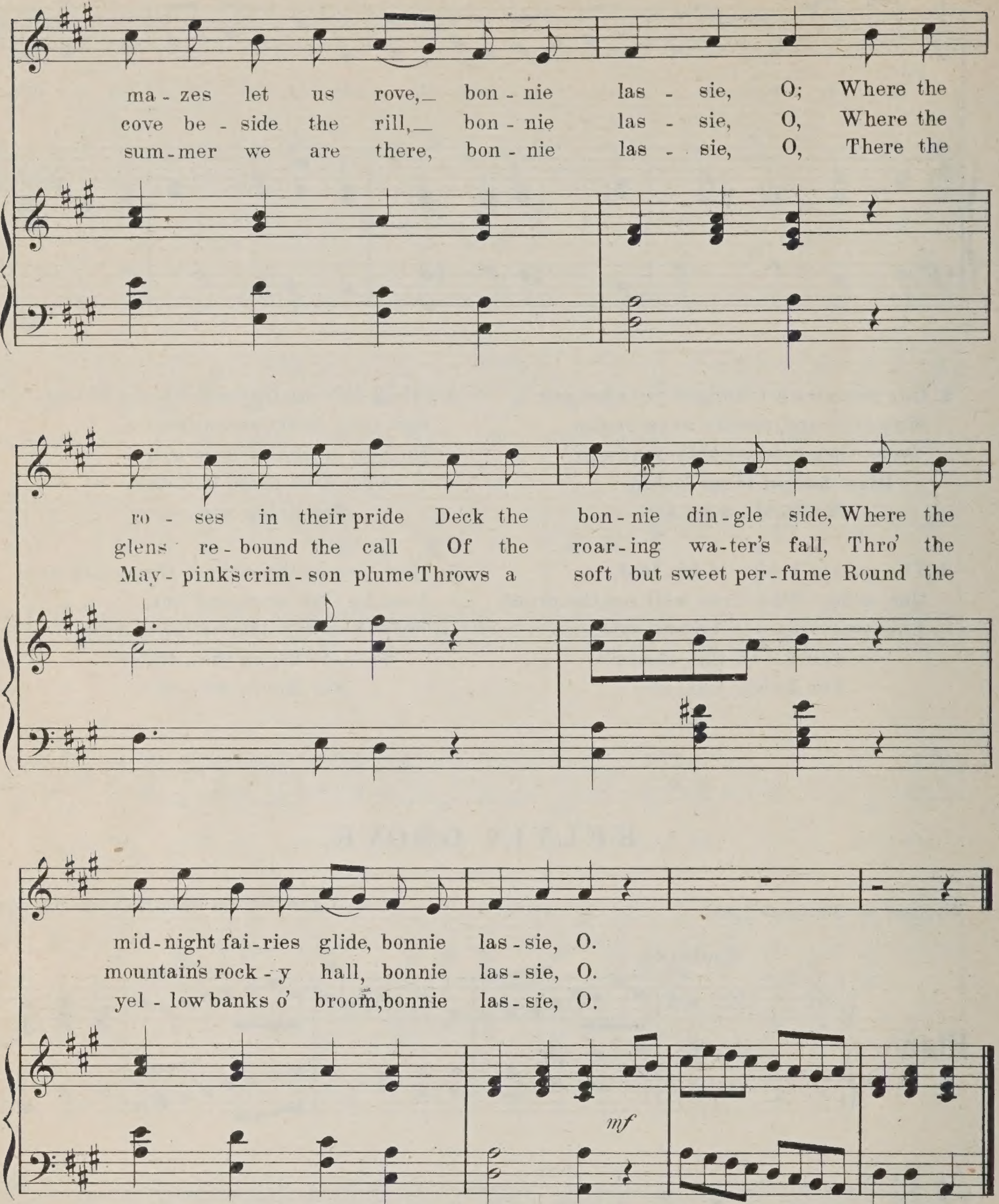
5. "But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin."
For Robin was, etc.

KELVIN GROVE.

Written by Thomas Lyle.

Air "O the shearin's no for you."


Andante.
Piano.
mf
p
1. Let us haste to Kel - vin grove, bon - nie las - sie, O; Thro' its
2. Let us wan - der by the mill, bon - nie las - sie, O, To the
3. O Kel - vin banks are fair, bon - nie las - sie, O, When the


ma - zes let us rove,_ bon - nie las - sie, O; Where the
cove be - side the rill,_ bon - nie las - sie, O, Where the
sum - mer we are there, bon - nie las - sie, O, There the
ro - ses in their pride Deck the bon - nie din - gle side, Where the
glens re - bound the call Of the roar - ing wa - ter's fall, Thro' the
May - pink's crim - son plume Throws a soft but sweet per - fume Round the
mid - night fai - ries glide, bonnie las - sie, O.
mountain's rock - y hall, bonnie las - sie, O.
yel - low banks o' broom, bonnie las - sie, O.
mf

4. Tho' I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

5. But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

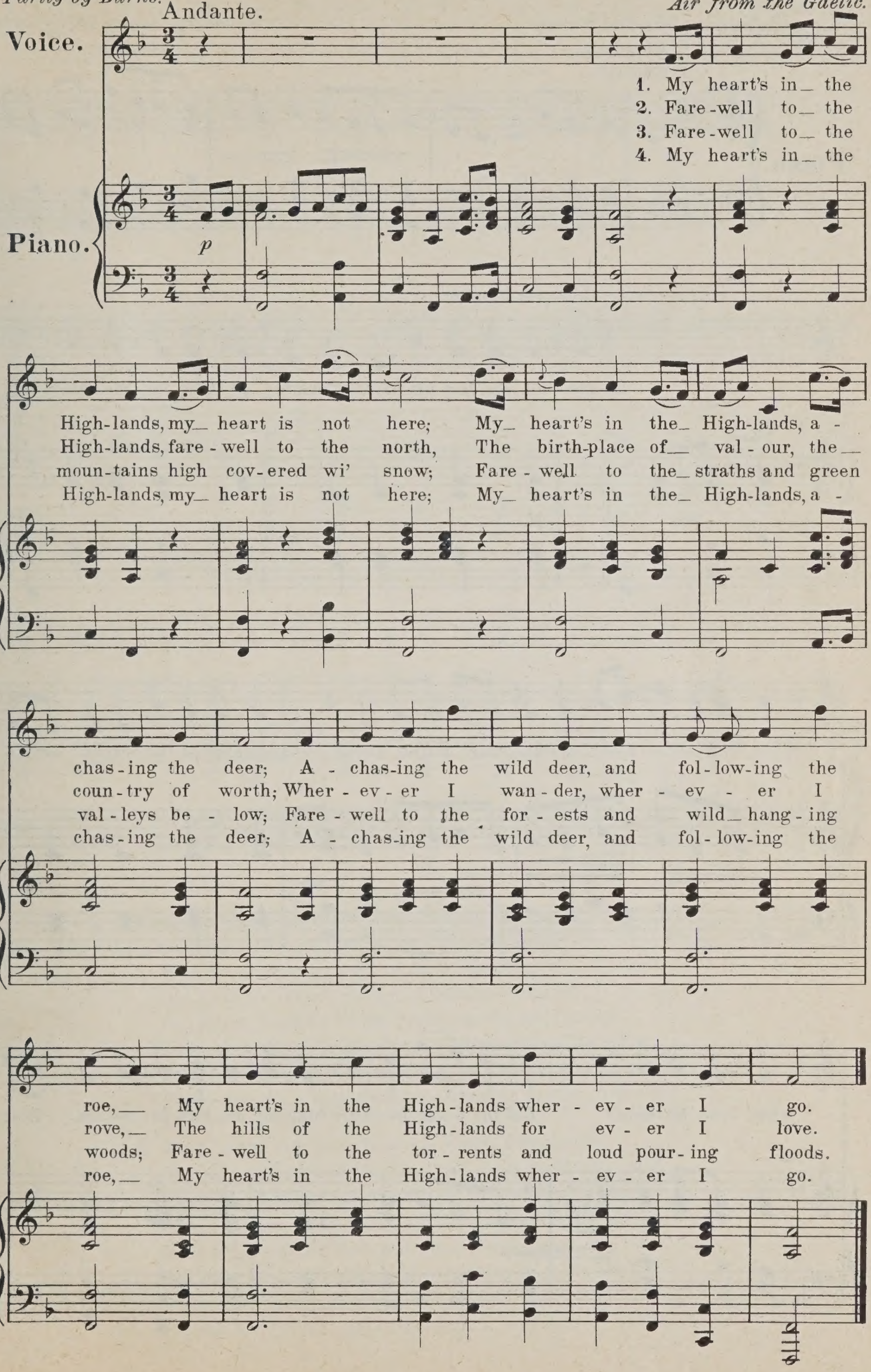
6. Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

7. When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Partly by Burns.

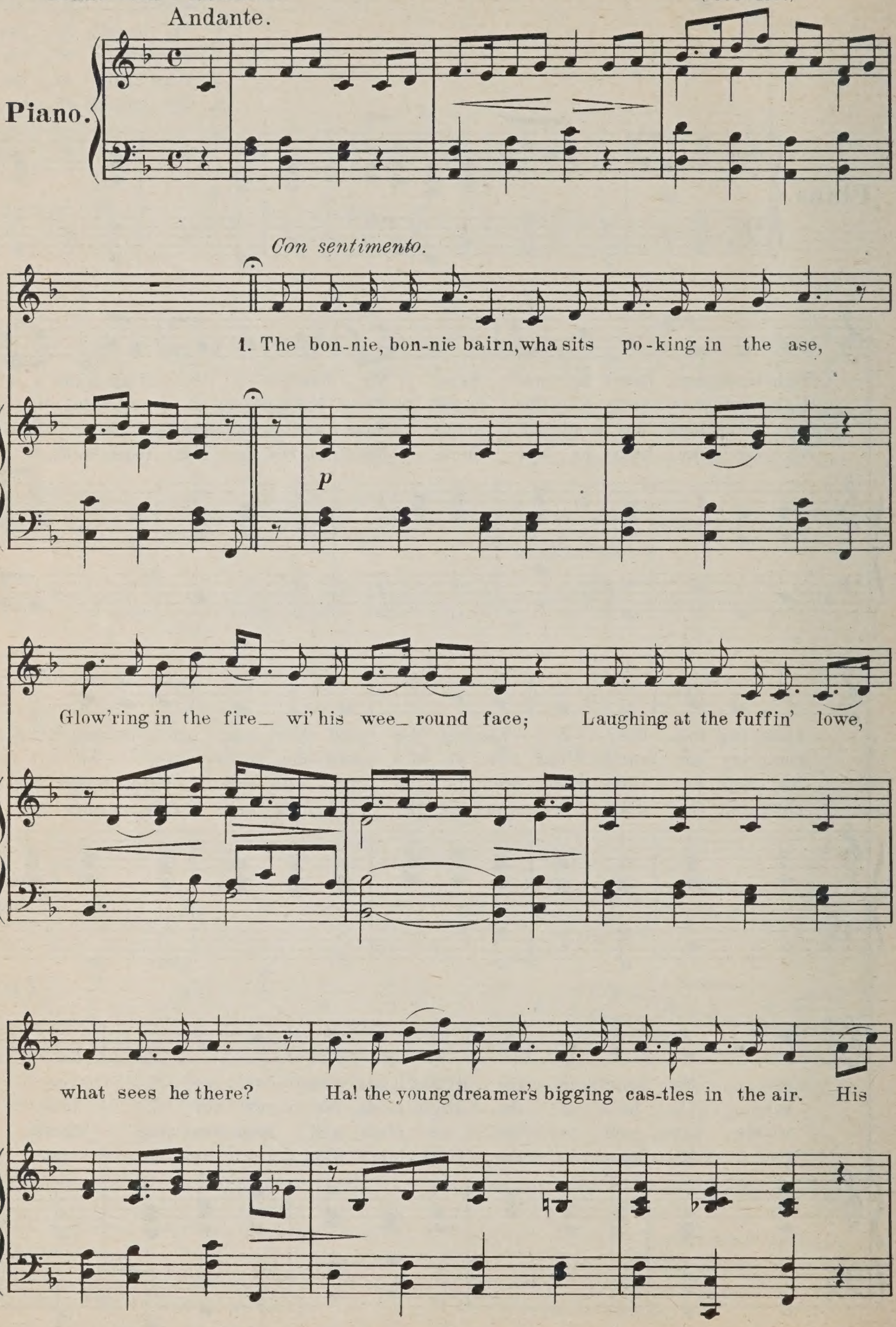
Air from the Gaelic.

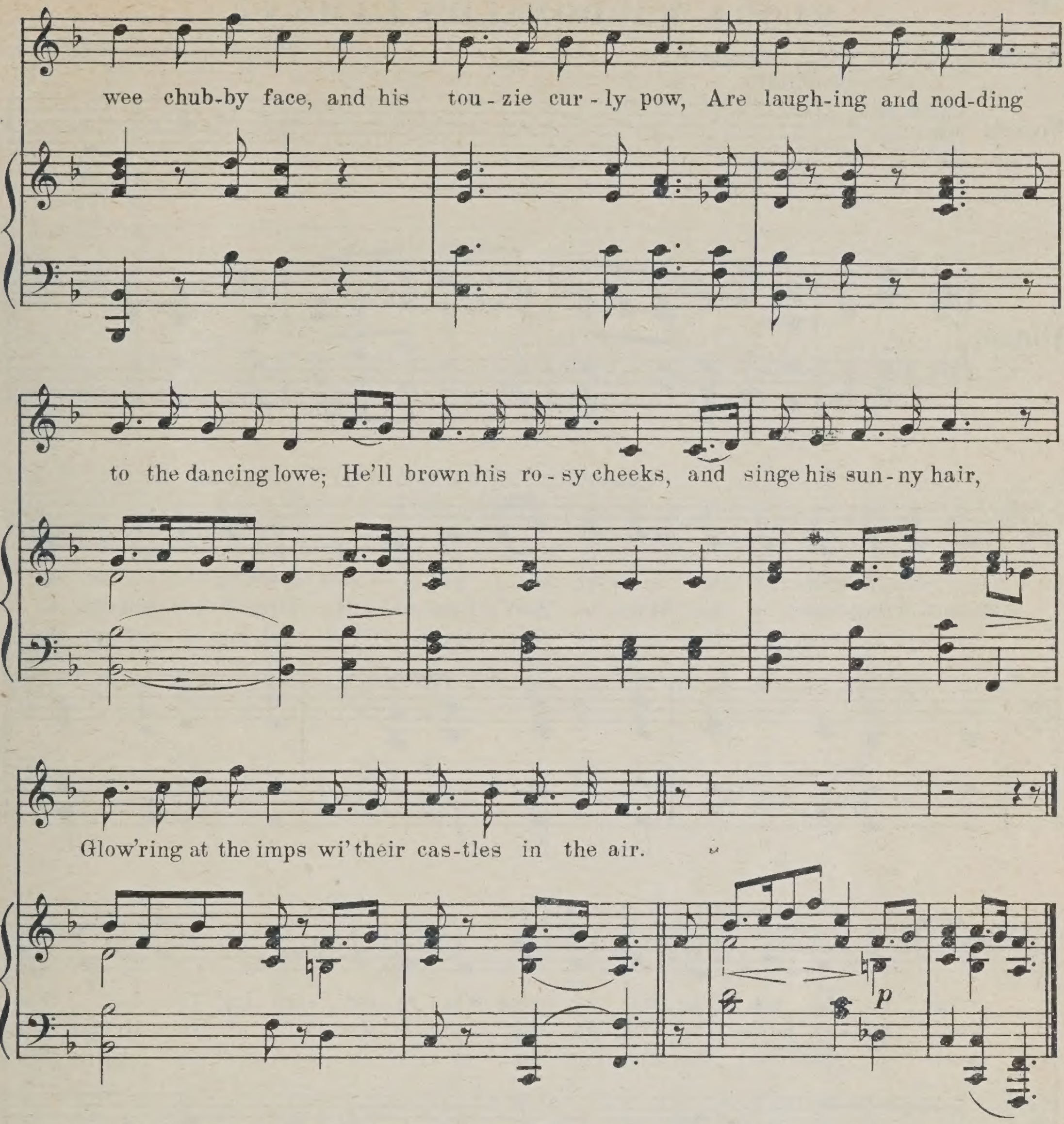

Andante.
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. My heart's in_ the
2. Fare-well to_ the
3. Fare-well to_ the
4. My heart's in_ the
High-lands, my_ heart is not here; My_ heart's in the_ High-lands, a -
High-lands, fare - well to the north, The birth-place of_ val - our, the_
moun-tains high cov-ered wi' snow; Fare - well to the_ straths and green
High-lands, my_ heart is not here; My_ heart's in the_ High-lands, a -
chas - ing the deer; A - chas-ing the wild deer, and fol - low-ing the
coun - try of worth; Wher - ev - er I wan - der, wher - ev - er I
val - leys be - low; Fare - well to the for - ests and wild_ hang - ing
chas - ing the deer; A - chas-ing the wild deer, and fol - low-ing the
roe,_ My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I go.
rove,_ The hills of the High-lands for ev - er I love.
woods; Fare - well to the tor - rents and loud pour - ing floods.
roe,_ My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I go.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Air modification of the Old Melody
"Bonnie Jean O'Aberdeen."

Words by James Ballantine.
(1808-1877)


Andante.
Piano.
Con sentimento.
1. The bon-nie, bon-nie bairn, wha sits po-king in the ase,
p
Glow'ring in the fire_ wi' his wee_ round face;
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe,
what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging cas-tles in the air.
His

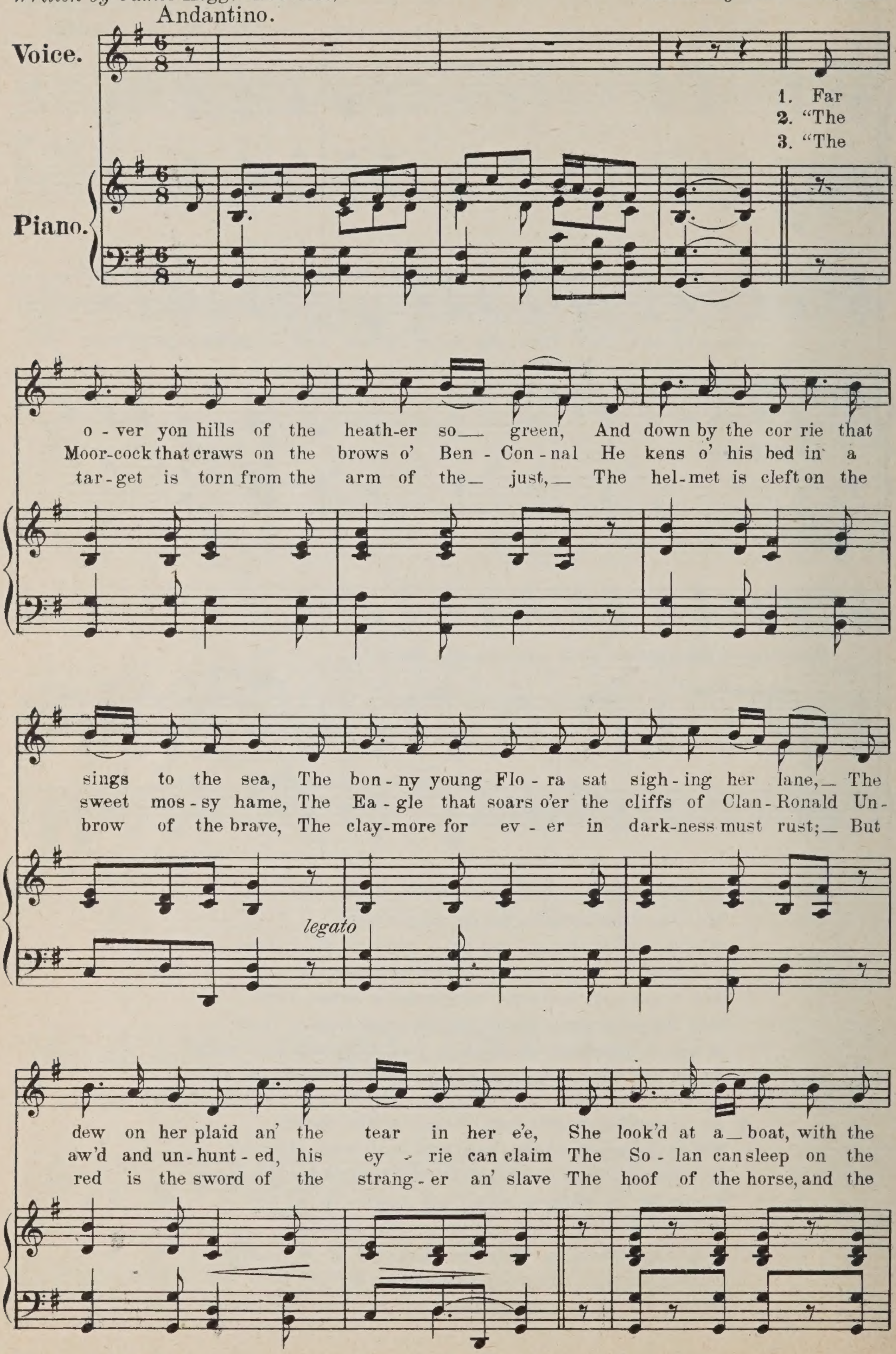

wee chub-by face, and his tou-zie cur-ly pow, Are laugh-ing and nod-ding
to the dancing lowe; He'll brown his ro-sy cheeks, and singe his sun-ny hair,
Glow'ring at the imps wi' their cas-tles in the air.
p

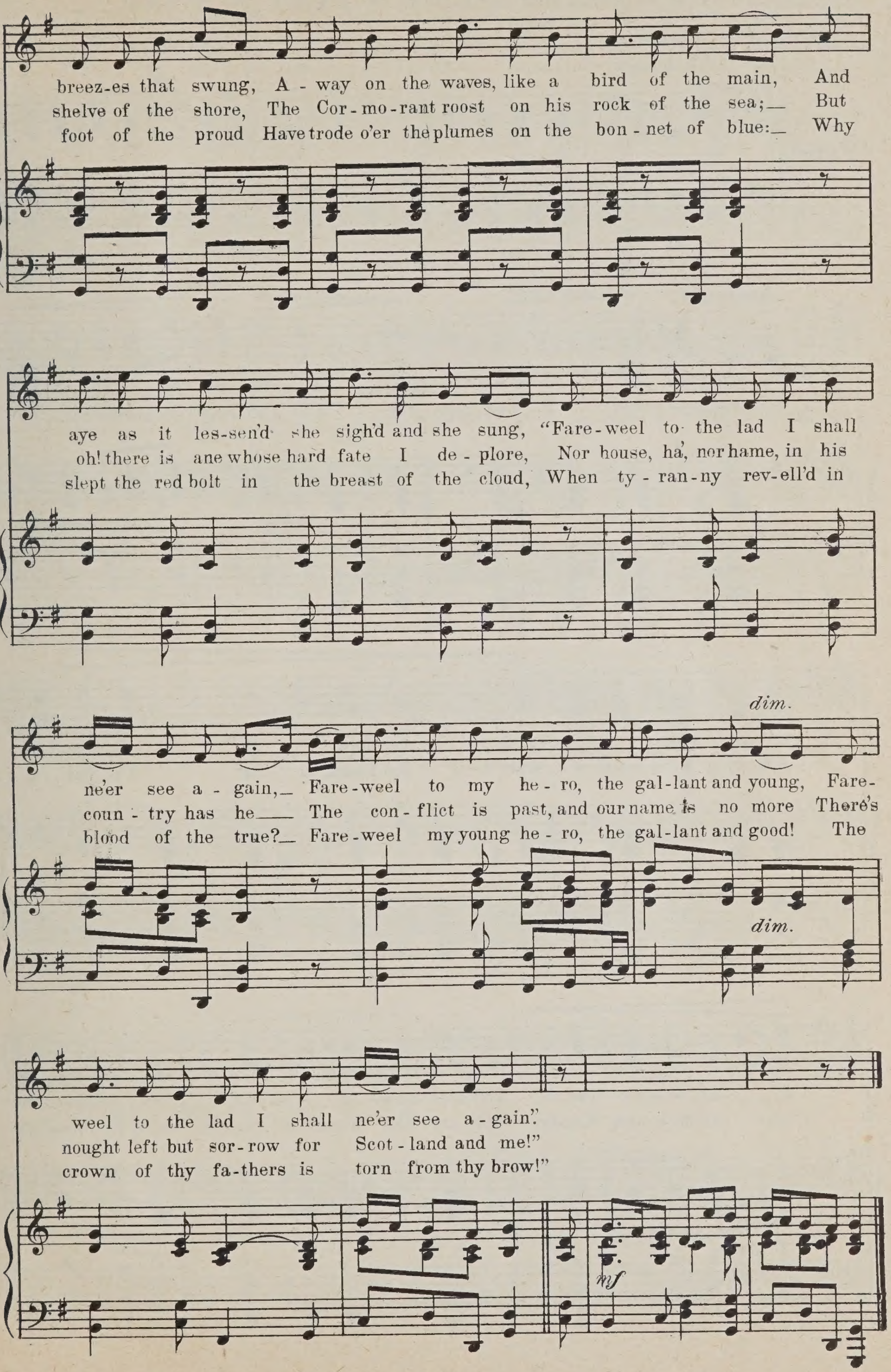
2. He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!
He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doun!
Worlds whombling up and doun, bleezing wi' a flare,—
See how he loups! as they glimmer in the air.
For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men;
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,
There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

3. Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld:
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, O pray that daddy Care,
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air!
He'll glower at the fire! and keek at the light!
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by Night;
Aulder een than his are glamoured by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi' castles in the air!

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

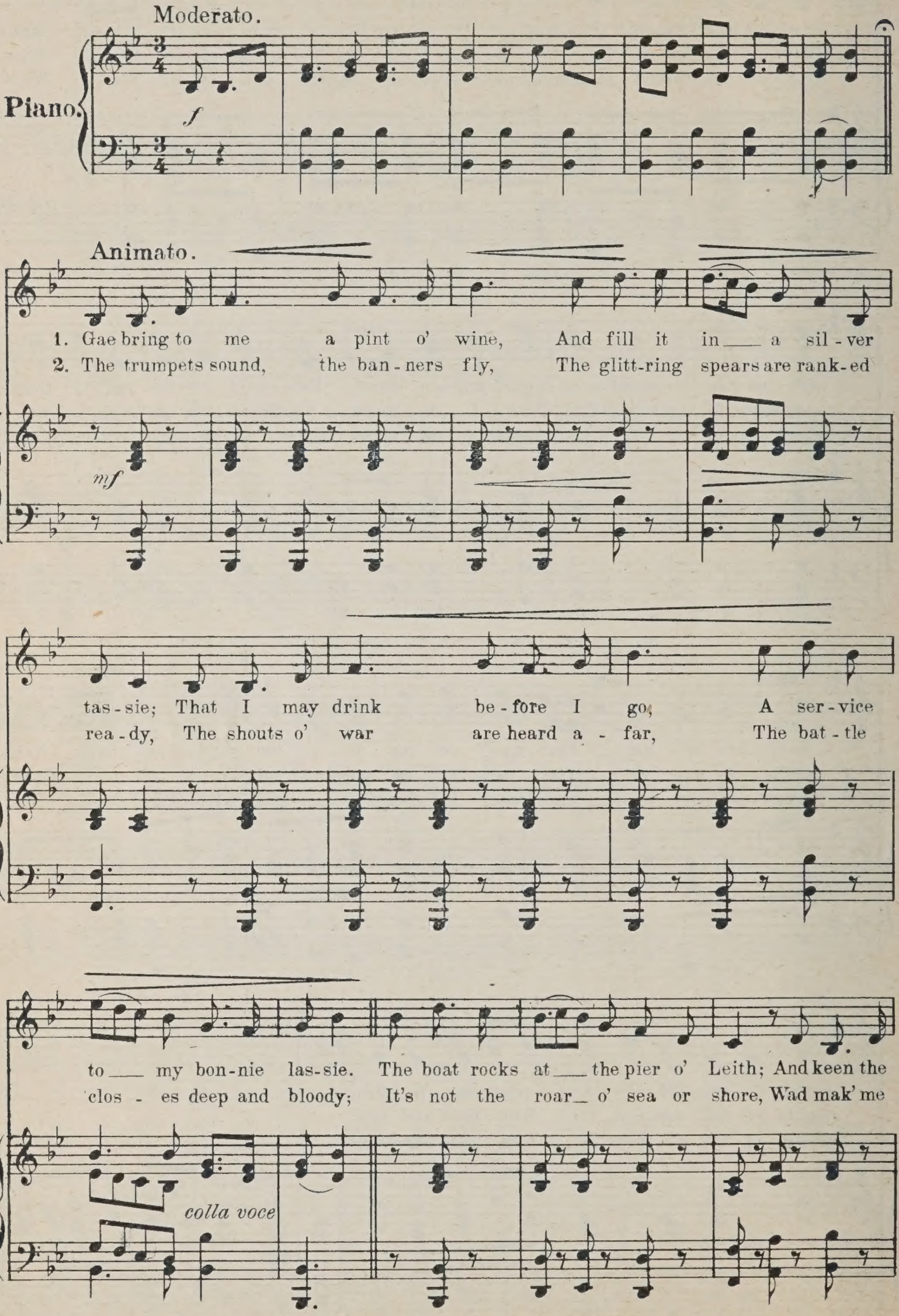
Written by James Hogg. (1770-1835) *Music by Neil Gow, Jun.*

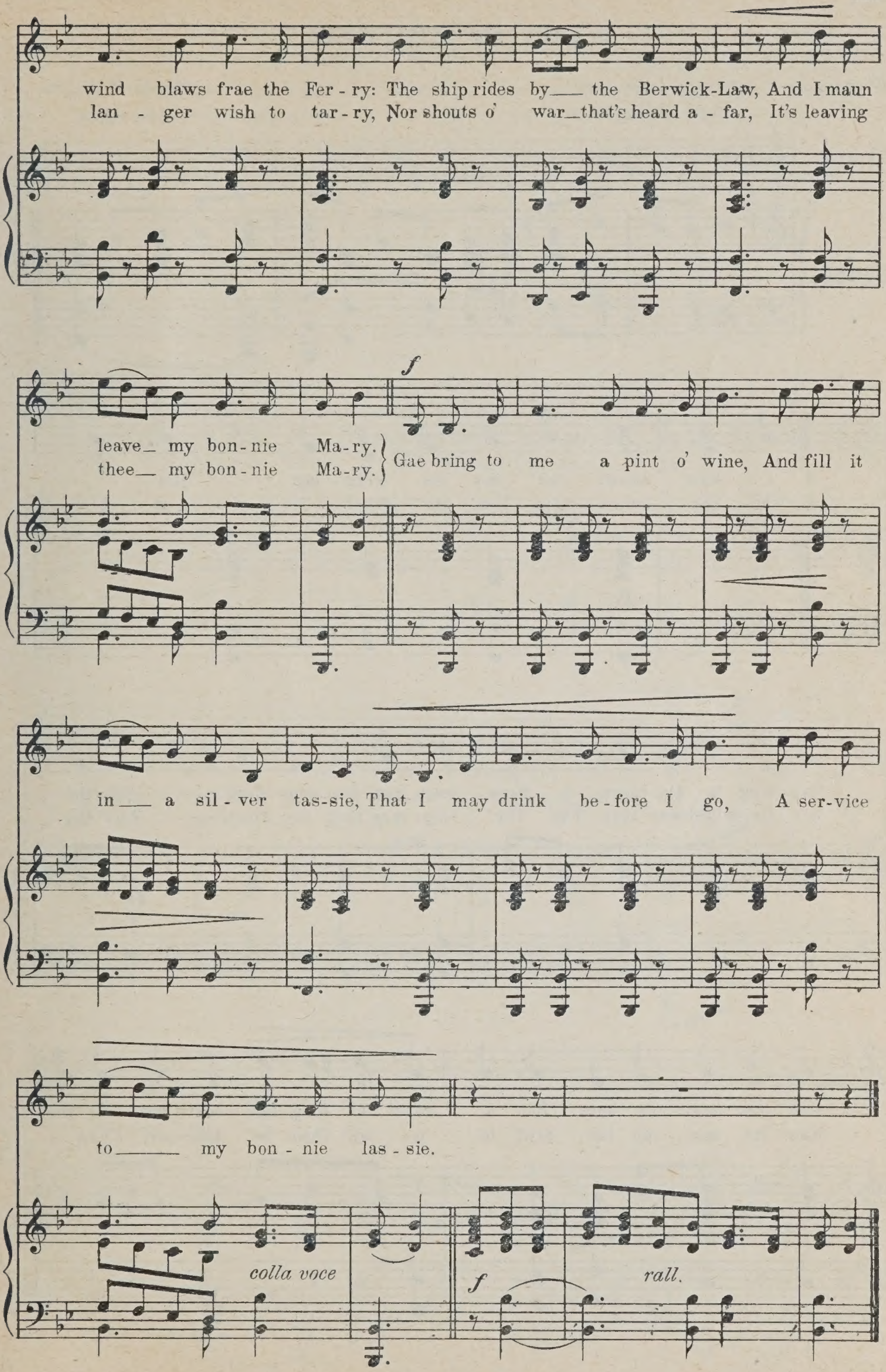

Andantino.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Far o-ver yon hills of the heath-er so green, And down by the cor rie that sings to the sea, The bon-ny young Flo-ra sat sigh-ing her lane, The dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e, She look'd at a boat, with the
2. "The Moor-cock that craws on the brows o' Ben-Con-nal He kens o' his bed in a sweet mos-sy hame, The Ea-gle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald Un-aw'd and un-hunt-ed, his ey-rie can claim The So-lan can sleep on the
3. "The tar-get is torn from the arm of the just, The hel-met is cleft on the brow of the brave, The clay-more for ev-er in dark-ness must rust; But red is the sword of the strang-er an' slave The hoof of the horse, and the
legato


breez-es that swung, A - way on the waves, like a bird of the main, And
shelve of the shore, The Cor-mo-rant roost on his rock of the sea;__ But
foot of the proud Have trode o'er the plumes on the bon-net of blue:__ Why
aye as it les-sen'd she sigh'd and she sung, "Fare-weel to the lad I shall
oh! there is ane whose hard fate I de - plore, Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his
slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud, When ty - ran-ny rev-ell'd in
dim.
ne'er see a - gain,_ Fare-weel to my he - ro, the gal-lant and young, Fare-
coun - try has he___ The con-flict is past, and our name is no more There's
blood of the true?_ Fare-weel my young he - ro, the gal-lant and good! The
dim.
weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain."
nought left but sor-row for Scot - land and me!"
crown of thy fa-thers is torn from thy brow!"
mf

GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

Words by Robert Burns.

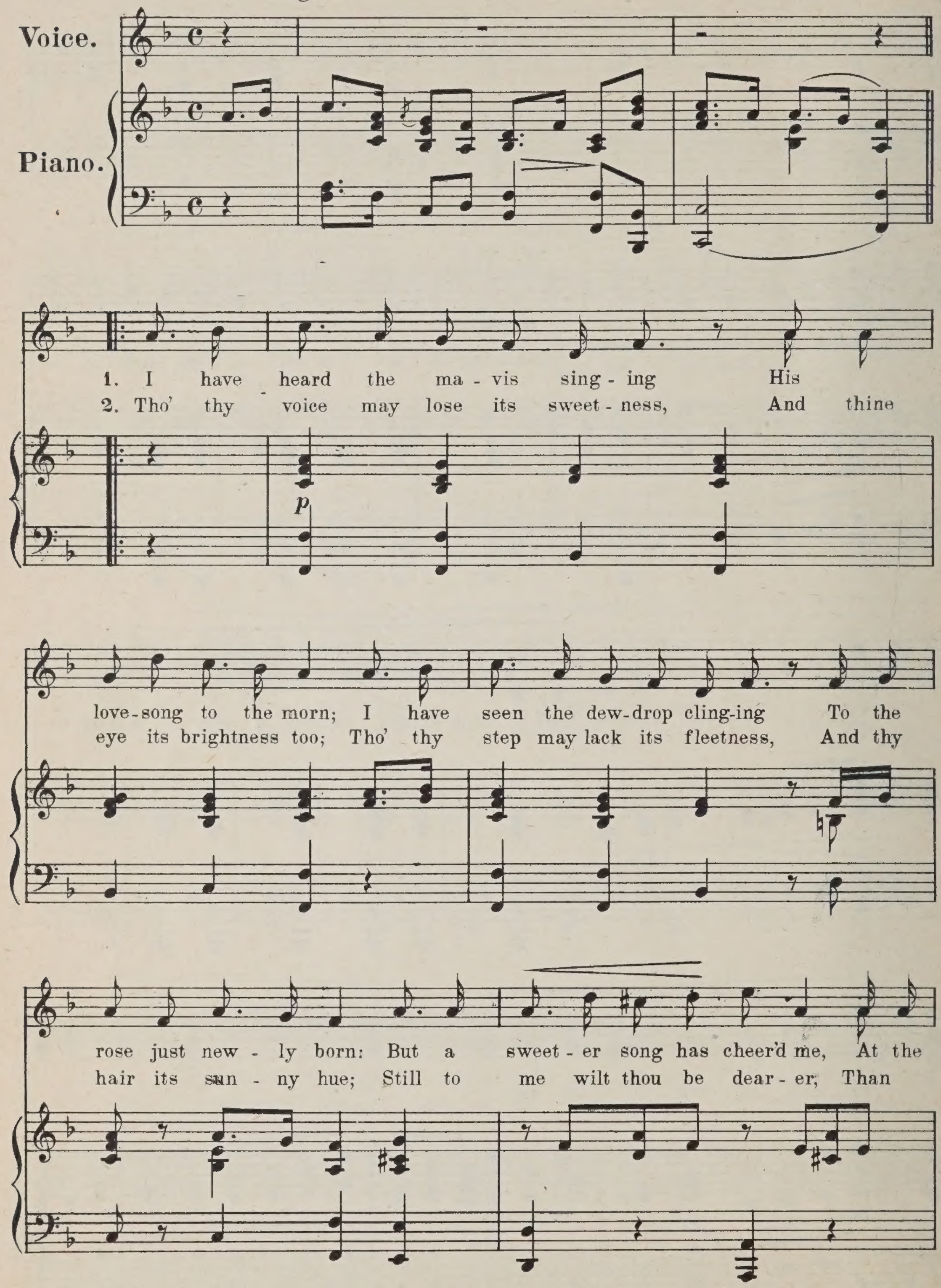

Moderato.
Piano.
f
Animato.
mf
1. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in ___ a sil-ver tas-sie; That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vice to ___ my bon-nie las-sie. The boat rocks at ___ the pier o' Leith; And keen the
2. The trumpets sound, the ban-ners fly, The glitt-ring spears are rank-ed rea-dy, The shouts o' war are heard a-far, The bat-tle clos-es deep and bloody; It's not the roar_ o' sea or shore, Wad mak' me
colla voce

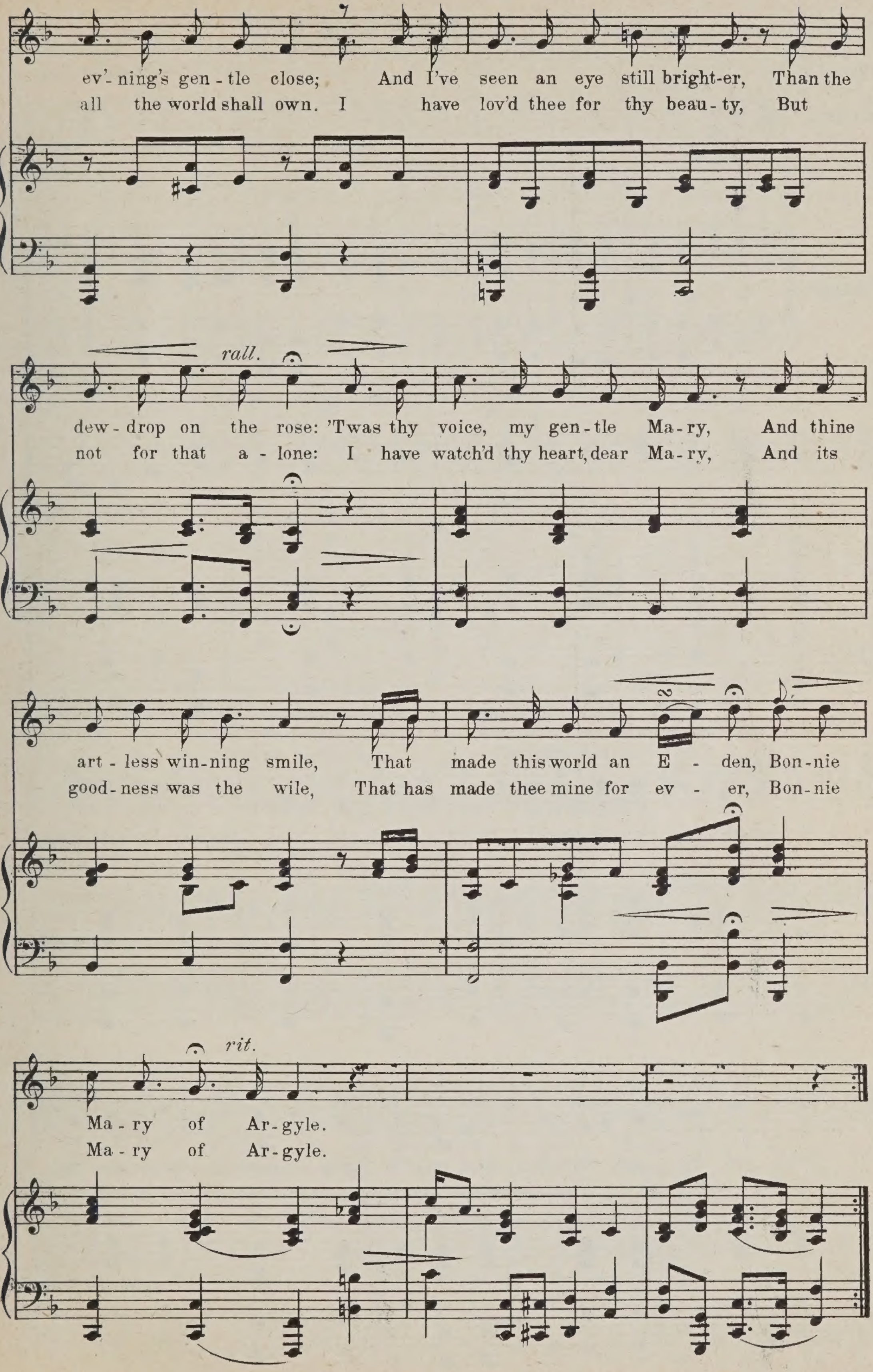

wind blaws frae the Fer - ry: The ship rides by___ the Berwick-Law, And I maun
lan - ger wish to tar - ry, Nor shouts o' war__that's heard a - far, It's leaving
leave__ my bon - nie Ma - ry.
thee__ my bon - nie Ma - ry.
Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it
in___ a sil - ver tas-sie, That I may drink be - fore I go, A ser-vice
to_____ my bon - nie las - sie.
f
colla voce
f
rall.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

Written by C. Jefferys. (1807-1865) | *Air by S. Nelson.* (1800-1862)

Poco Allegretto.

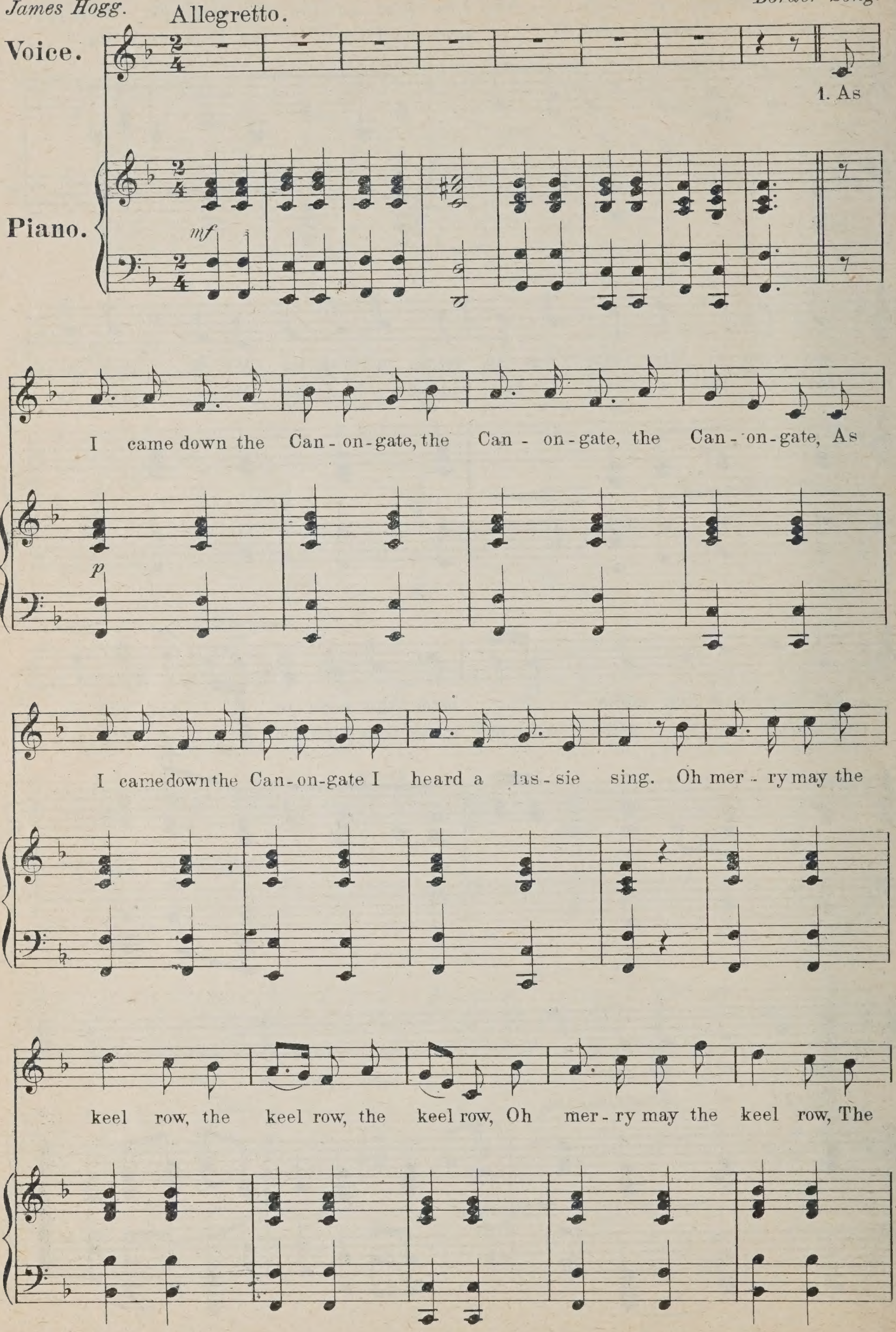

Voice.
Piano.
p
1. I have heard the ma - vis sing - ing His
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweet - ness, And thine
love - song to the morn; I have seen the dew - drop cling - ing To the
eye its brightness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy
rose just new - ly born: But a sweet - er song has cheer'd me, At the
hair its sun - ny hue; Still to me wilt thou be dear - er, Than

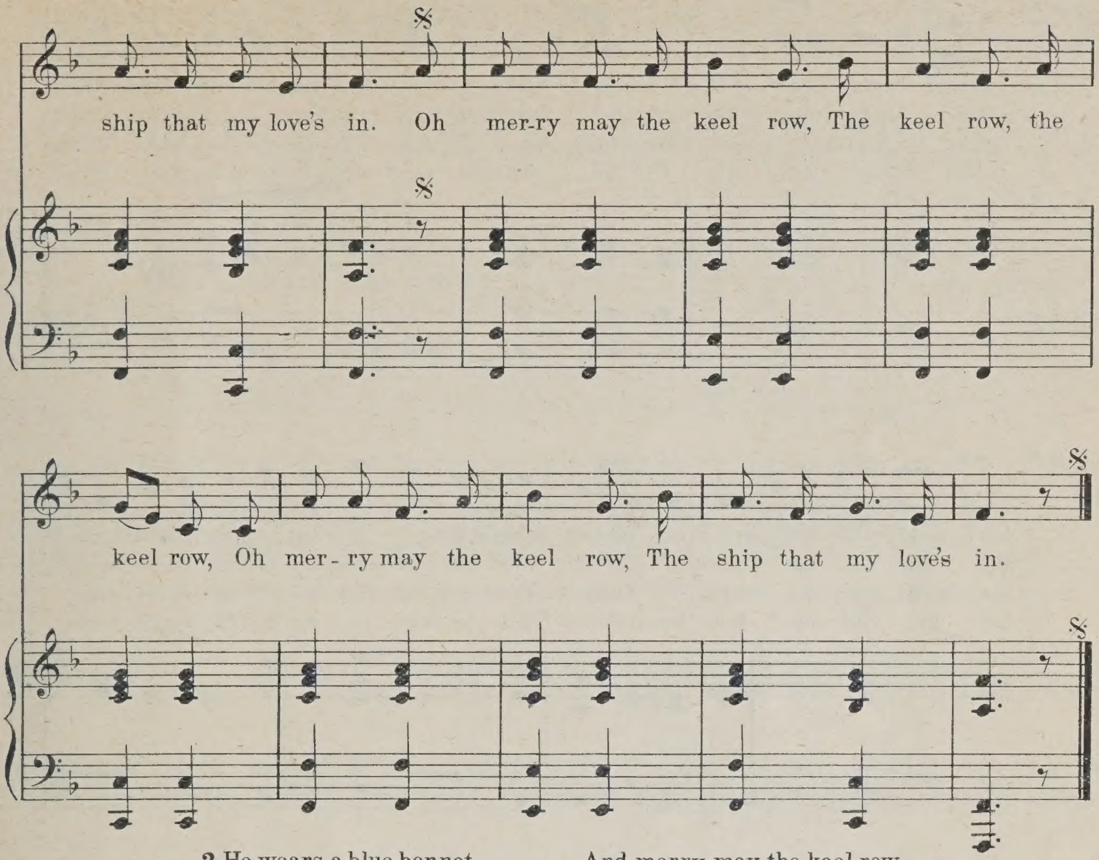

ev'-ning's gen-tle close; And I've seen an eye still bright-er, Than the
all the world shall own. I have lov'd thee for thy beau-ty, But
rall.
dew-drop on the rose: 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine
not for that a-lone: I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma-ry, And its
art-less win-ning smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-nie
good-ness was the wile, That has made thee mine for ev-er, Bon-nie
rit.
Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.
Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

James Hogg.

Border Song.


Allegretto.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
p
1. As
I came down the Can - on - gate, the Can - on - gate, the Can - on - gate, As
I came down the Can - on - gate I heard a las - sie sing. Oh mer - ry may the
keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh mer - ry may the keel row, The

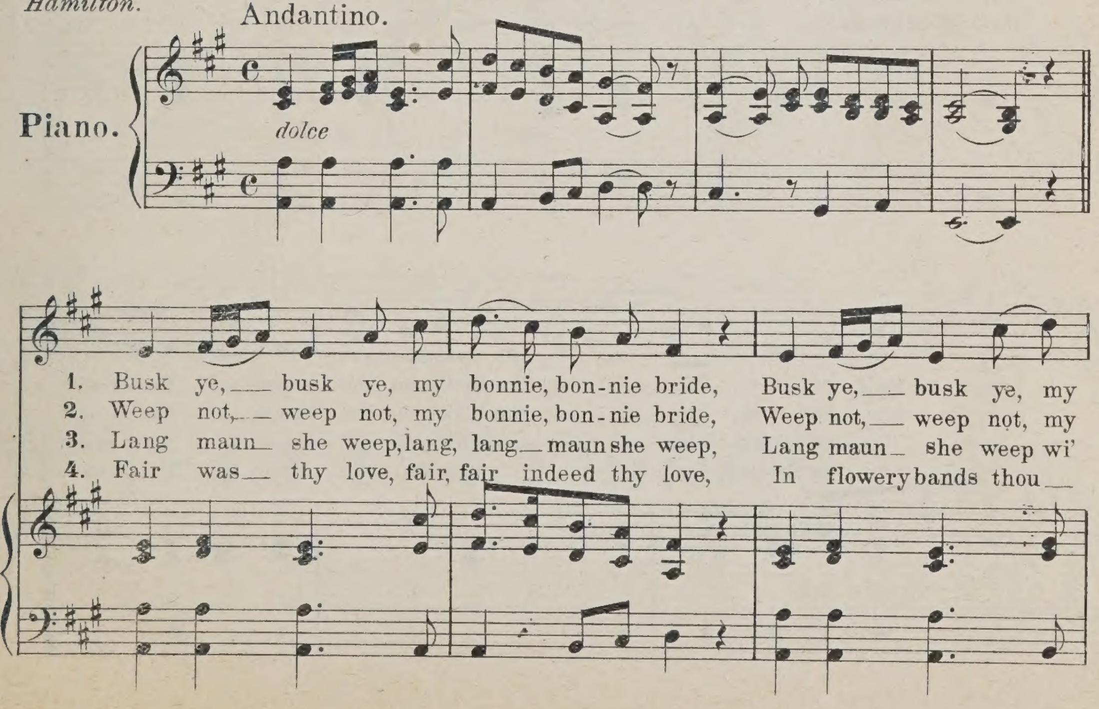

ship that my love's in. Oh mer-ry may the keel row, The keel row, the
keel row, Oh mer-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

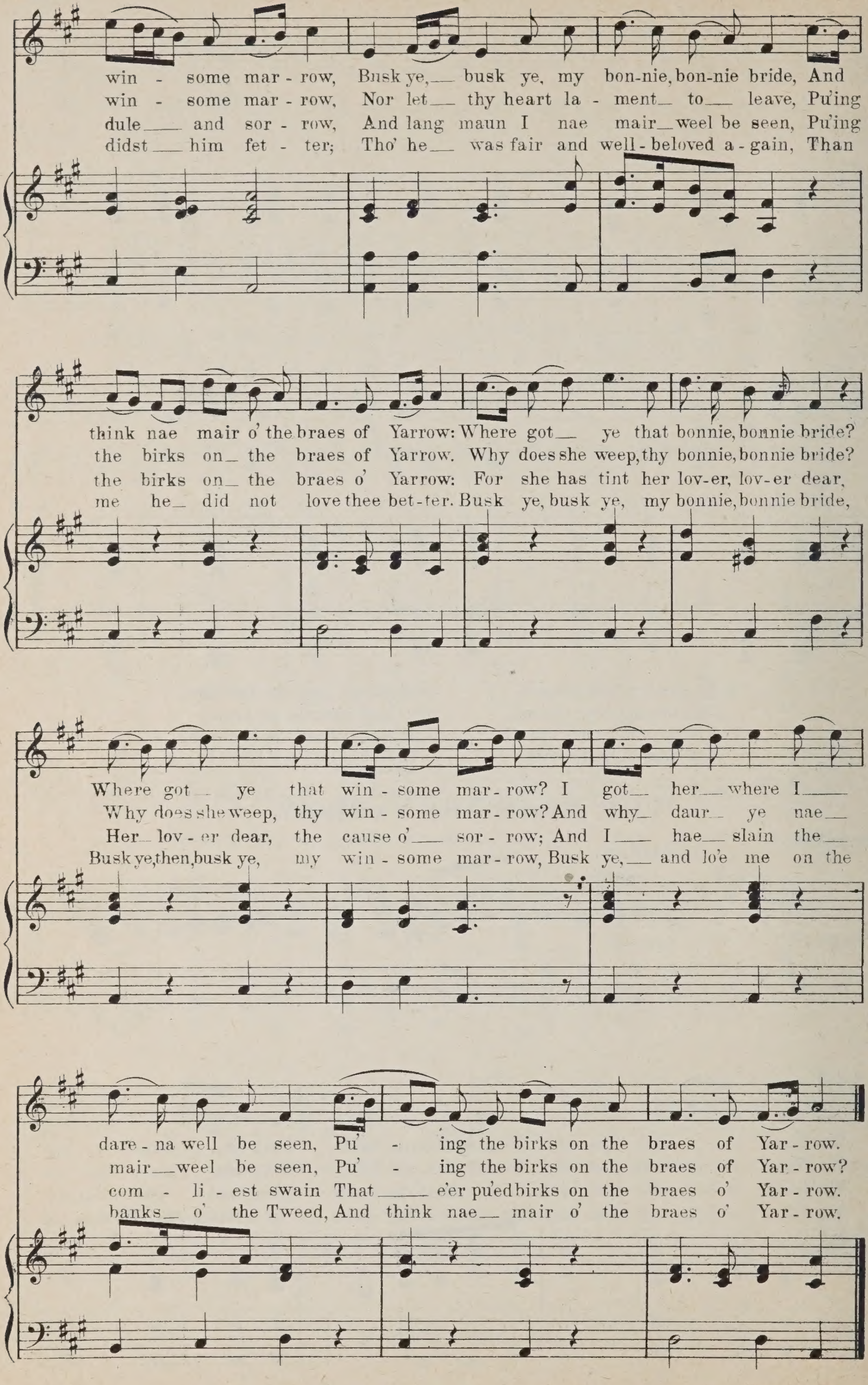
2. He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
A snaw-white rose upon it,
A dimple in his chin;

And merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And merry may the keel row
The ship that my love's in.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Hamilton.

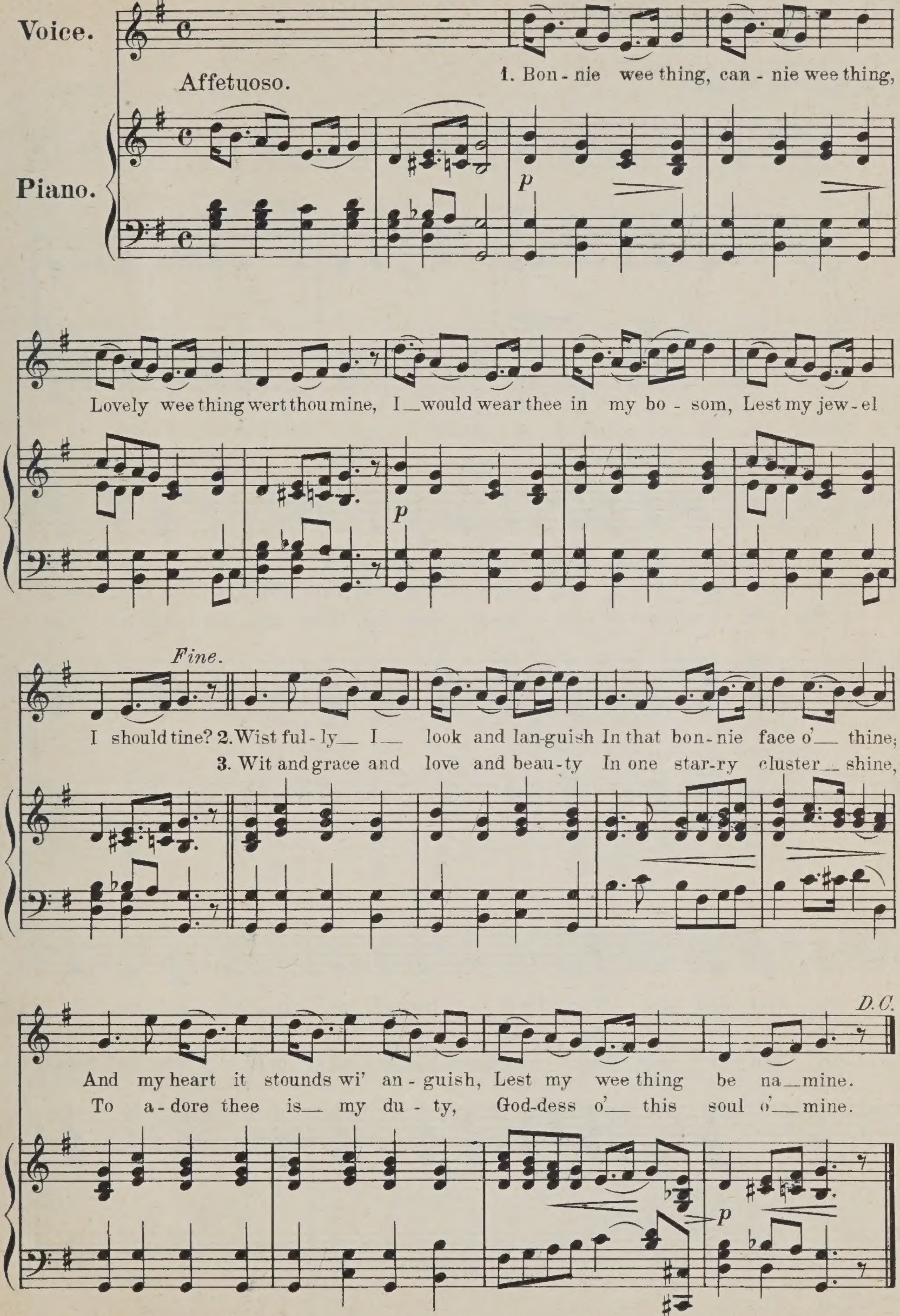

Andantino.
Piano.
dolce
1. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bon-nie bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my
2. Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bon-nie bride, Weep not, weep not, my
3. Lang maun she weep, lang, lang maun she weep, Lang maun she weep wi'
4. Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love, In flowery bands thou


win - some mar - row, Busk ye,__ busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride, And
win - some mar - row, Nor let__ thy heart la - ment__ to__ leave, Pu'ing
dule__ and sor - row, And lang maun I nae mair__weel be seen, Pu'ing
didst__ him fet - ter; Tho' he__ was fair and well-beloved a-gain, Than
think nae mair o' the braes of Yarrow: Where got__ ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
the birks on__ the braes of Yarrow. Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
the birks on__ the braes o' Yarrow: For she has tint her lov-er, lov-er dear,
me he__ did not love thee bet-ter. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Where got__ ye that win - some mar - row? I got__ her__ where I__
Why does she weep, thy win - some mar - row? And why__ daur__ ye nae__
Her__ lov - er dear, the cause o'__ sor - row; And I__ hae__ slain the__
Busk ye, then, busk ye, my win - some mar - row, Busk ye,__ and lo'e me on the
dare - na well be seen, Pu' - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row.
mair__weel be seen, Pu' - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row?
com - li - est swain That__ e'er pu'ed birks on the braes o' Yar - row.
banks__ o' the Tweed, And think nae__ mair o' the braes o' Yar - row.

BONNIE WEE THING.

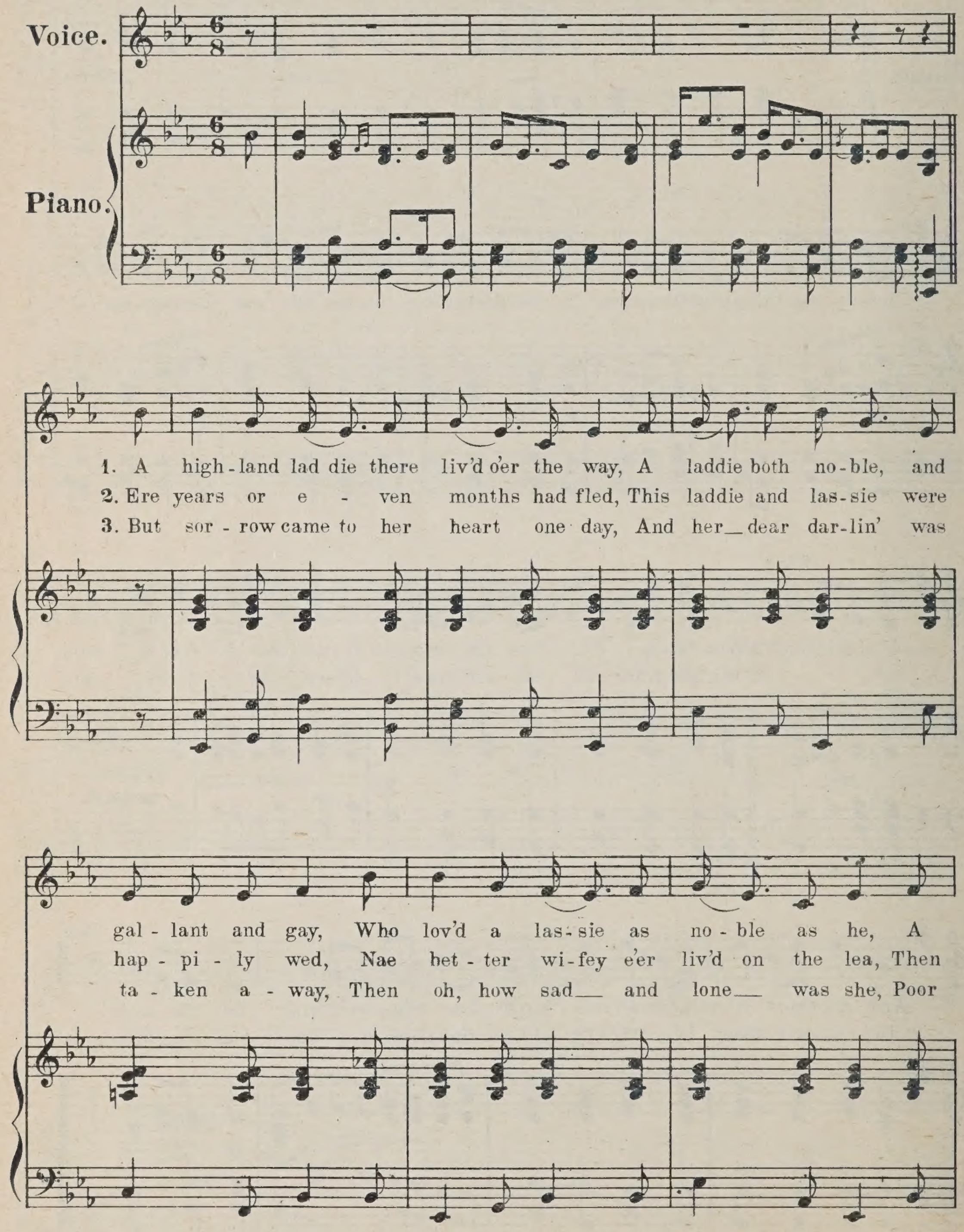
Words by Burns.

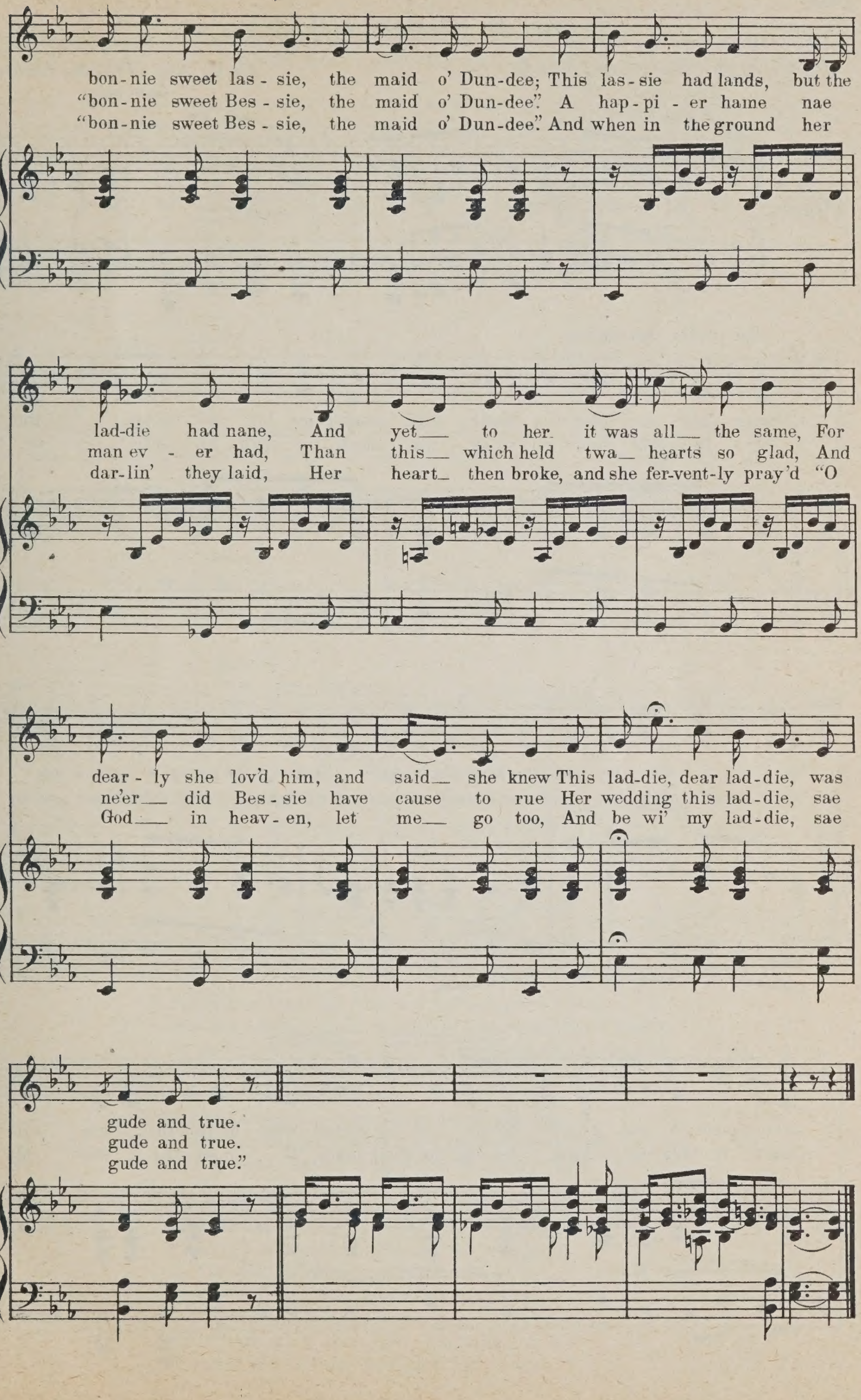
Air (1627-1629?)


Voice.
Piano.
Affetuoso.
p
1. Bon-nie wee thing, can-nie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing wert thou mine, I __ would wear thee in my bo-som, Lest my jew-el
Fine.
I should tine? 2. Wist ful-ly __ I __ look and lan-guish In that bon-nie face o' __ thine;
3. Wit and grace and love and beau-ty In one star-ry cluster __ shine,
D.C.
And my heart it stounds wi' an-guish, Lest my wee thing be na __ mine.
To a-dore thee is __ my du-ty, God-dess o' __ this soul o' __ mine.

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE.

Words by Arabella Root. *Music by J. L. Gilbert.*

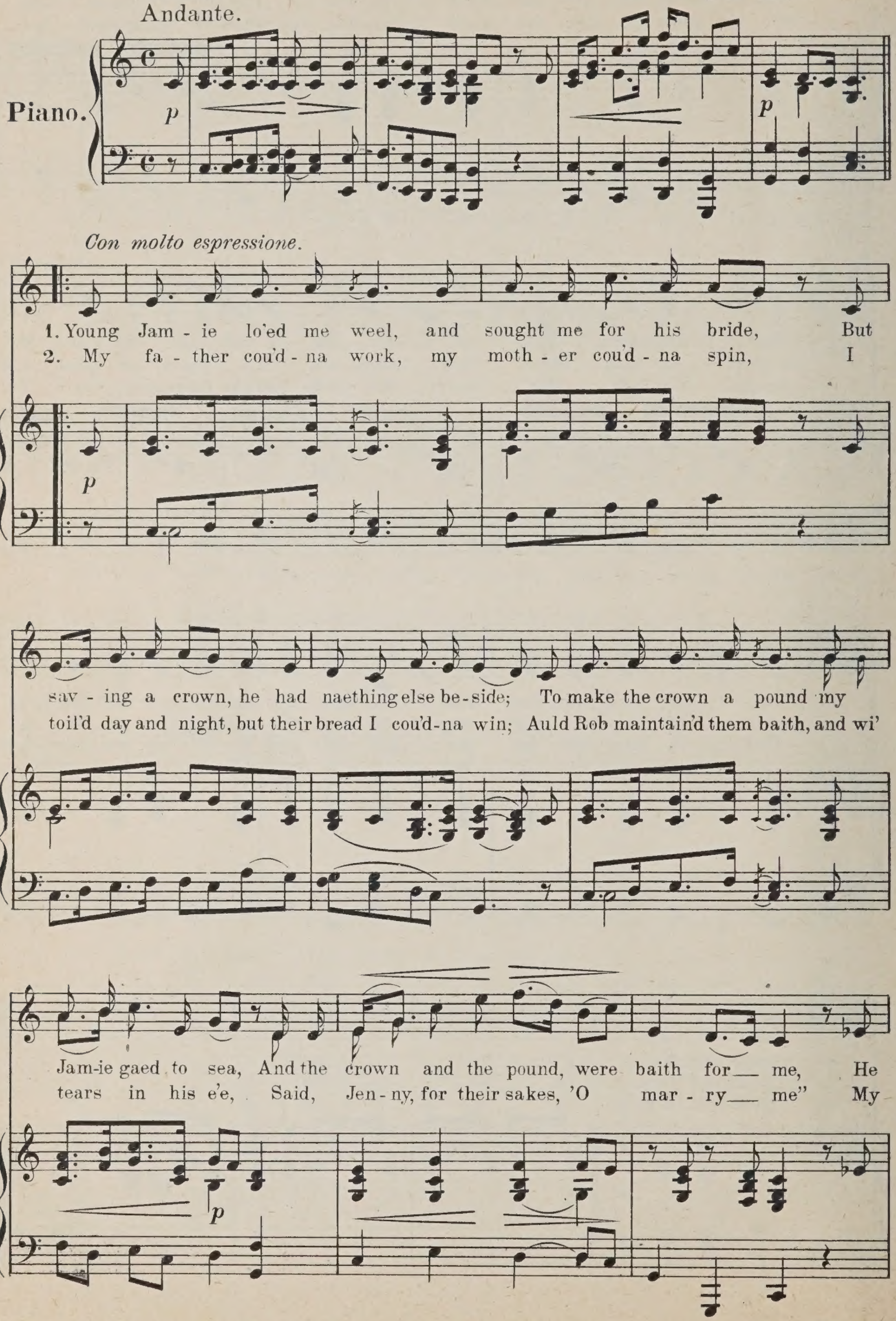

Voice.
Piano.
1. A high-land lad die there liv'd o'er the way, A laddie both no-ble, and gal-lant and gay, Who lov'd a las-sie as no-ble as he, A
2. Ere years or e - ven months had fled, This laddie and las-sie were hap-pi-ly wed, Nae bet-ter wi-fey e'er liv'd on the lea, Then
3. But sor-row came to her heart one day, And her_dear dar-lin' was ta-ken a-way, Then oh, how sad_ and lone_ was she, Poor

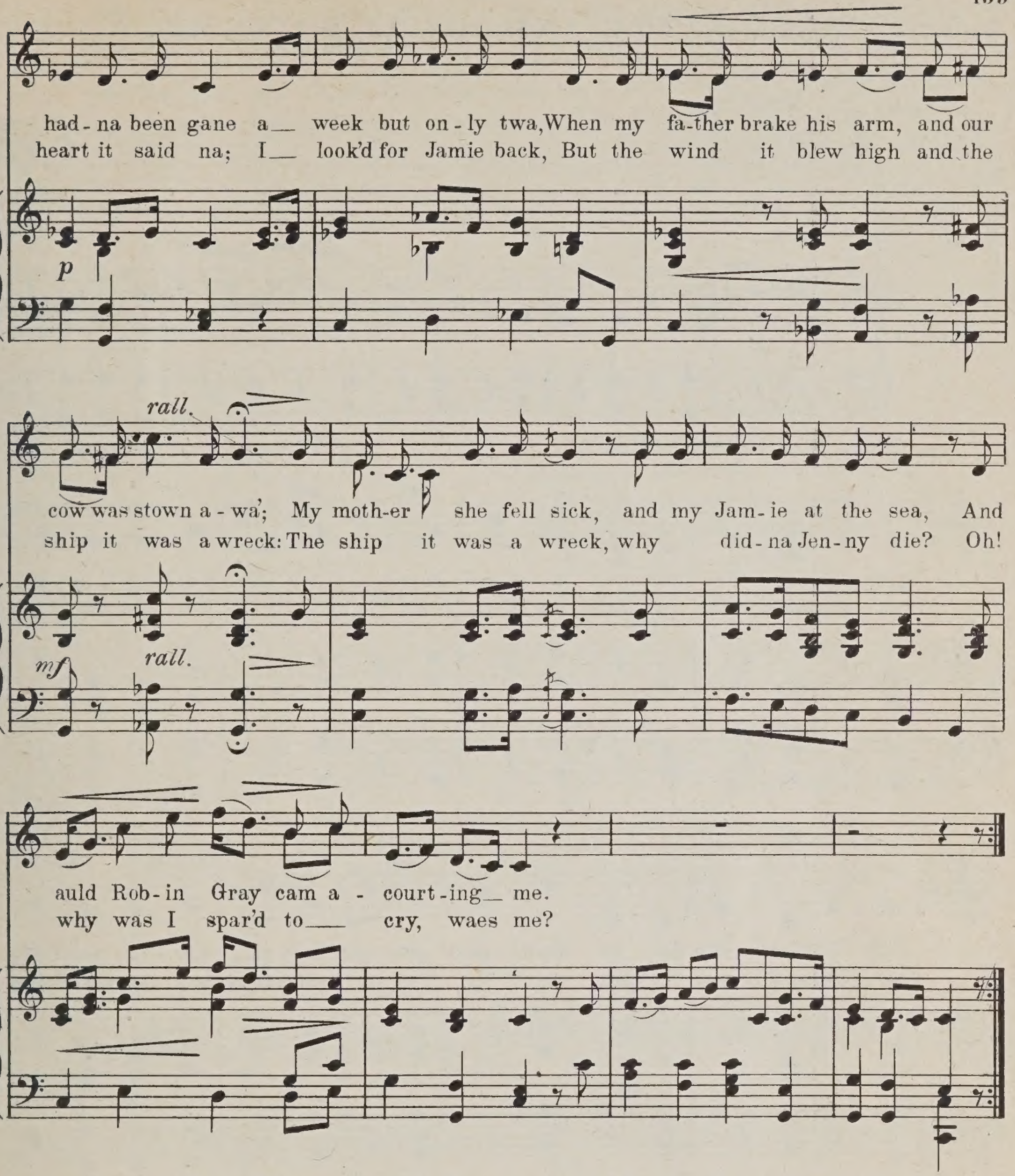

bon-nie sweet las-sie, the maid o' Dun-dee; This las-sie had lands, but the
"bon-nie sweet Bes-sie, the maid o' Dun-dee." A hap-pi-er hame nae
"bon-nie sweet Bes-sie, the maid o' Dun-dee." And when in the ground her
lad-die had nane, And yet to her it was all the same, For
man ev-er had, Than this which held twa hearts so glad, And
dar-lin' they laid, Her heart then broke, and she fer-vent-ly pray'd "O
dear-ly she lov'd him, and said she knew This lad-die, dear lad-die, was
ne'er did Bes-sie have cause to rue Her wedding this lad-die, sae
God in heav-en, let me go too, And be wi' my lad-die, sae
gude and true.
gude and true.
gude and true."

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The Words by Lady Anne Lindsay. (1750-1825)

Air by Rev. William Leeves. (1748-1828)


Andante.
Piano.
p
Con molto espressione.
1. Young Jam - ie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But
2. My fa - ther cou'd - na work, my moth - er cou'd - na spin, I
sav - ing a crown, he had naething else be - side; To make the crown a pound my
toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd-na win; Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi'
Jam-ie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound, were baith for___ me, He
tears in his e'e, Said, Jen - ny, for their sakes, 'O mar - ry___ me" My



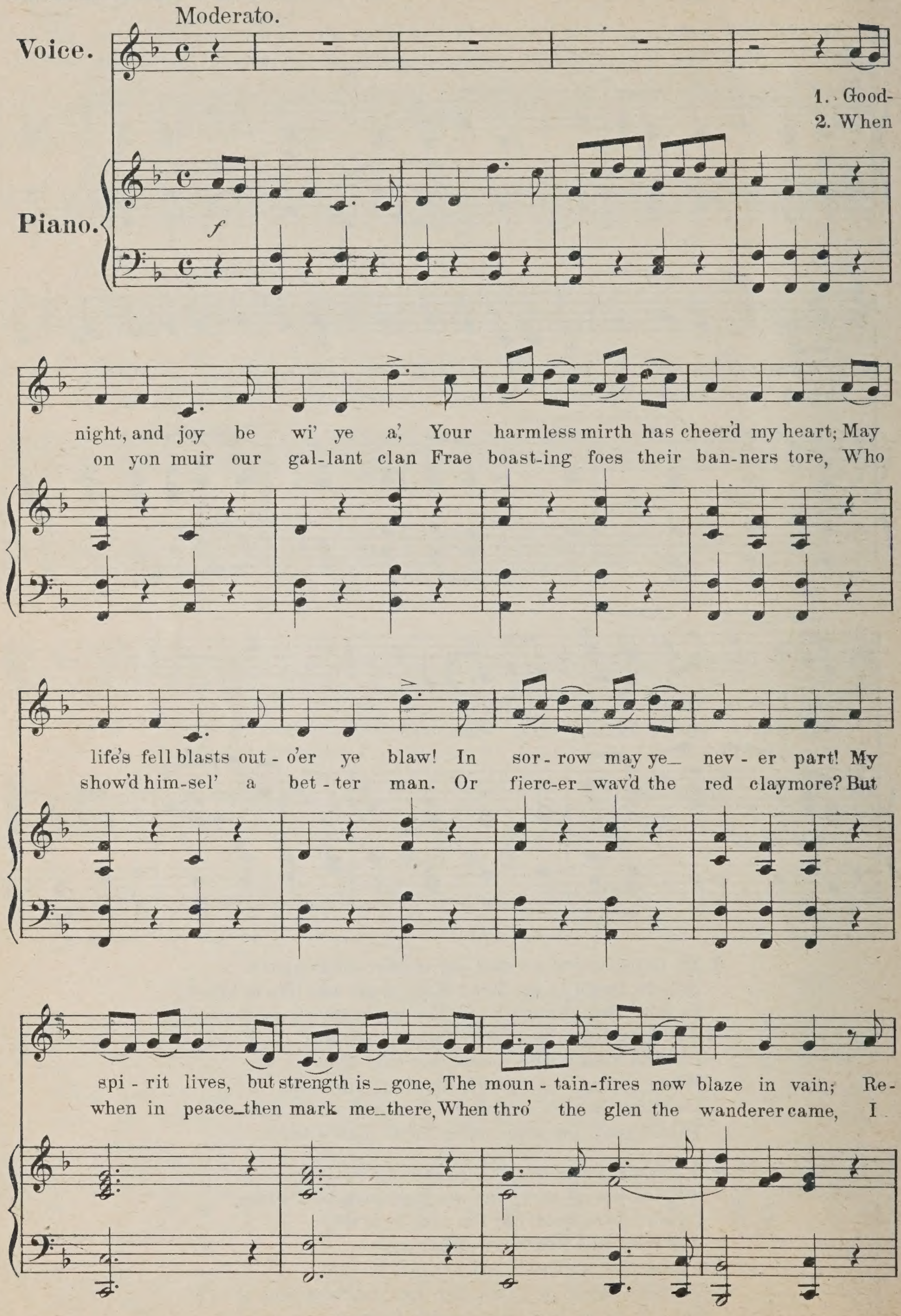
had-na been gane a— week but on-ly twa, When my fa-ther brake his arm, and our
heart it said na; I— look'd for Jamie back, But the wind it blew high and the
p
rall.
cow was stown a-wa'; My moth-er she fell sick, and my Jam-ie at the sea, And
ship it was a wreck: The ship it was a wreck, why did-na Jen-ny die? Oh!
mf
rall.
auld Rob-in Gray cam a-court-ing— me.
why was I spar'd to— cry, waes me?

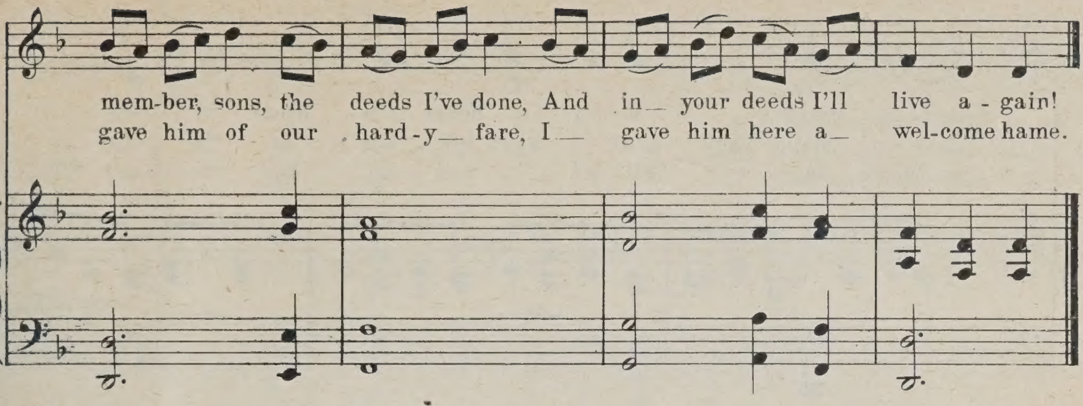
3. My father urged me sair, my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he
Till he said, I'm come hame for to marry thee.

4. O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die;
And why do I live to say, waes me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Sir Alexander Boswell.


Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
f
1. Good-
2. When
night, and joy be wi' ye a', Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart; May
on yon muir our gal-lant clan Frae boast-ing foes their ban-ners tore, Who
life's fell blasts out - o'er ye blaw! In sor - row may ye_ nev - er part! My
show'd him-sel' a bet - ter man. Or fierc-er_wav'd the red claymore? But
spi - rit lives, but strength is_ gone, The moun - tain-fires now blaze in vain; Re-
when in peace_then mark me_there, When thro' the glen the wanderer came, I

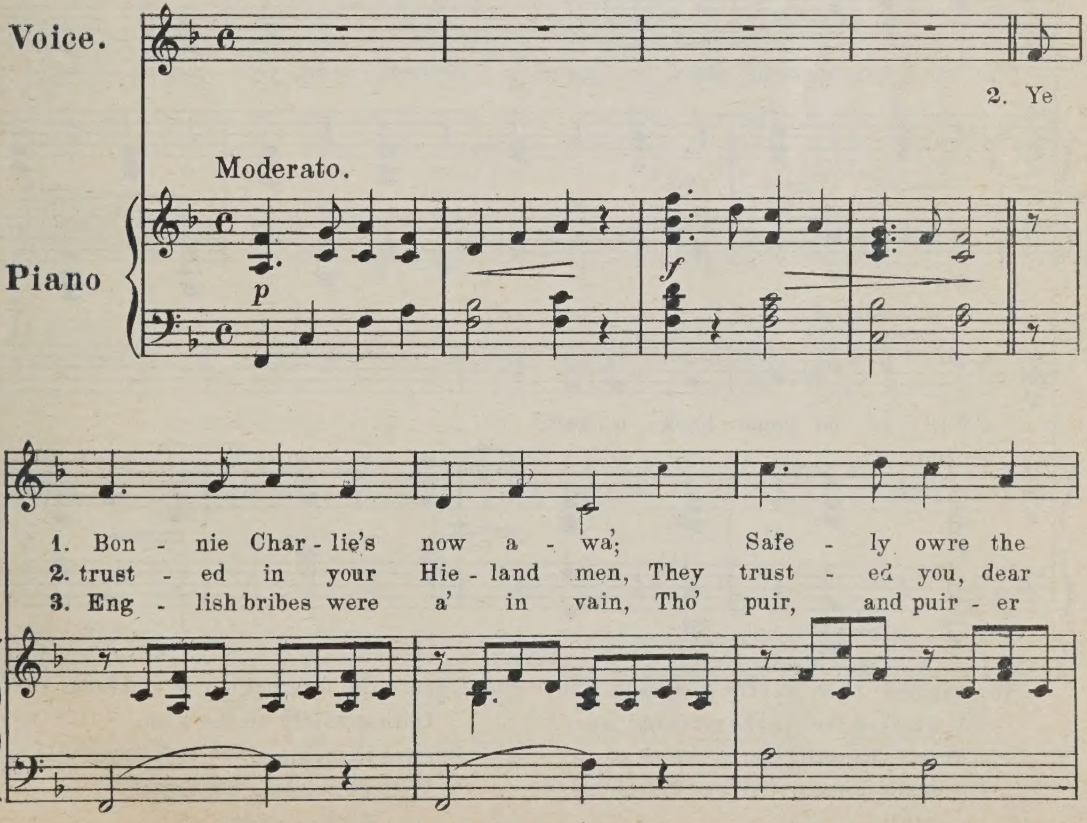

mem-ber, sons, the deeds I've done, And in_ your deeds I'll live a - gain!
gave him of our hard-y_ fare, I_ gave him here a_ wel-come hame.

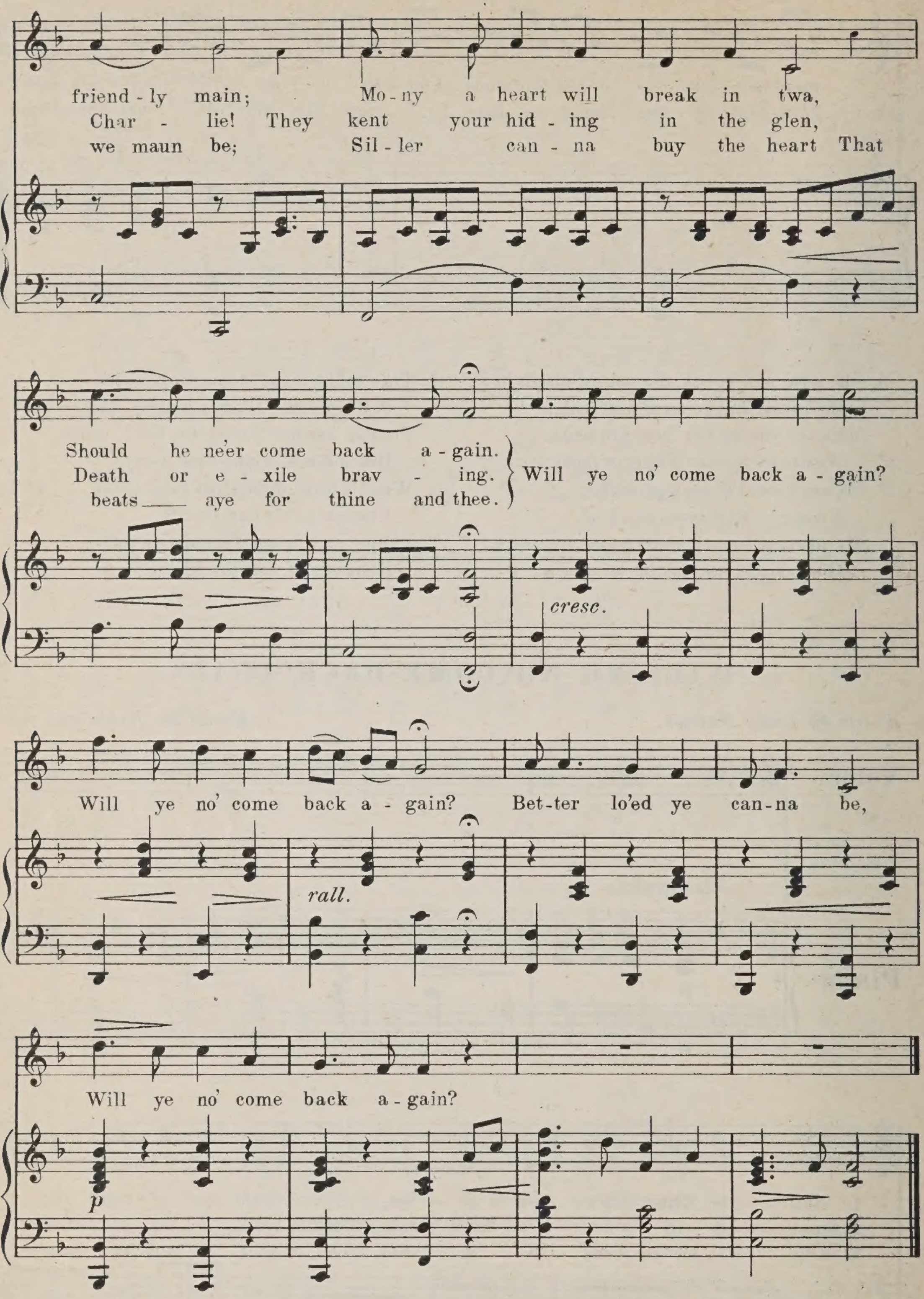
3. The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
Be canty, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills ay ha'e heart to bear,
Anither's ay ha'e heart to feel;
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine,
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'.

4. This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes, wishes me away.
What I have done thro' lack o' wit,
I never, never can recall;
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN.

Words by Lady Nairne. *Music by Neil Gow, jun.*


Voice.
2. Ye
Moderato.
Piano
p
f
1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa'; Safe - ly owre the
2. trust - ed in your Hie - land men, They trust - ed you, dear
3. Eng - lish bribes were a' in vain, Tho' puir, and puir - er

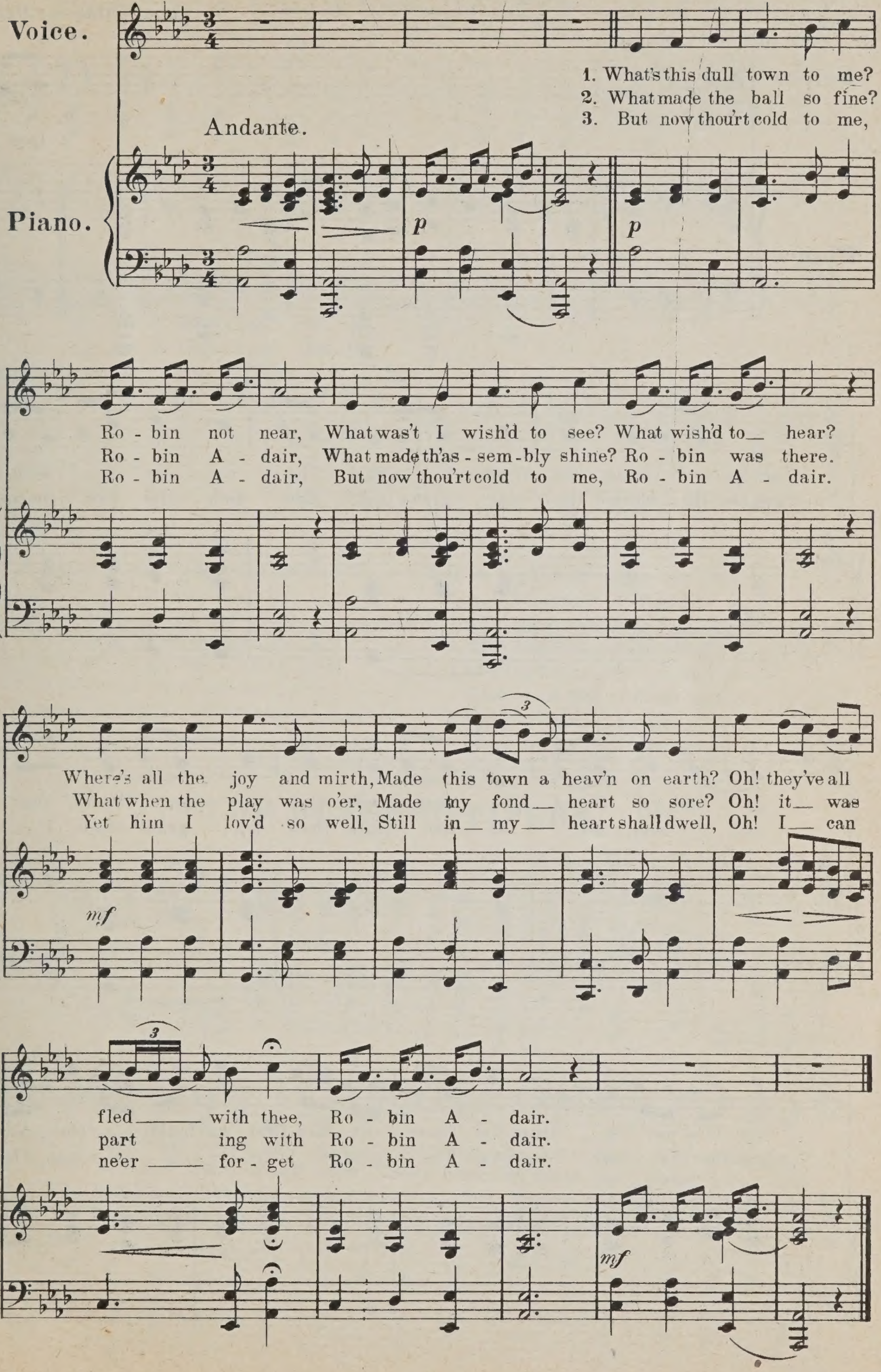

friendly main; Mony a heart will break in twa,
Charlie! They kent your hiding in the glen,
we maun be; Siller canna buy the heart That
Should he ne'er come back again.
Death or exile braving.
beats aye for thine and thee.
Will ye no' come back again?
cresc.
Will ye no' come back again?
rall.
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no' come back again?
p

4. We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning grey;
Tho' thirty thousand pound they'd gie,
Oh, there is nane that wad betray!
Will ye no' etc.

5. Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no' etc.

ROBIN ADAIR.

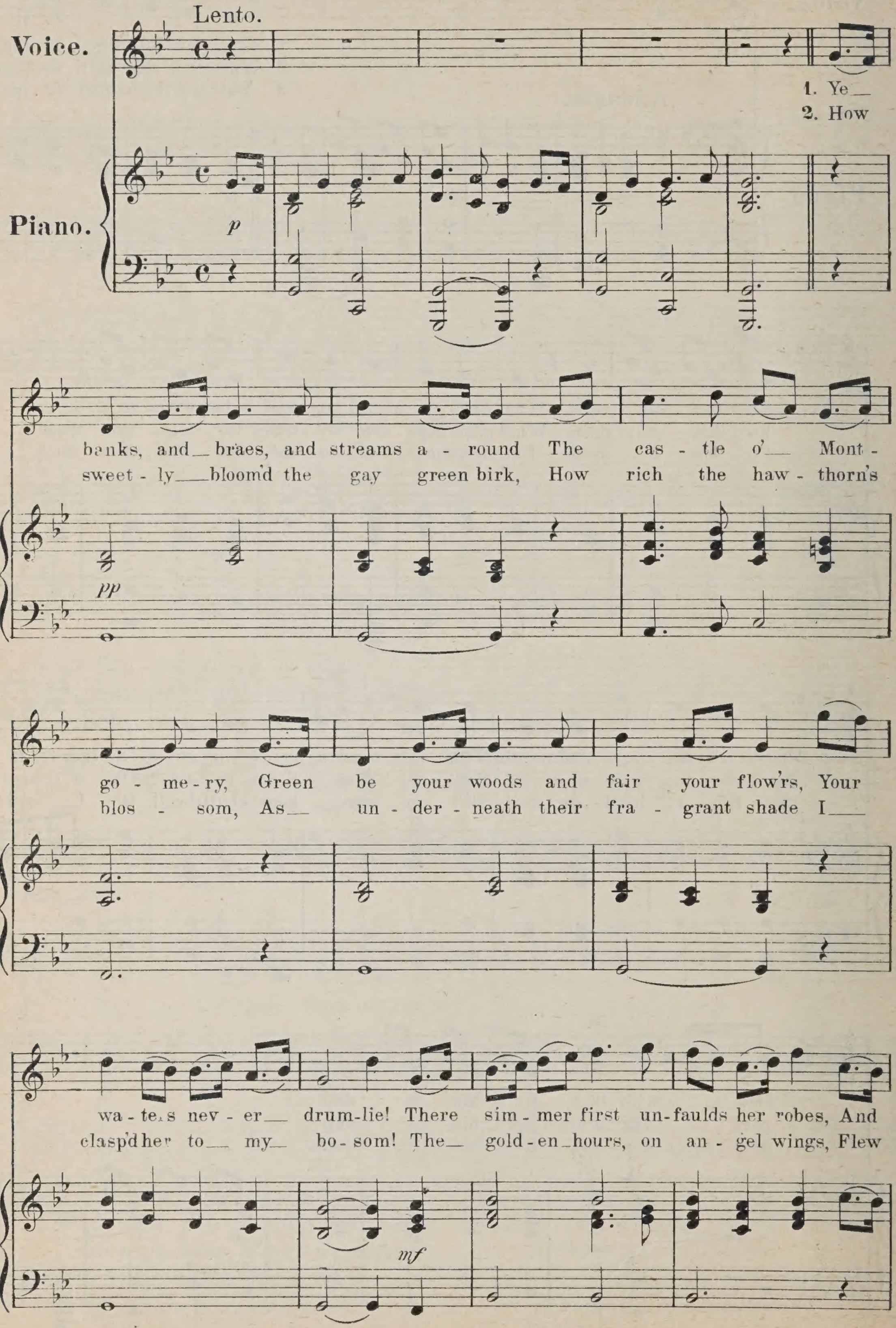
Words by Lady Caroline Keppel.

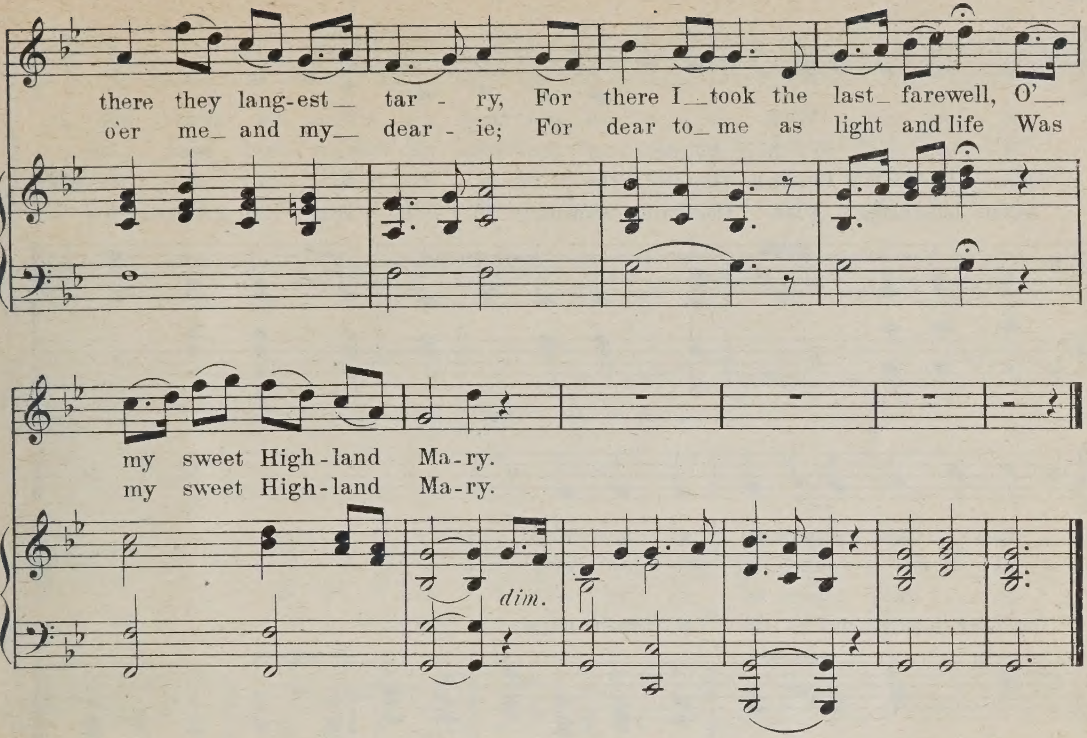

Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
1. What's this dull town to me?
2. What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me,
Ro - bin not near, What was't I wish'd to see? What wish'd to__ hear?
Ro - bin A - dair, What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Ro - bin was there.
Ro - bin A - dair, But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair.
Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they've all
What when the play was o'er, Made my fond__ heart so sore? Oh! it__ was
Yet him I lov'd so well, Still in__ my__ heart shall dwell, Oh! I__ can
fled____ with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
part ing with Ro - bin A - dair.
ne'er____ for - get Ro - bin A - dair.
p
p
mf
mf

HIGHLAND MARY.

Burns.

Tune "Catherine Ogie."


Lento.
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Ye__
2. How
banks, and__ braes, and streams a - round The cas - tle o'__ Mont -
sweet - ly__bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the haw - thorn's
pp
go - me - ry, Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your
blos - som, As__ un - der - neath their fra - grant shade I__
wa - ters nev - er__ drum-lie! There sim - mer first un-faulds her robes, And
clasp'd her to__ my__ bo - som! The__ gold - en_hours, on an - gel wings, Flew
mf

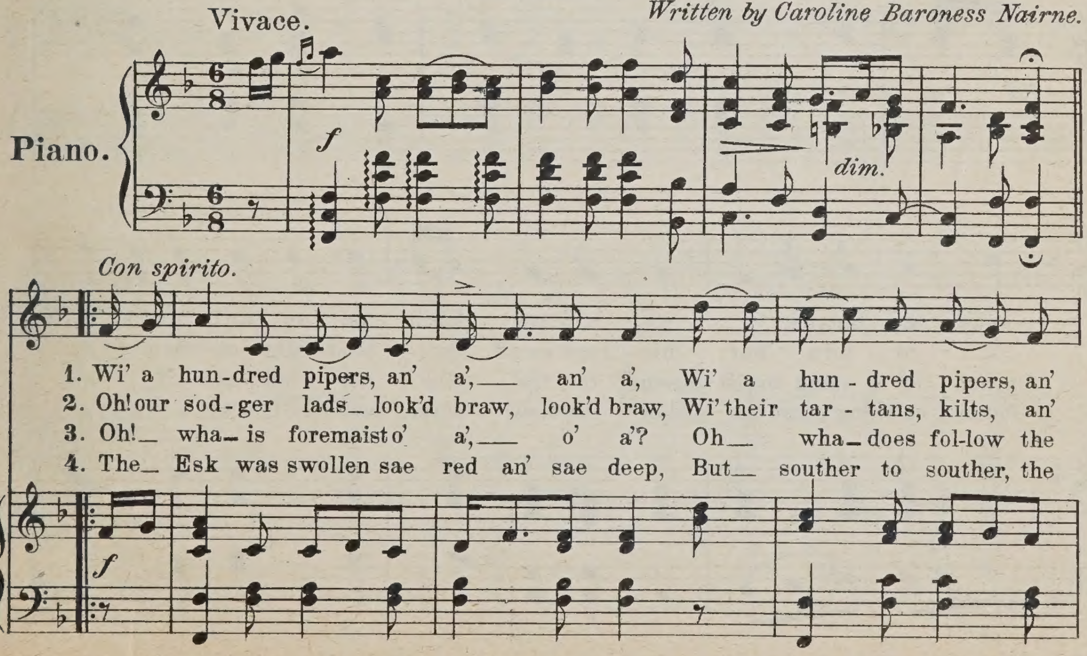

there they lang-est tar - ry, For there I took the last farewell, O'
o'er me and my dear - ie; For dear to me as light and life Was
my sweet High-land Ma-ry.
my sweet High-land Ma-ry.
dim.

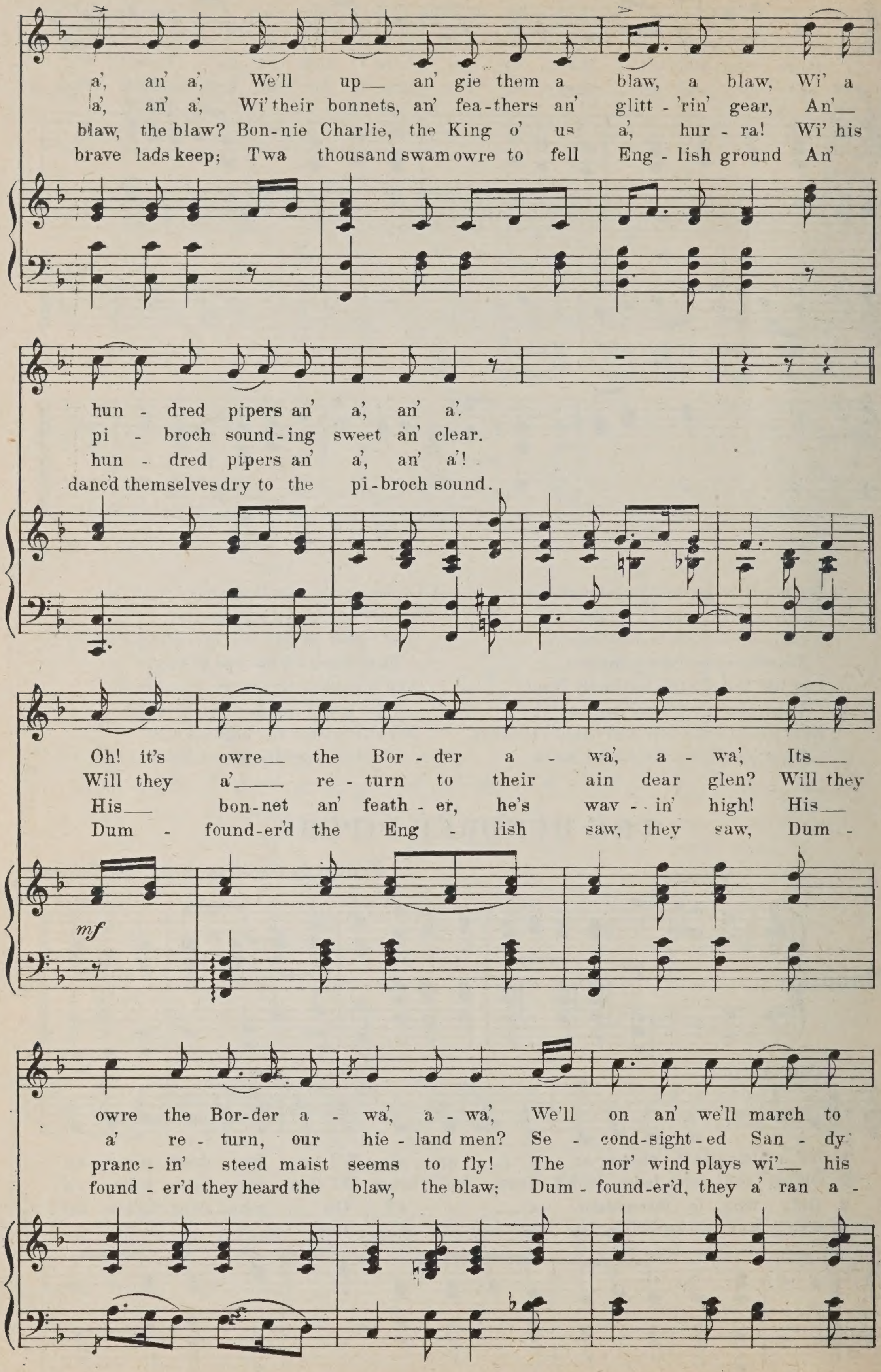
3. Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

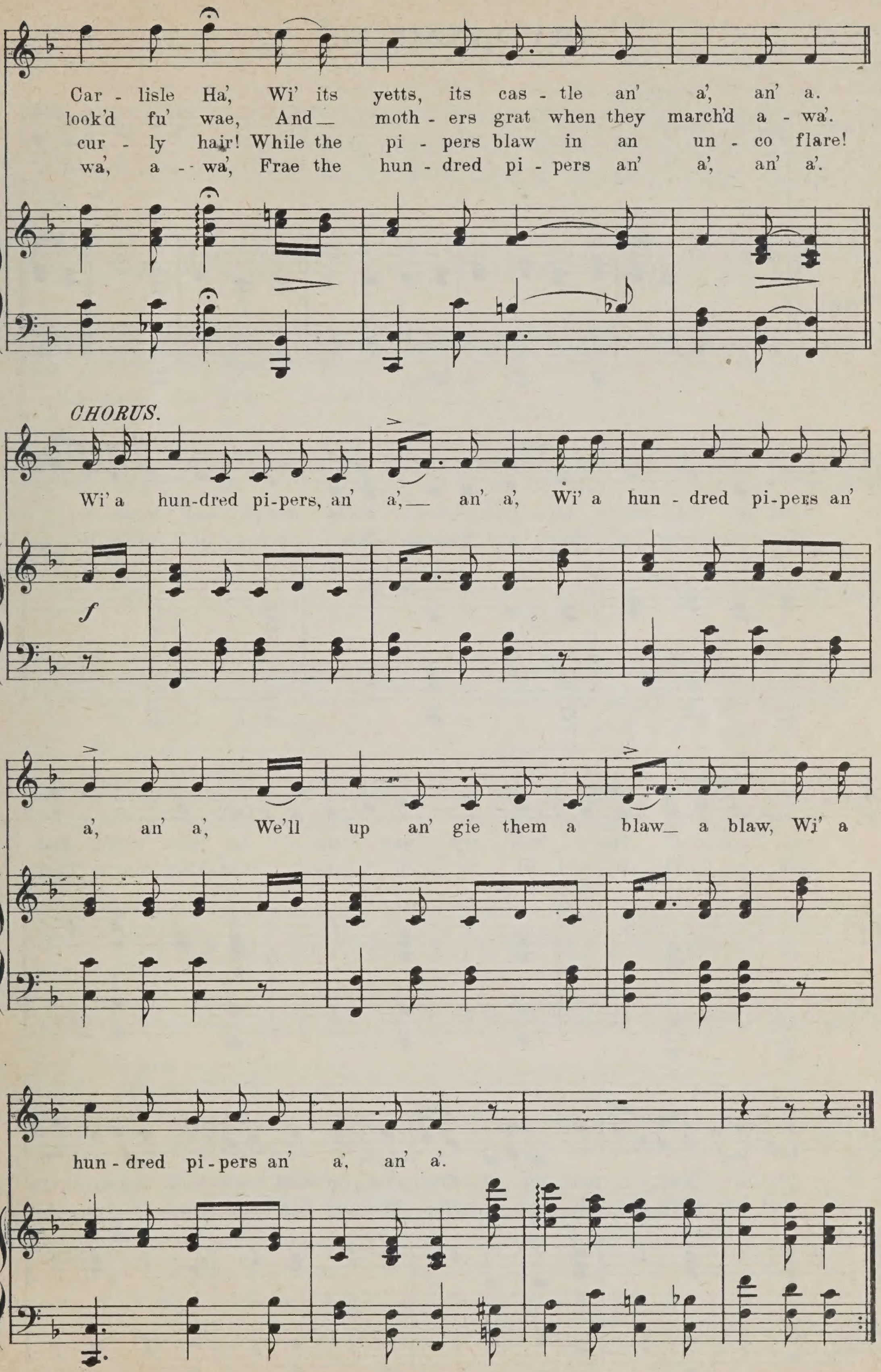
4. O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Written by Caroline Baroness Nairne.

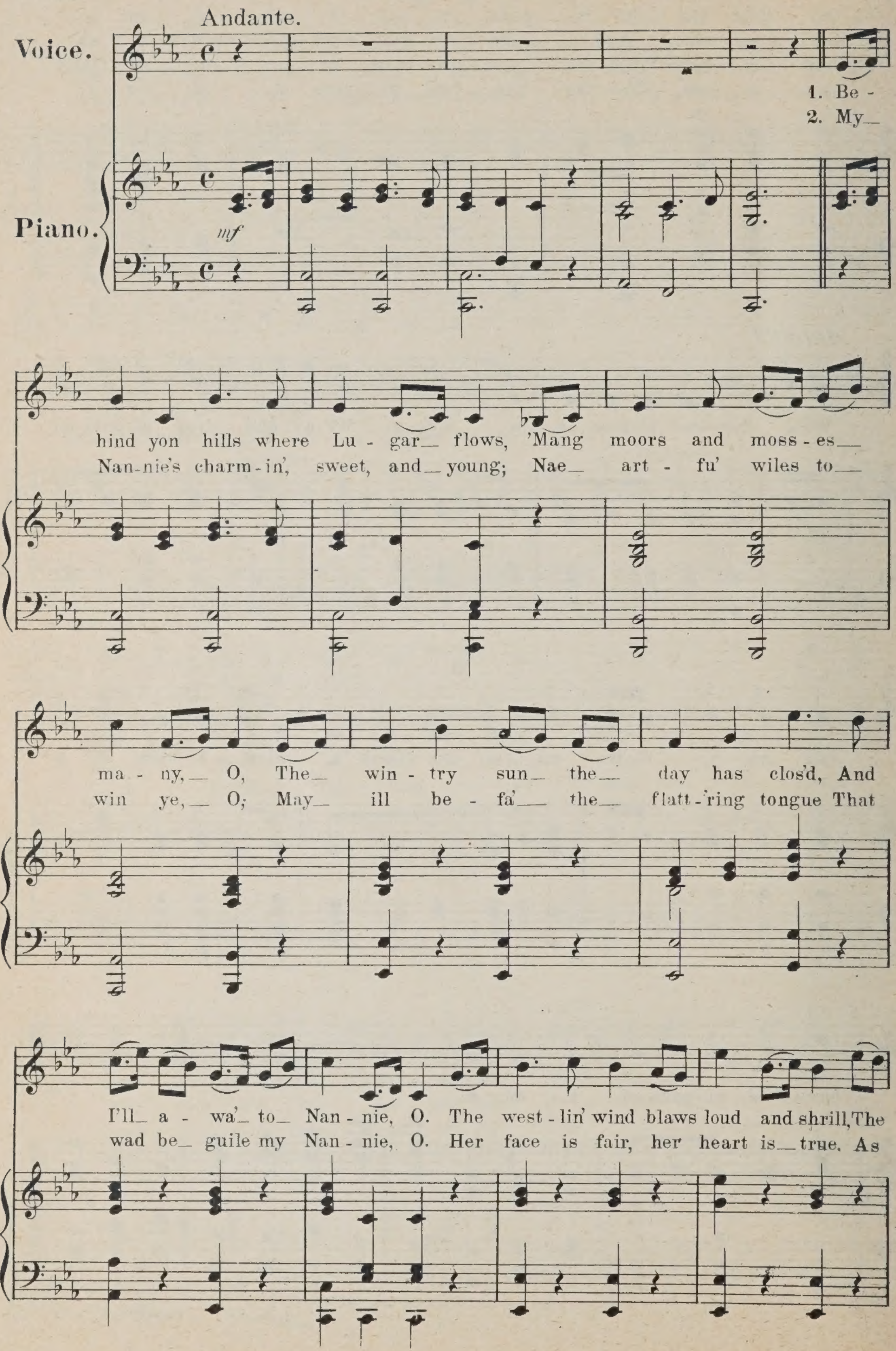

Vivace.
Piano.
f
dim.
Con spirito.
1. Wi' a hun-dred pipers, an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pipers, an'
2. Oh! our sod-ger lads look'd braw, look'd braw, Wi' their tar - tans, kilts, an'
3. Oh! wha - is foremaist o' a', o' a'? Oh wha - does fol-low the
4. The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep, But souther to souther, the
f

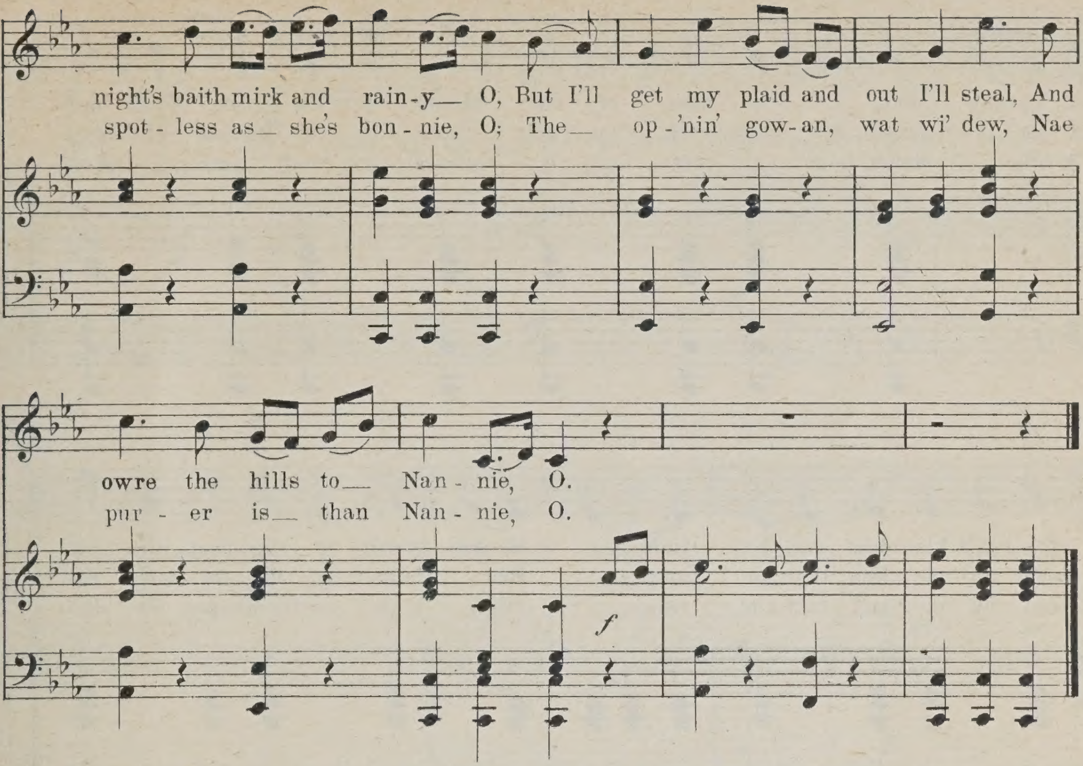

a', an' a', We'll up__ an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a
a', an' a', Wi' their bonnets, an' fea-thers an' glitt-'rin' gear, An'__
blaw, the blaw? Bon-nie Charlie, the King o' us a', hur-ra! Wi' his
brave lads keep; Twa thousand swam owre to fell Eng-lish ground An'
hun-dred pipers an' a', an' a'.
pi-broch sound-ing sweet an' clear.
hun-dred pipers an' a', an' a'!
danc'd themselves dry to the pi-broch sound.
Oh! it's owre__ the Bor-der a-wa', a-wa', Its___
Will they a'___ re-turn to their ain dear glen? Will they
His___ bon-net an' feath-er, he's wav-in' high! His___
Dum-found-er'd the Eng-lish saw, they saw, Dum-
mf
owre the Bor-der a-wa', a-wa', We'll on an' we'll march to
a' re-turn, our hie-land men? Se-cond-sight-ed San-dy
pranc-in' steed maist seems to fly! The nor' wind plays wi'__ his
found-er'd they heard the blaw, the blaw; Dum-found-er'd, they a' ran a-


Car - lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tle an' a', an' a.
look'd fu' wae, And — moth - ers grat when they march'd a - wa'.
cur - ly hair! While the pi - pers blaw in an un - co flare!
wa', a - - wa', Frae the hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.
CHORUS.
Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers, an' a', — an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi-pers an'
a', an' a', We'll up an' gie them a blaw — a blaw, Wi' a
hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.
f

MY NANNIE, O.

Burns.


Andante.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
1. Be -
2. My_
hind yon hills where Lu - gar_ flows, 'Mang moors and moss - es_
Nan-nie's charm - in', sweet, and_ young; Nae_ art - fu' wiles to_
ma - ny,_ O, The_ win - try sun_ the_ day has clos'd, And
win ye,_ O; May_ ill be - fa'_ the_ flatt - 'ring tongue That
I'll_ a - wa'_ to_ Nan - nie, O. The west - lin' wind blaws loud and shrill, The
wad be_ guile my Nan - nie, O. Her face is fair, her heart is_ true, As

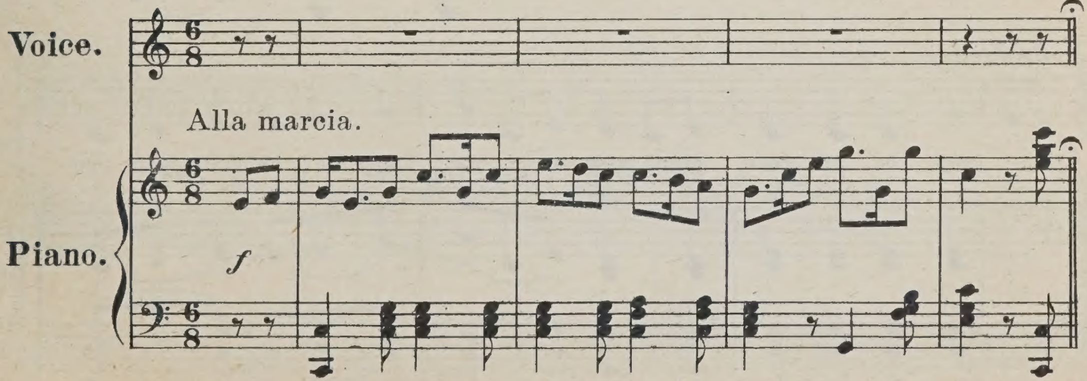

night's baith mirk and rain-y— O, But I'll get my plaid and out I'll steal, And
spot-less as— she's bon-nie, O; The— op-'nin' gow-an, wat wi' dew, Nae
owre the hills to— Nan-nie, O.
pur-er is— than Nan-nie, O.
f

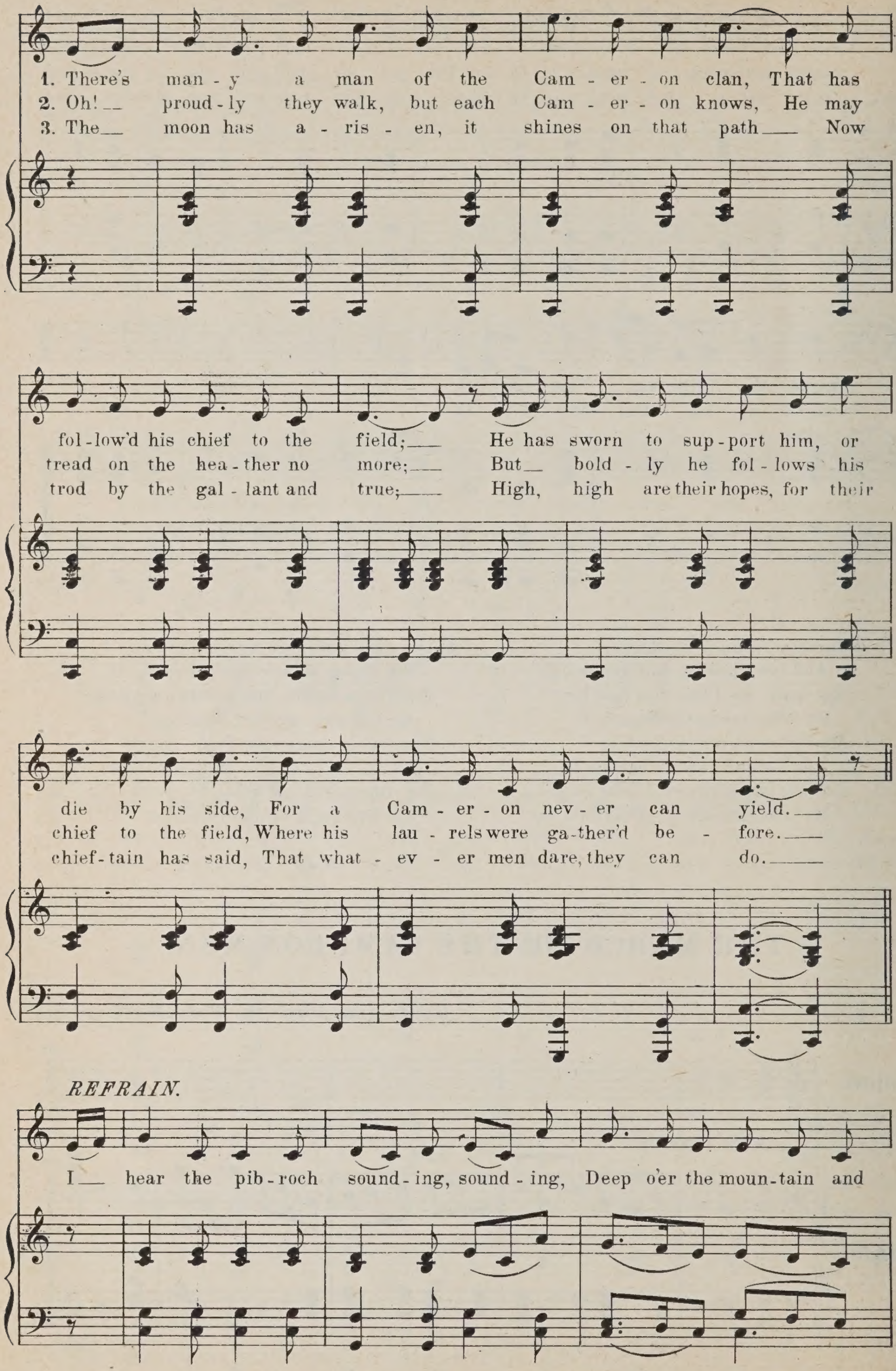
3. A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my penny-fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warld's gear never troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

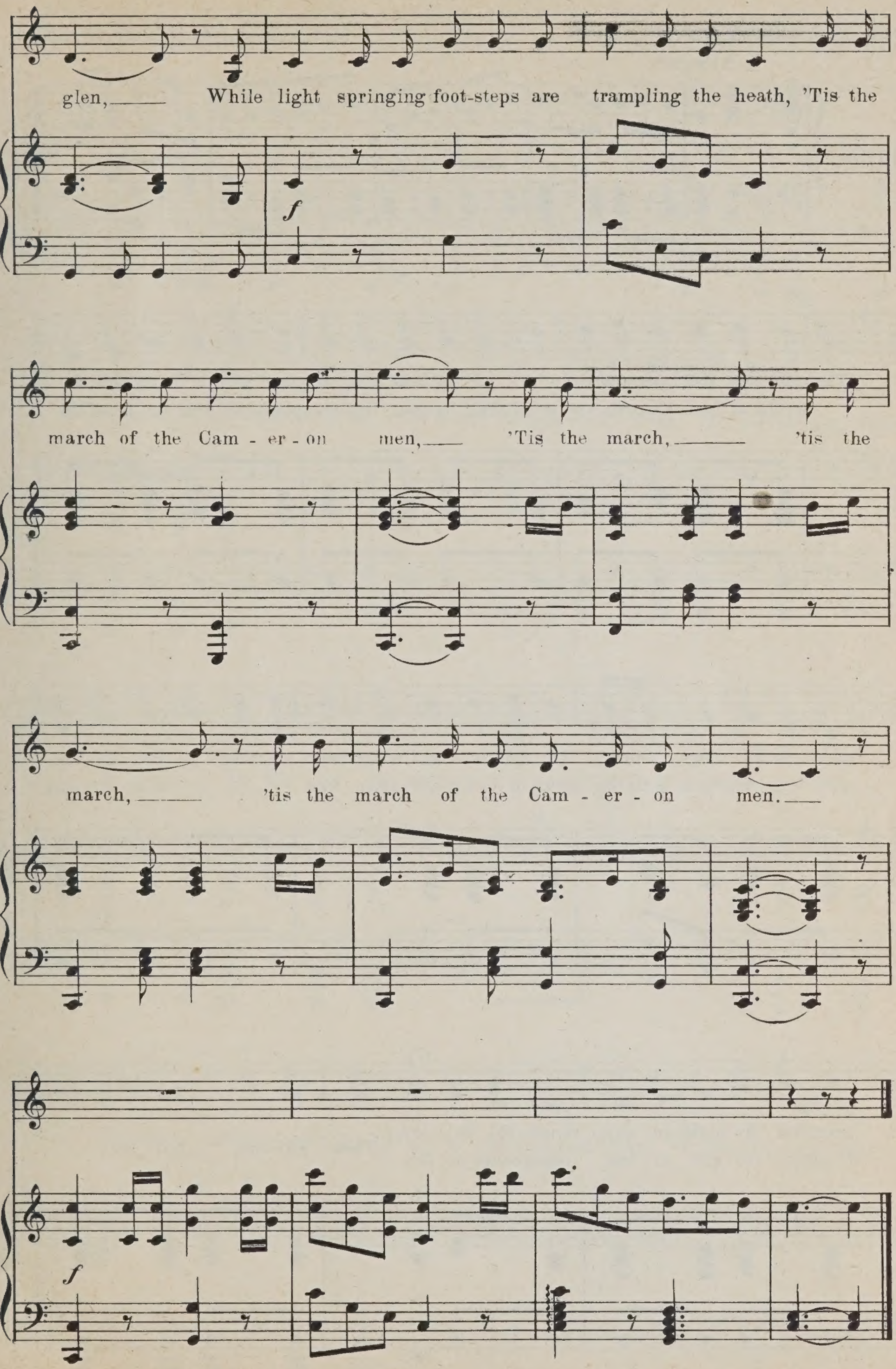
4. Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

Words and Music by Mary M. Campbell.


Voice.
Alla marcia.
Piano.
f

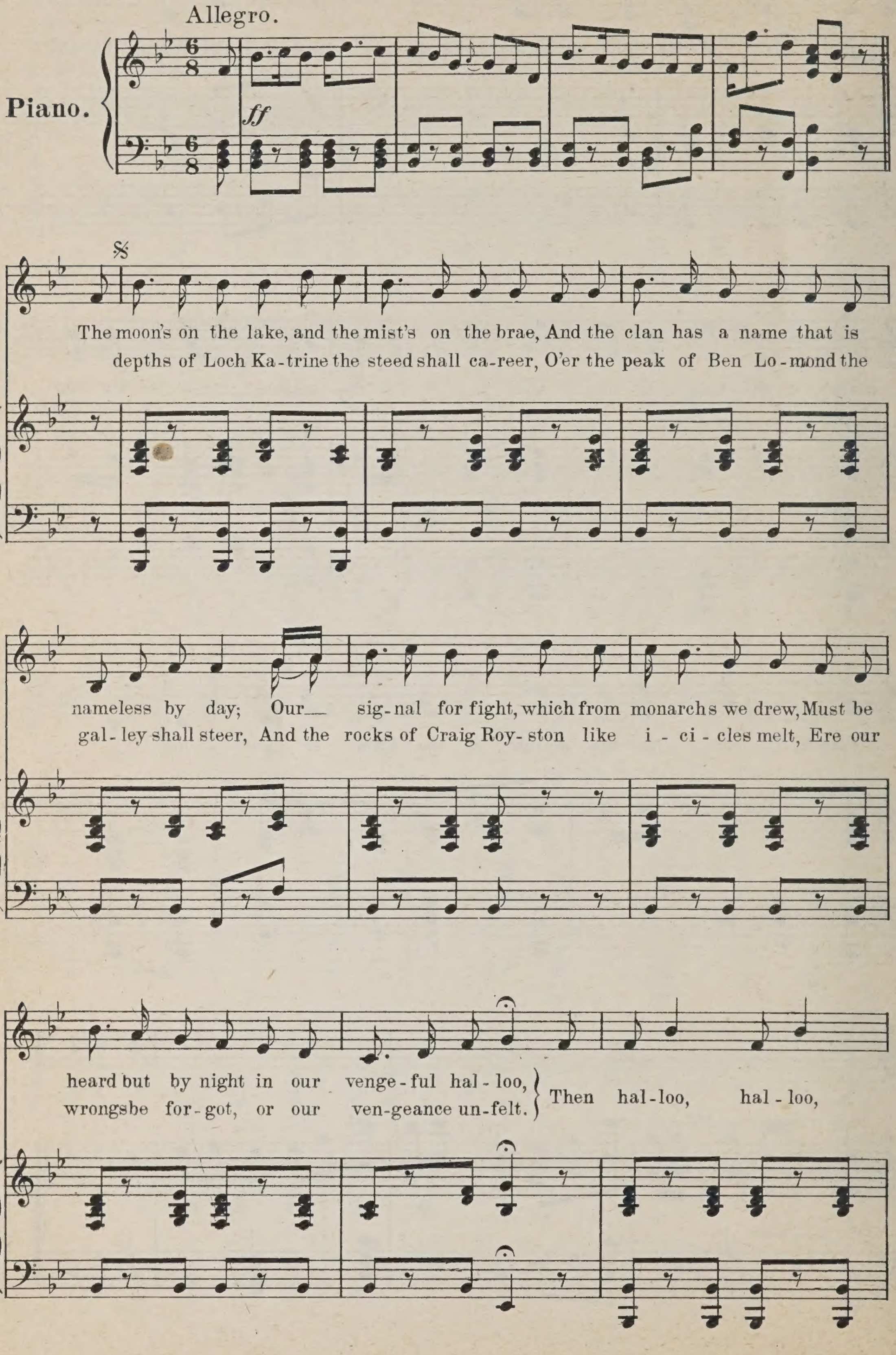

1. There's man - y a man of the Cam - er - on clan, That has
2. Oh! proud - ly they walk, but each Cam - er - on knows, He may
3. The moon has a - ris - en, it shines on that path Now
fol - low'd his chief to the field; He has sworn to sup - port him, or
tread on the hea - ther no more; But bold - ly he fol - lows his
trod by the gal - lant and true; High, high are their hopes, for their
die by his side, For a Cam - er - on nev - er can yield.
chief to the field, Where his lau - rels were ga - ther'd be - fore.
chief - tain has said, That what - ev - er men dare, they can do.
REFRAIN.
I hear the pib - roch sound - ing, sound - ing, Deep o'er the moun - tain and

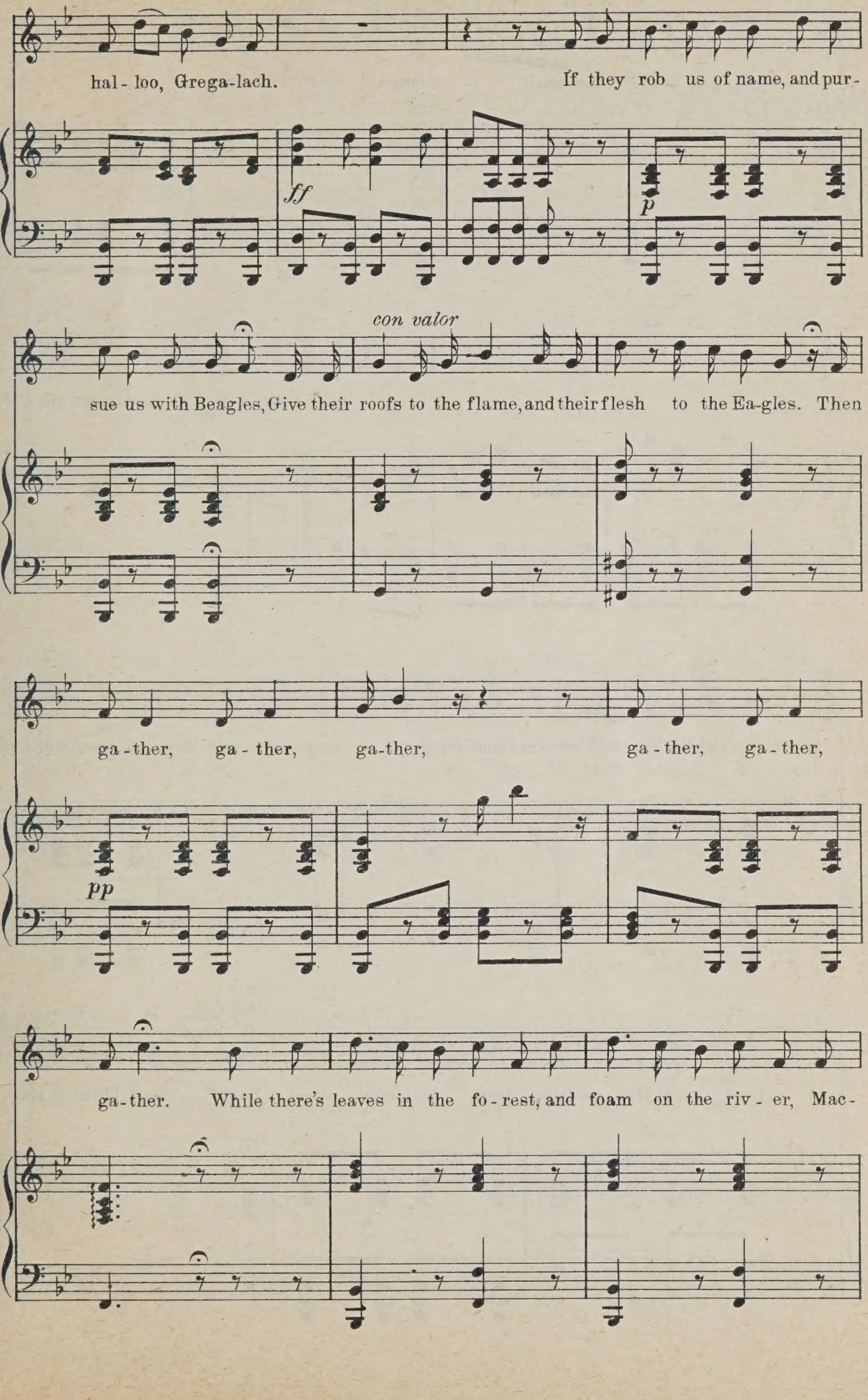

glen, While light springing foot-steps are trampling the heath, 'Tis the
f
march of the Cam-er-on men, 'Tis the march, 'tis the
march, 'tis the march of the Cam-er-on men.
f

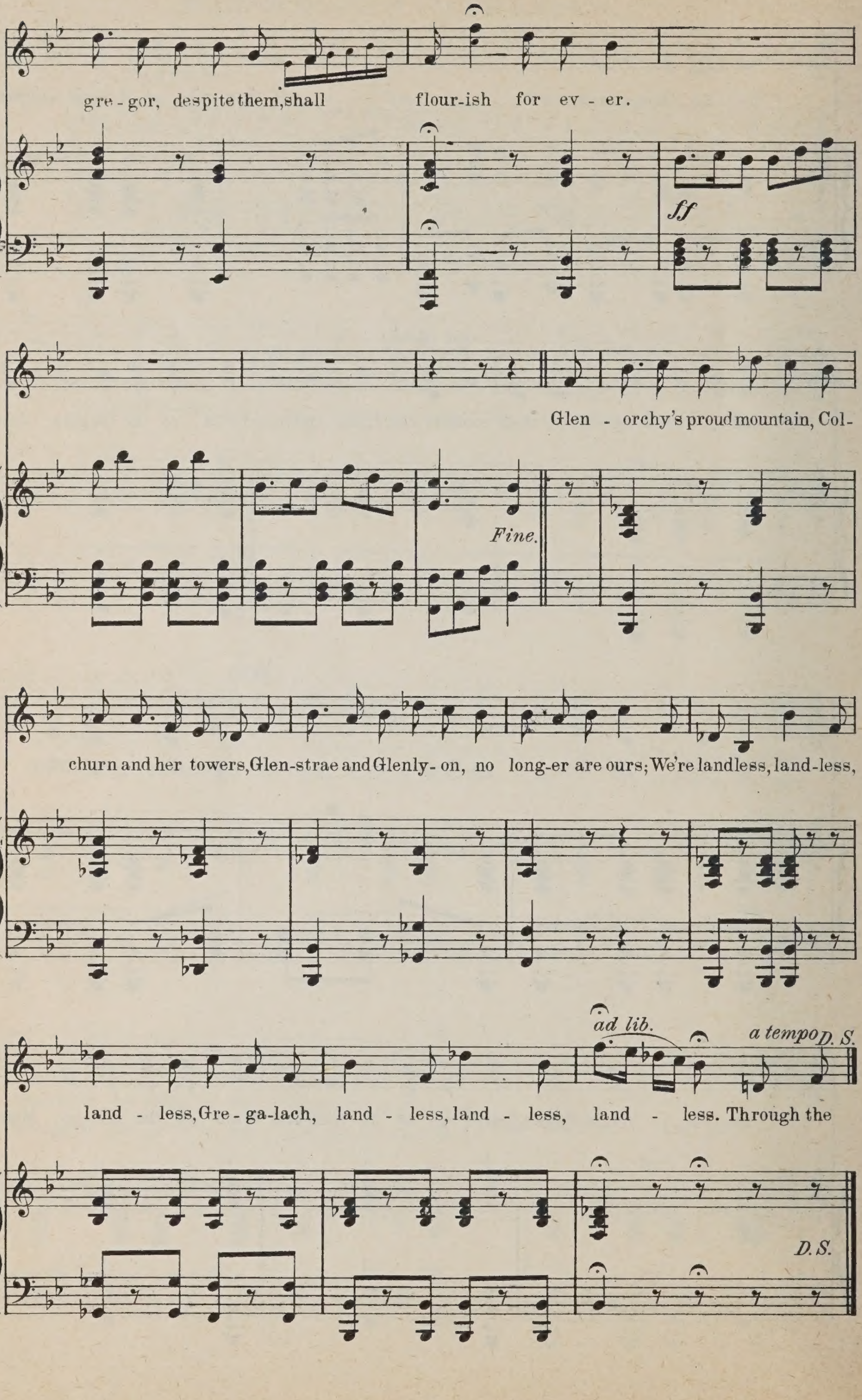
MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Music by Alexander Lee.

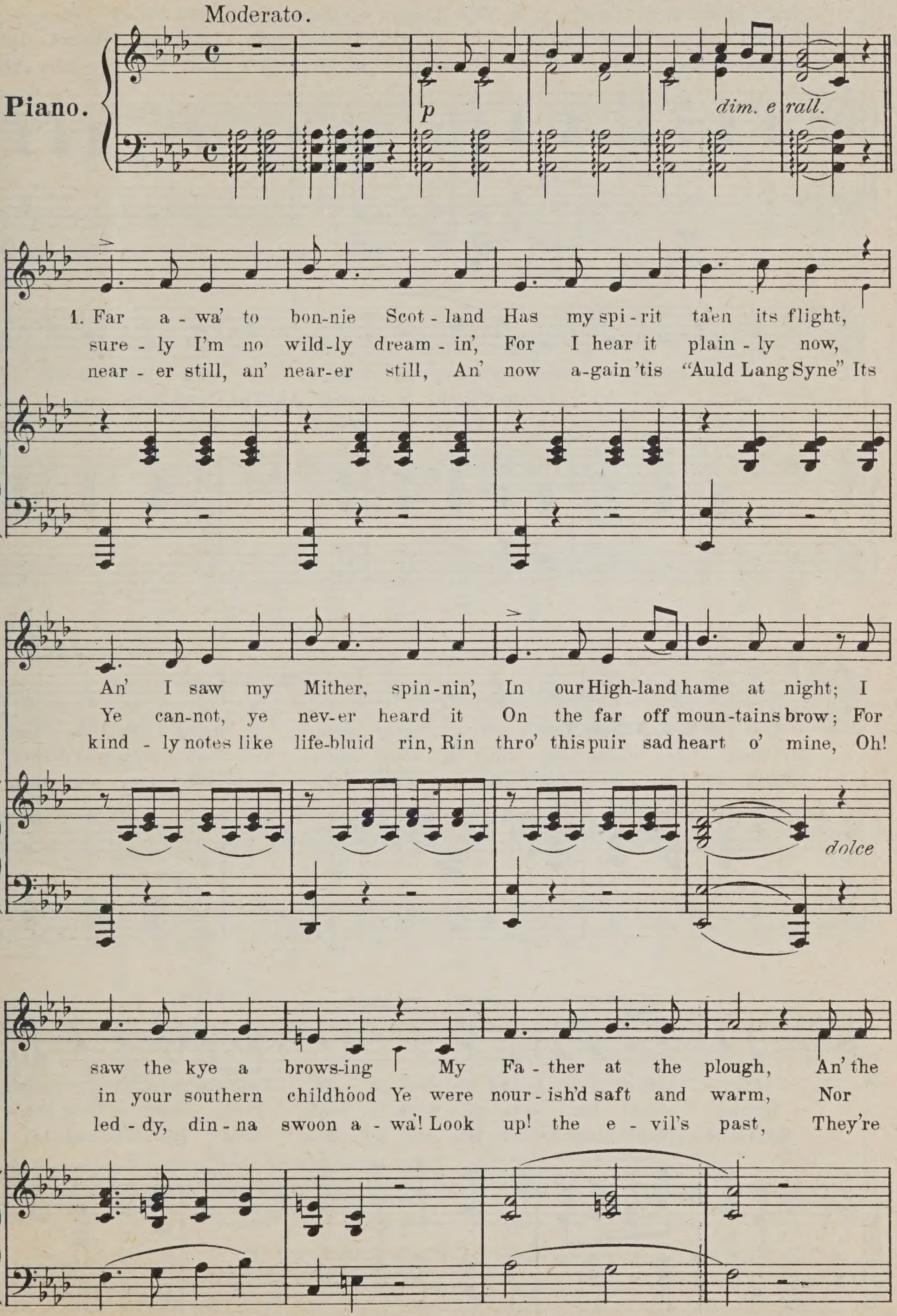

Allegro.
Piano.
ff
The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is
depths of Loch Ka-trine the steed shall ca-reer, O'er the peak of Ben Lo-mond the
nameless by day; Our__ sig-nal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be
gal-ley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig Roy-ston like i-ci-cles melt, Ere our
heard but by night in our venge-ful hal-loo,
wrongs be for-got, or our ven-geance un-felt.
Then hal-loo, hal-loo,

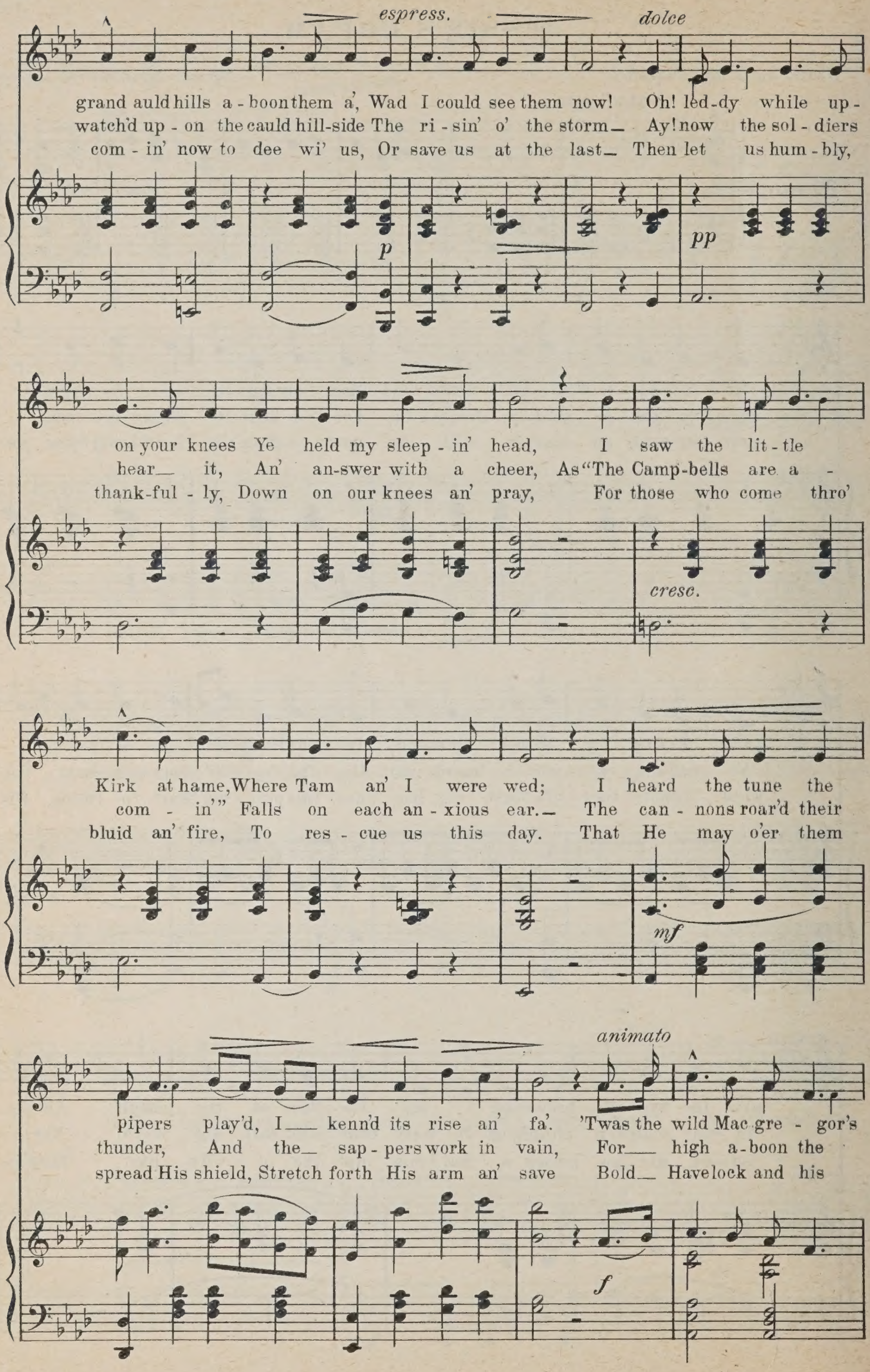

hal - loo, Grega-lach.
If they rob us of name, and pur -
ff
p
con valor
sue us with Beagles, Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the Ea-gles. Then
ga - ther, ga - ther, ga-ther, ga - ther, ga - ther,
pp
ga-ther. While there's leaves in the fo - rest, and foam on the riv - er, Mac -

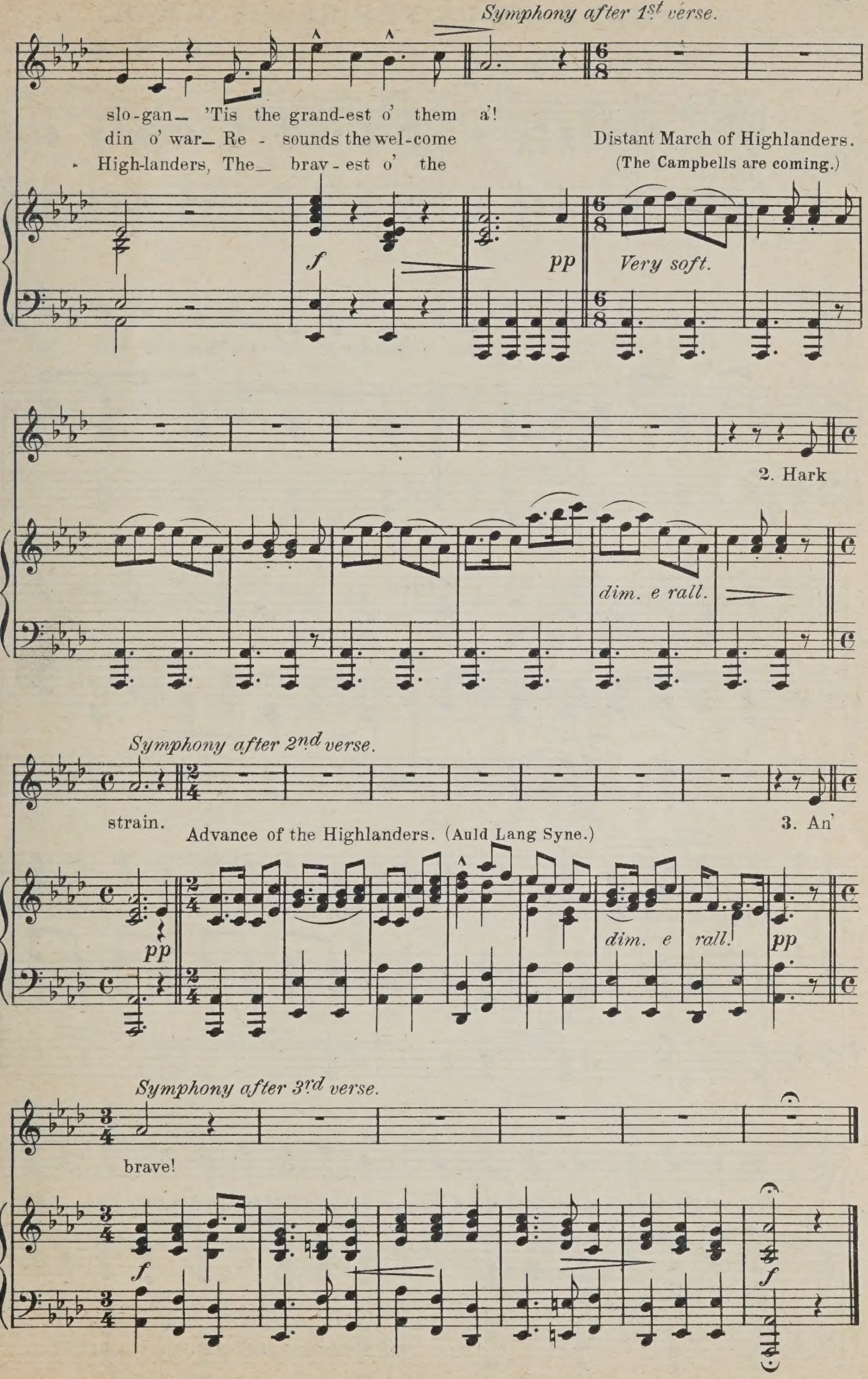

gre - gor, despite them, shall flour-ish for ev - er.
ff
Fine.
Glen - orchy's proud mountain, Col-
churn and her towers, Glen-strae and Glenly- on, no long-er are ours; We're landless, land-less,
ad lib.
a tempo
D. S.
land - less, Gre - ga-lach, land - less, land - less, land - less. Through the
D. S.

JESSIE'S DREAM.

Words by Grace Campbell. *Music by John Blockley.*


Moderato.
Piano.
p
dim. e rall.
1. Far a - wa' to bon-nie Scot - land Has my spi - rit ta'en its flight,
sure - ly I'm no wild - ly dream - in', For I hear it plain - ly now,
near - er still, an' near - er still, An' now a - gain 'tis "Auld Lang Syne" Its
An' I saw my Mither, spin - nin', In our High - land hame at night; I
Ye can - not, ye nev - er heard it On the far off moun - tains brow; For
kind - ly notes like life - bluid rin, Rin thro' this puir sad heart o' mine, Oh!
dolce
saw the kye a brows - ing My Fa - ther at the plough, An' the
in your southern childhood Ye were nour - ish'd saft and warm, Nor
led - dy, din - na swoon a - wa'! Look up! the e - vil's past, They're

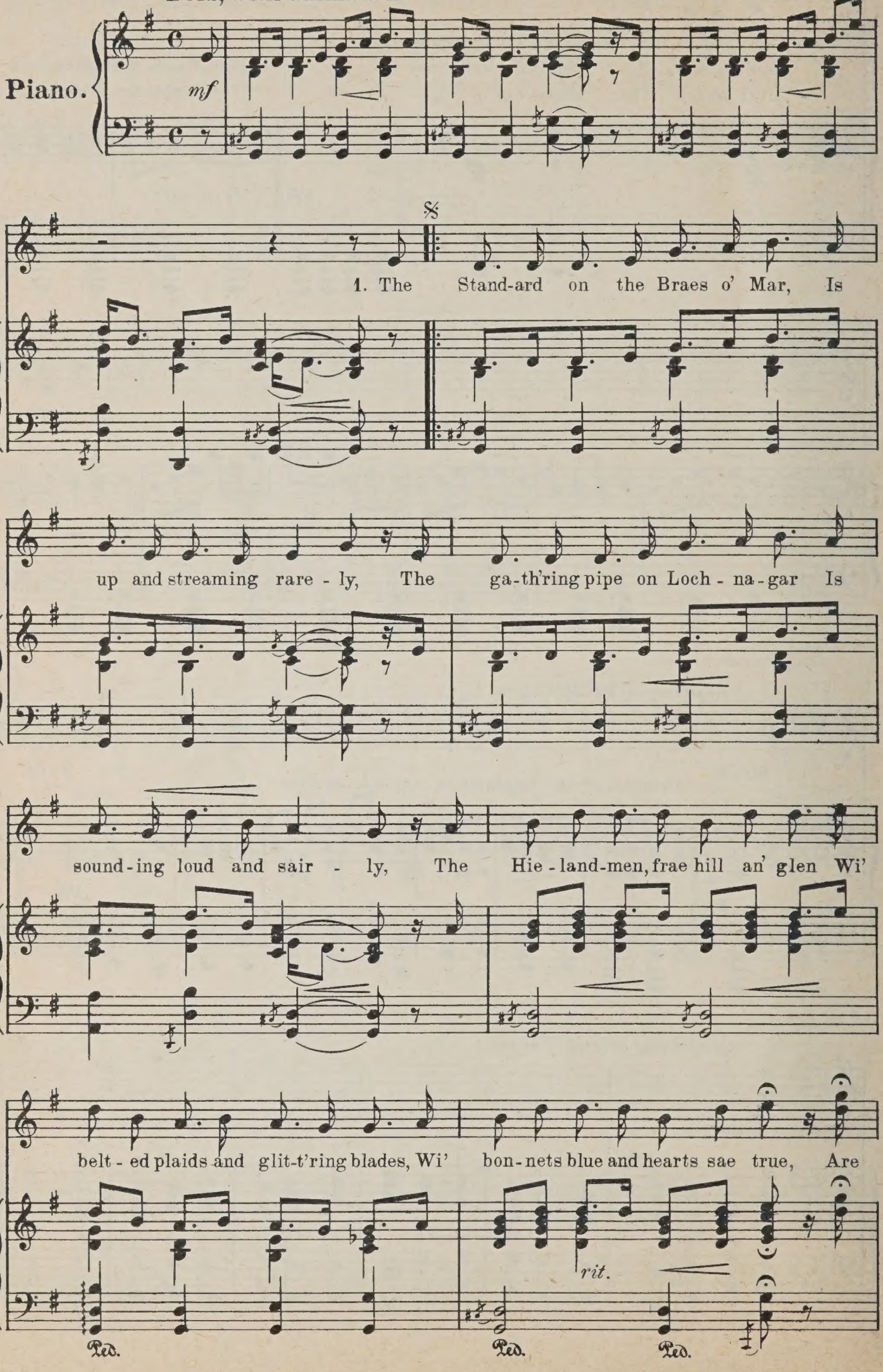

espress.
dolce
grand auld hills a - boon them a', Wad I could see them now! Oh! led-dy while up -
watch'd up - on the cauld hill-side The ri - sin' o' the storm — Ay! now the sol - diers
com - in' now to dee wi' us, Or save us at the last — Then let us hum - bly,
p
pp
on your knees Ye held my sleep - in' head, I saw the lit - tle
hear — it, An' an-swer with a cheer, As "The Camp-bells are a -
thank-ful - ly, Down on our knees an' pray, For those who come thro'
cresc.
Kirk at hame, Where Tam an' I were wed; I heard the tune the
com - in'" Falls on each an - xious ear. — The can - nons roar'd their
bluid an' fire, To res - cue us this day. That He may o'er them
mf
animato
pipers play'd, I — kenn'd its rise an' fa'. 'Twas the wild Mac gre - gor's
thunder, And the — sap - pers work in vain, For — high a - boon the
spread His shield, Stretch forth His arm an' save Bold — Havelock and his
f

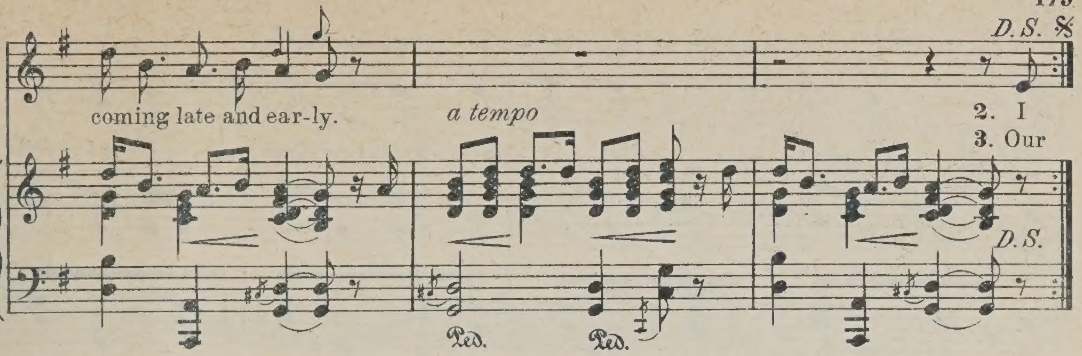

Symphony after 1st verse.
slo-gan— 'Tis the grand-est o' them a'!
din o' war— Re - sounds the wel-come
High-landers, The— brav - est o' the
Distant March of Highlanders.
(The Campbells are coming.)
f
pp
Very soft.
2. Hark
dim. e rall.
Symphony after 2nd verse.
strain.
Advance of the Highlanders. (Auld Lang Syne.)
3. An'
pp
dim. e rall.
pp
Symphony after 3rd verse.
brave!
f
f

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

Music by John Dewar.

Bold, with animation.

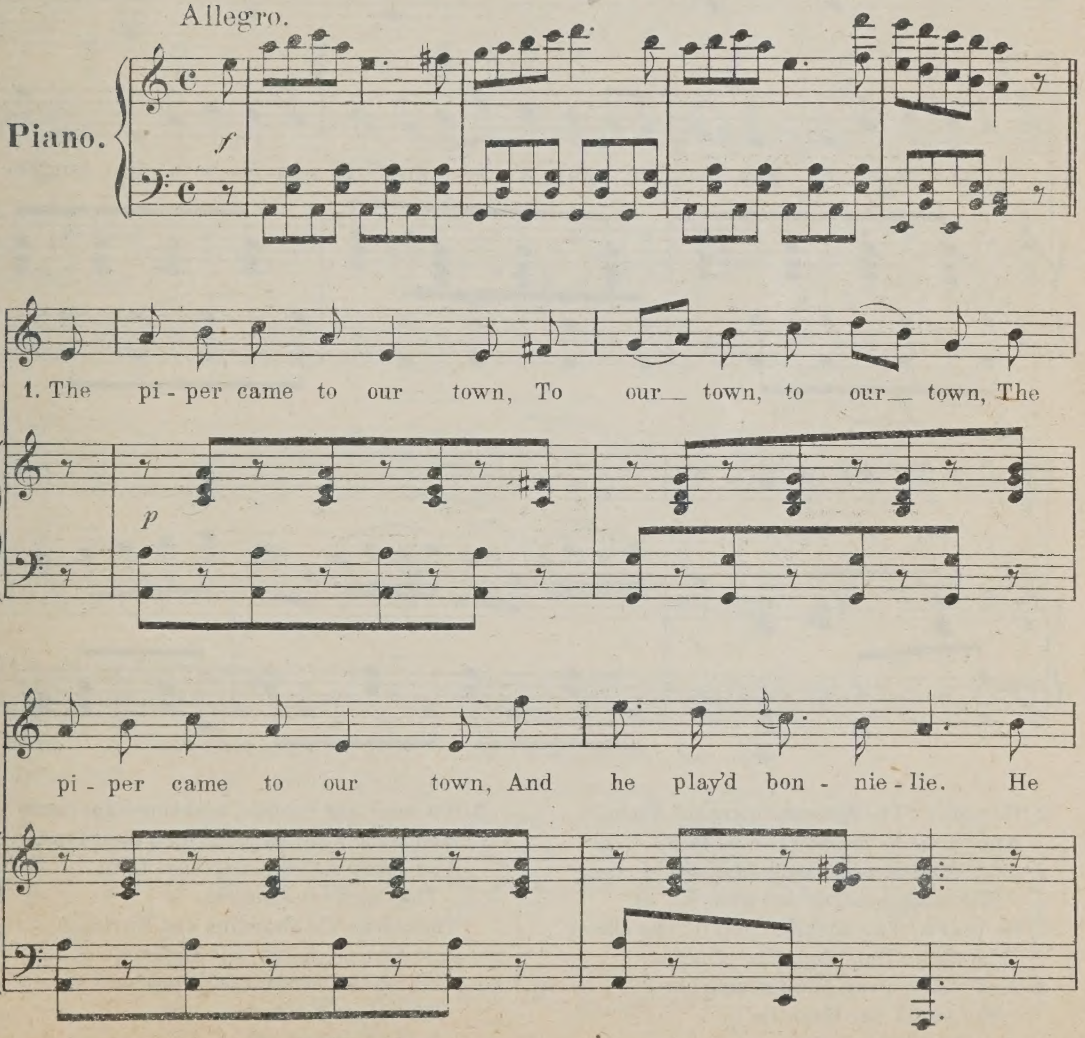

Piano.
mf
1. The Standard on the Braes o' Mar, Is
up and streaming rare - ly, The ga-th'ring pipe on Loch - na-gar Is
sound-ing loud and sair - ly, The Hie - land-men, frae hill an' glen Wi'
belt - ed plaids and glit-t'ring blades, Wi' bon-nets blue and hearts sae true, Are
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

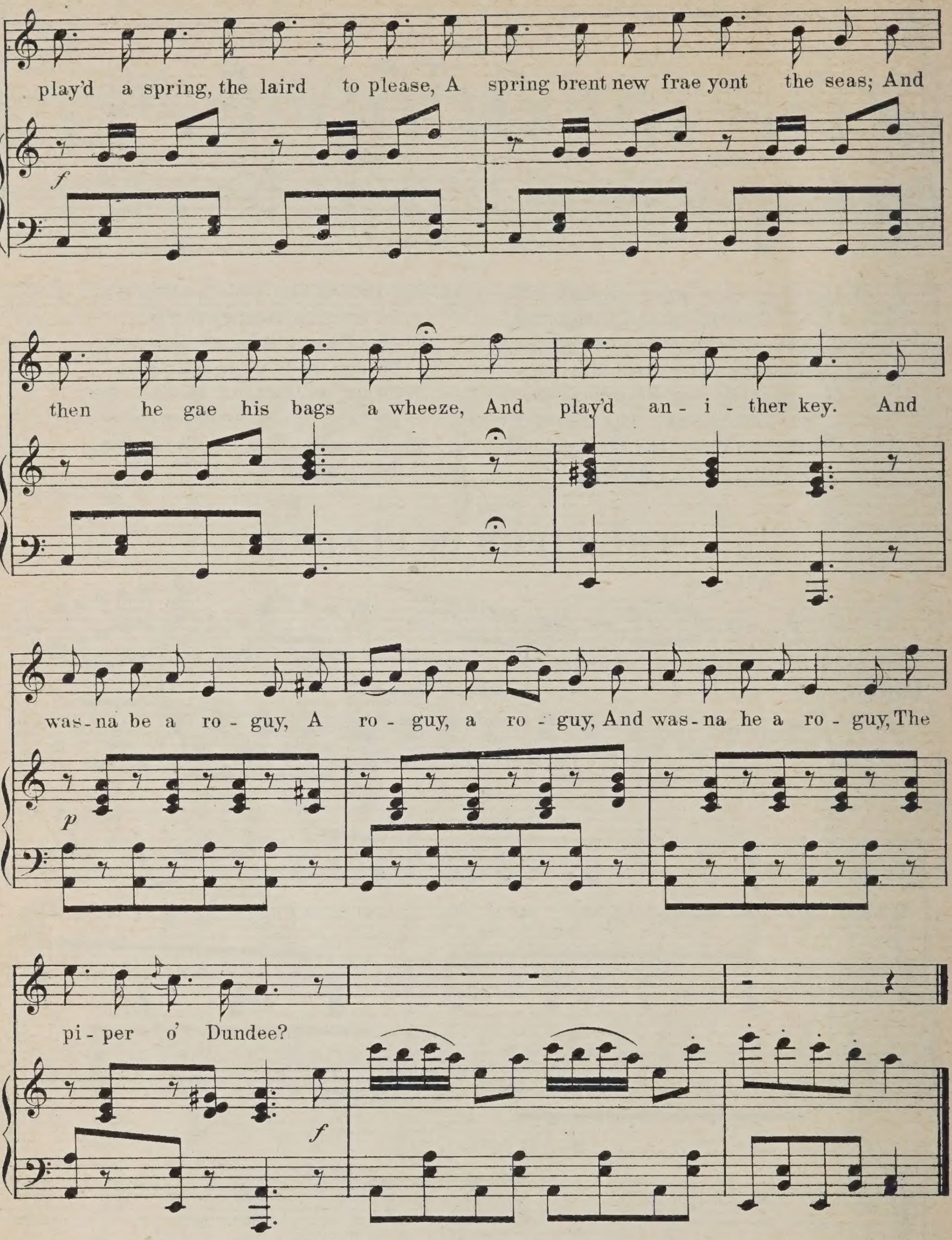

D.S. 𝄋
coming late and ear-ly.
a tempo
2. I
3. Our
D.S.
Ped.
Ped.

2. I saw our chief come ow'er the hill,
Wi' Drummond and Glengarry,
And thro' the pass came brave Lochiel,
Panmure and gallant Murray;
Mac Donald's men, Clan Ronald's men,
Mac Kenzie's men, Mac Gilvray's men,
Strathallan's men, the Lowland men,
O' Callander and Airley.

3. Our Prince has made a noble vow,
To free his country fairly,
Then wha would be a traitor now,
To ane we lo'e sae dearly?
We'll go, we'll go, an' seek the foe,
By land or sea, where'er they be,
Then man to man, and in the van,
We'll win or die for Charlie.

THE PIPER OF DUNDEE.

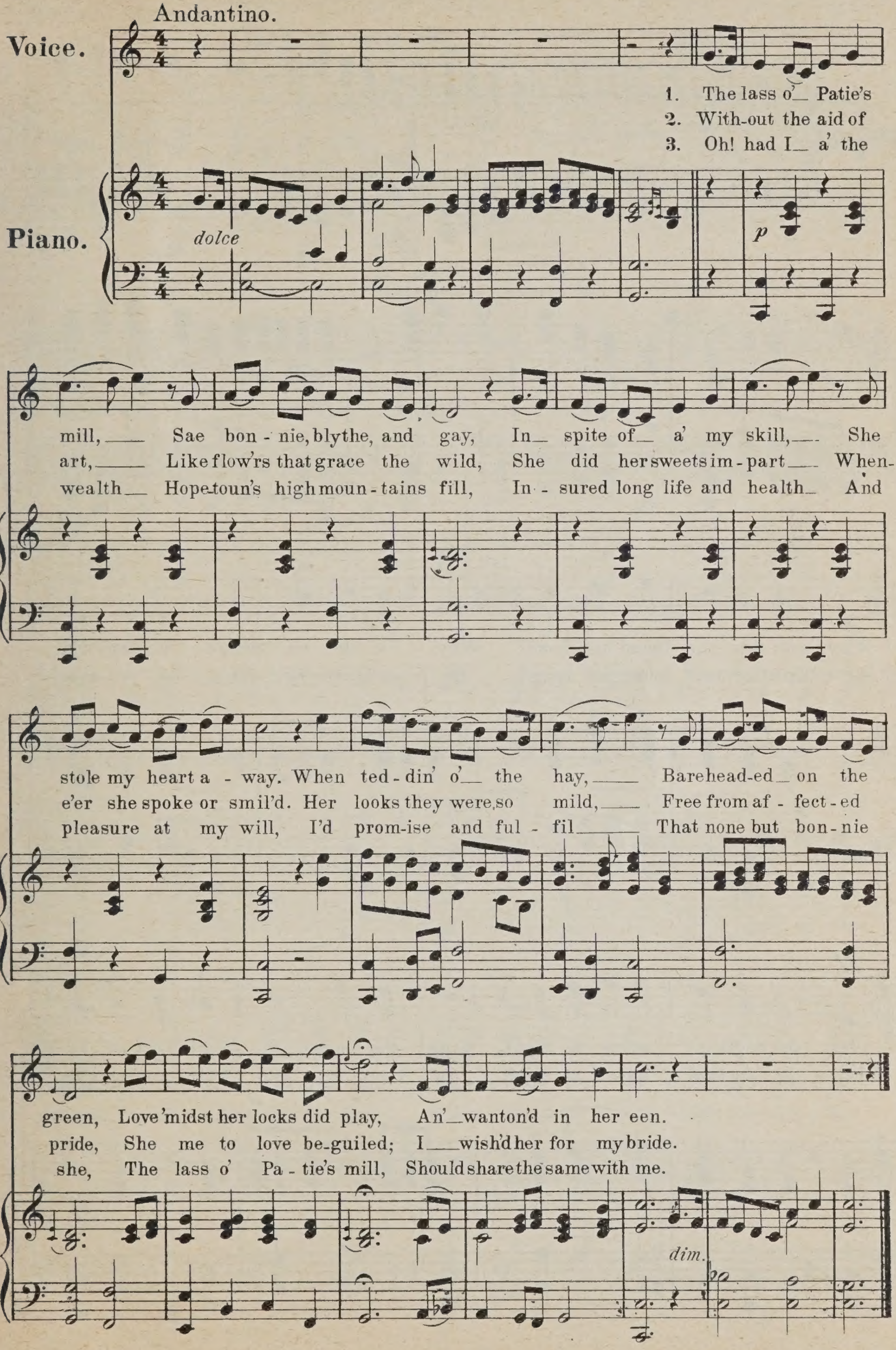

Allegro.
Piano.
f
1. The pi - per came to our town, To our__ town, to our__ town, The
p
pi - per came to our town, And he play'd bon - nie - lie. He


play'd a spring, the laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas; And
f
then he gae his bags a wheeze, And play'd an - i - ther key. And
was - na be a ro - guy, A ro - guy, a ro - guy, And was - na he a ro - guy, The
p
pi - per o' Dundee?
f

2. He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main,"
And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"
And "Auld Stuart's back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer,"
"The Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang away, but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.
And wasna, etc.

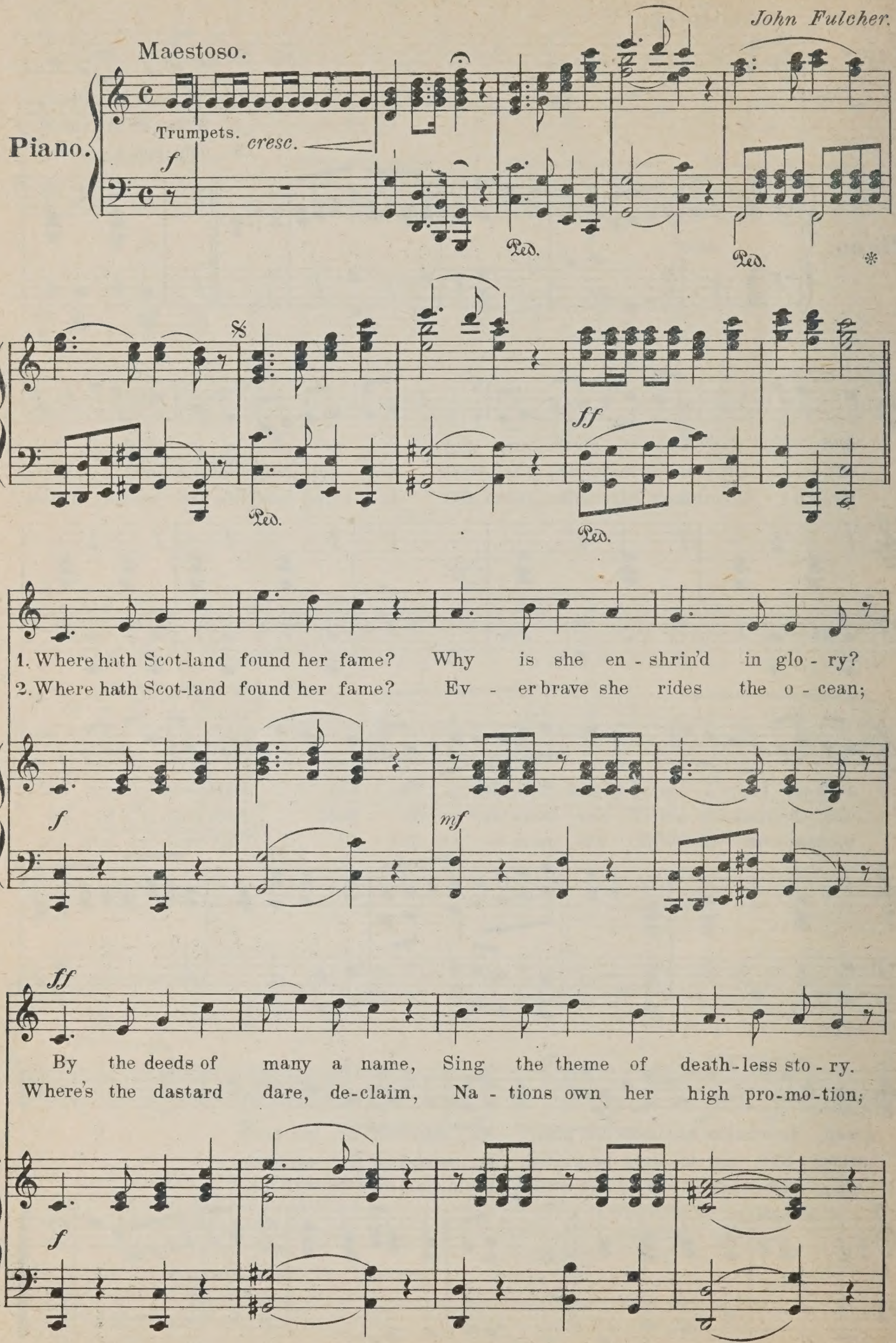
3. It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That nicht at Amulrie.
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee.
And wasna, etc.

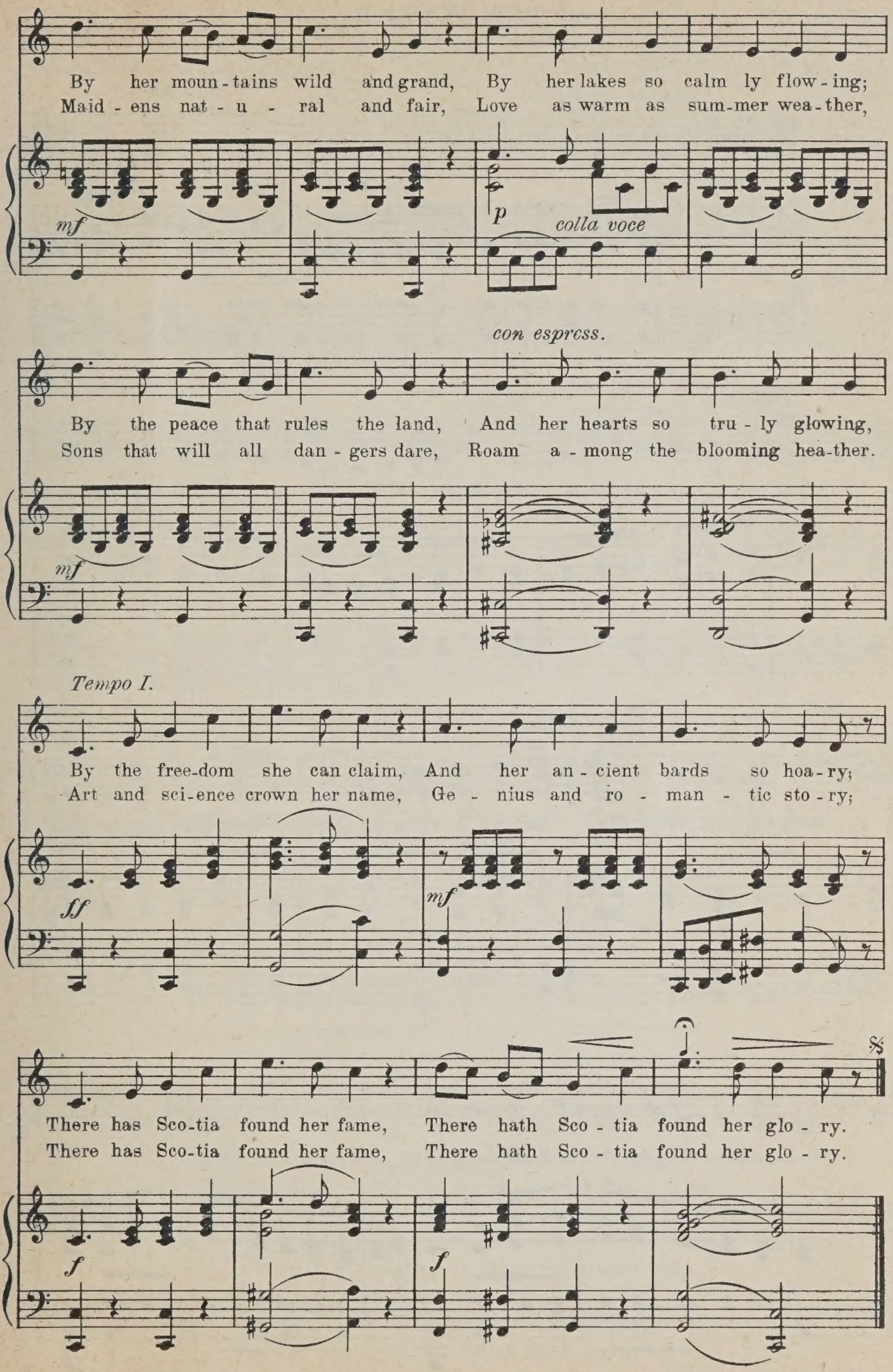
THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.


Andantino.
Voice.
Piano.
dolce
p
1. The lass o' Patie's
2. With-out the aid of
3. Oh! had I a' the
mill, Sae bon-nie, blythe, and gay, In spite of a' my skill, She
art, Like flow'rs that grace the wild, She did her sweets im-part When-
wealth Hope-toun's high moun-tains fill, In-sured long life and health And
stole my heart a-way. When ted-din' o' the hay, Barehead-ed on the
e'er she spoke or smil'd. Her looks they were so mild, Free from af-fect-ed
pleasure at my will, I'd prom-ise and ful-fil That none but bon-nie
green, Love 'midst her locks did play, An' wanton'd in her een.
pride, She me to love be-guiled; I wish'd her for my bride.
she, The lass o' Pa-tie's mill, Should share the same with me.
dim.

WHERE HATH SCOTLAND FOUND HER FAME.

John Fulcher.

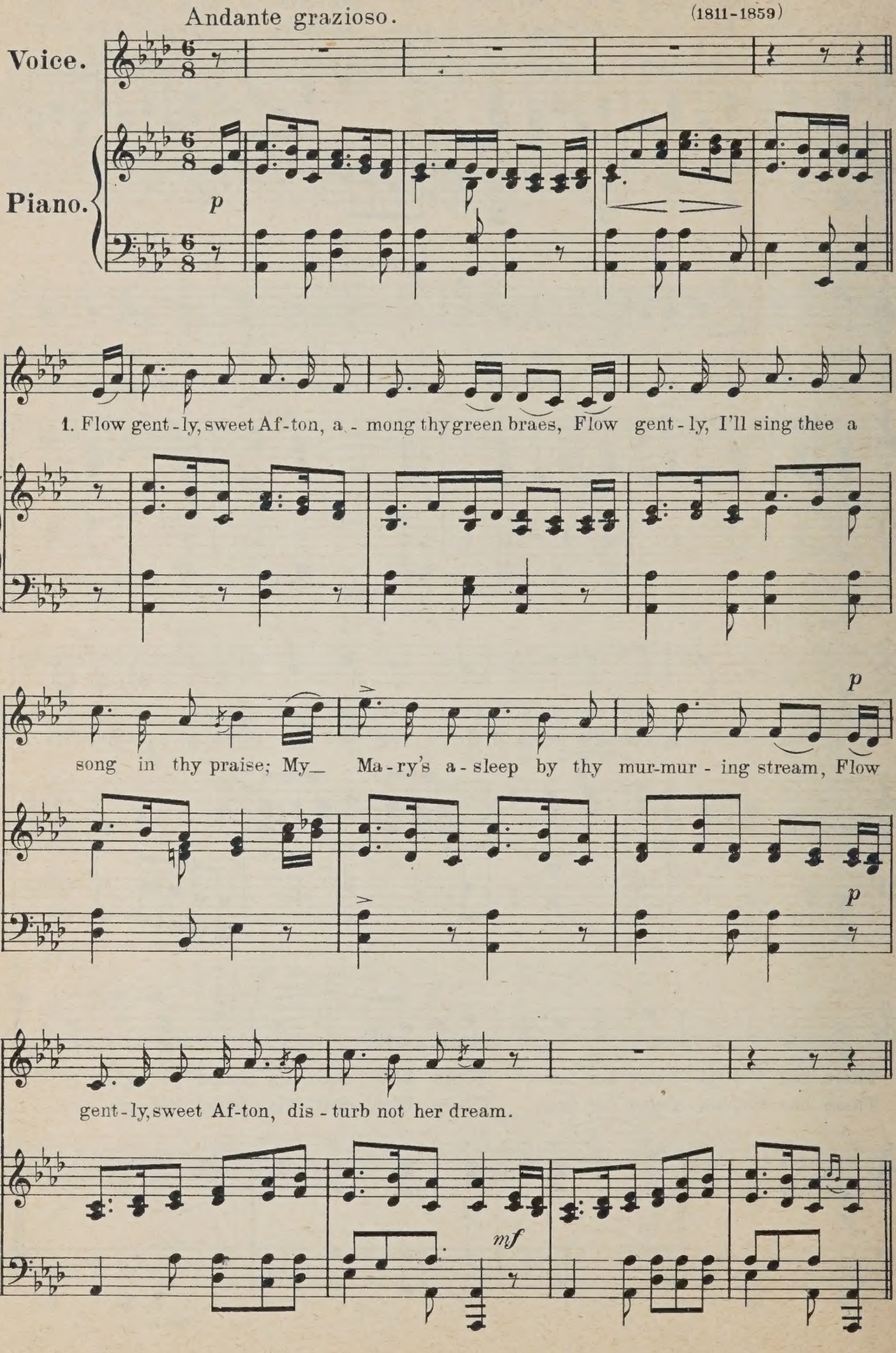

Maestoso.
Piano.
Trumpets.
cresc.
f
Ped.
ff
Ped.
1. Where hath Scot-land found her fame? Why is she en-shrin'd in glo-ry?
2. Where hath Scot-land found her fame? Ev-er brave she rides the o-cean;
f
mf
ff
By the deeds of many a name, Sing the theme of death-less sto-ry.
Where's the dastard dare, de-claim, Na-tions own her high pro-mo-tion;
f

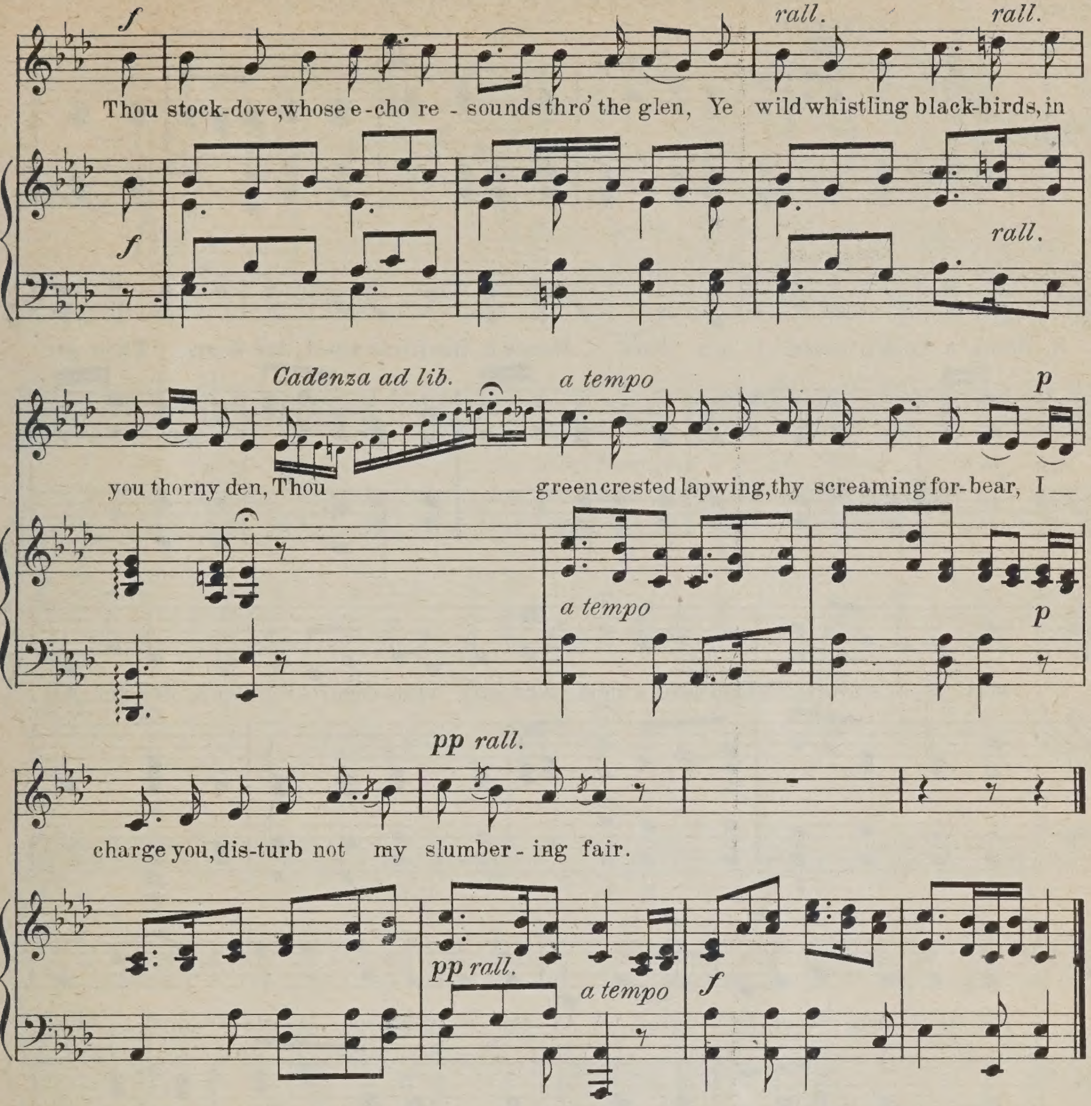

By her moun-tains wild and grand, By her lakes so calm ly flow-ing;
Maid-ens nat-u-ral and fair, Love as warm as sum-mer wea-ther,
mf
p
colla voce
con espress.
By the peace that rules the land, And her hearts so tru-ly glowing,
Sons that will all dan-gers dare, Roam a-mong the blooming hea-ther.
mf
Tempo I.
By the free-dom she can claim, And her an-cient bards so hoa-ry;
Art and sci-ence crown her name, Ge-nius and ro-man-tic sto-ry;
ff
mf
There has Sco-tia found her fame, There hath Sco-tia found her glo-ry.
There has Sco-tia found her fame, There hath Sco-tia found her glo-ry.
f
f

AFTON WATER.

Words by Burns. (Written in 1791)

Composed by Alexander Hume. (1811-1859)


Andante grazioso.
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes, Flow gent-ly, I'll sing thee a
song in thy praise; My__ Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow
p
p
gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.
mf

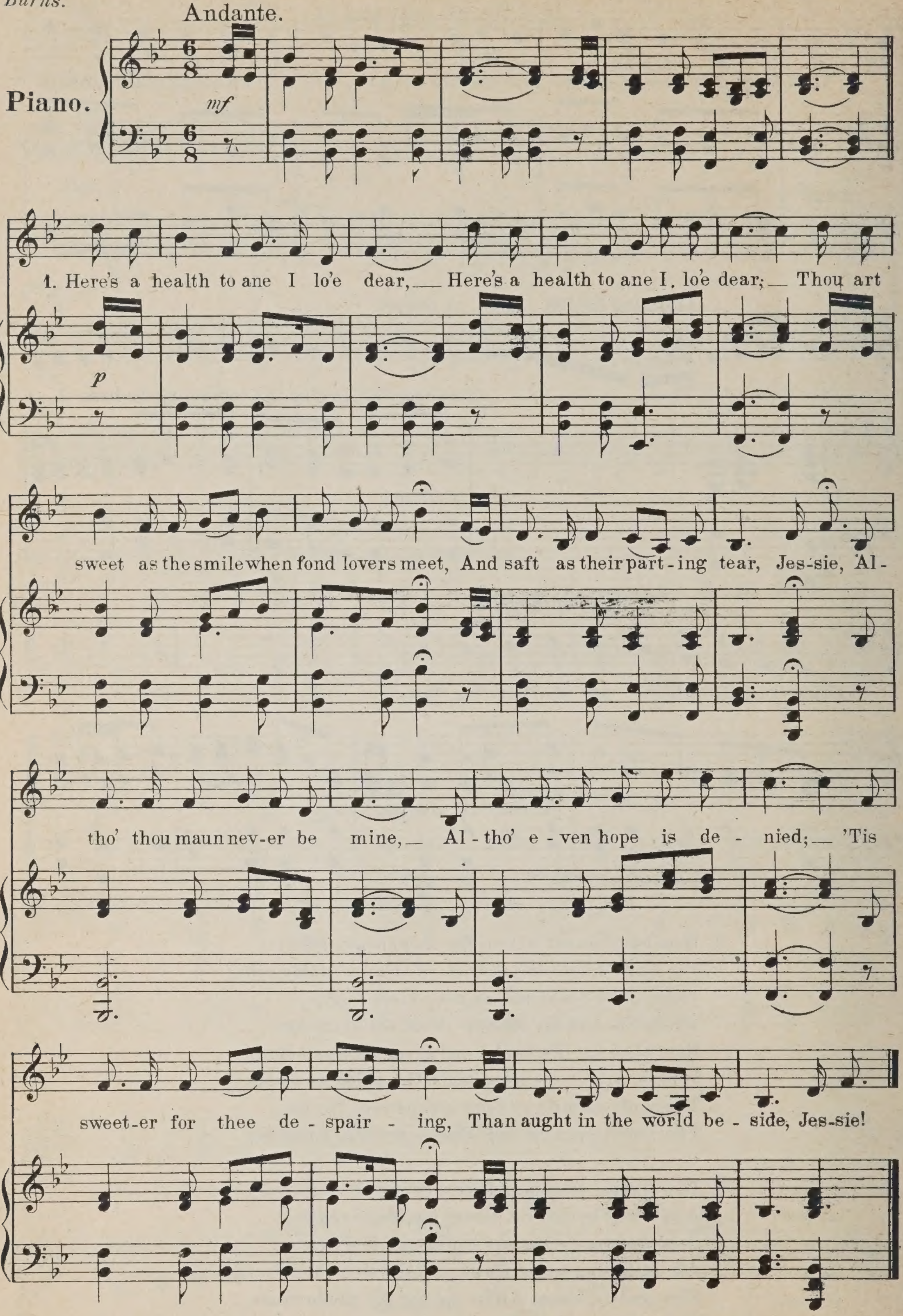

f
rall.
rall.
Thou stock-dove, whose e-cho re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whistling black-birds, in
f
rall.
Cadenza ad lib.
a tempo
p
you thorny den, Thou ——— green crested lapwing, thy screaming for-bear, I —
a tempo
p
pp rall.
charge you, dis-turb not my slumber - ing fair.
pp rall.
a tempo
f

2. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow!
There oft as mild ev'ning creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

3. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

Burns.

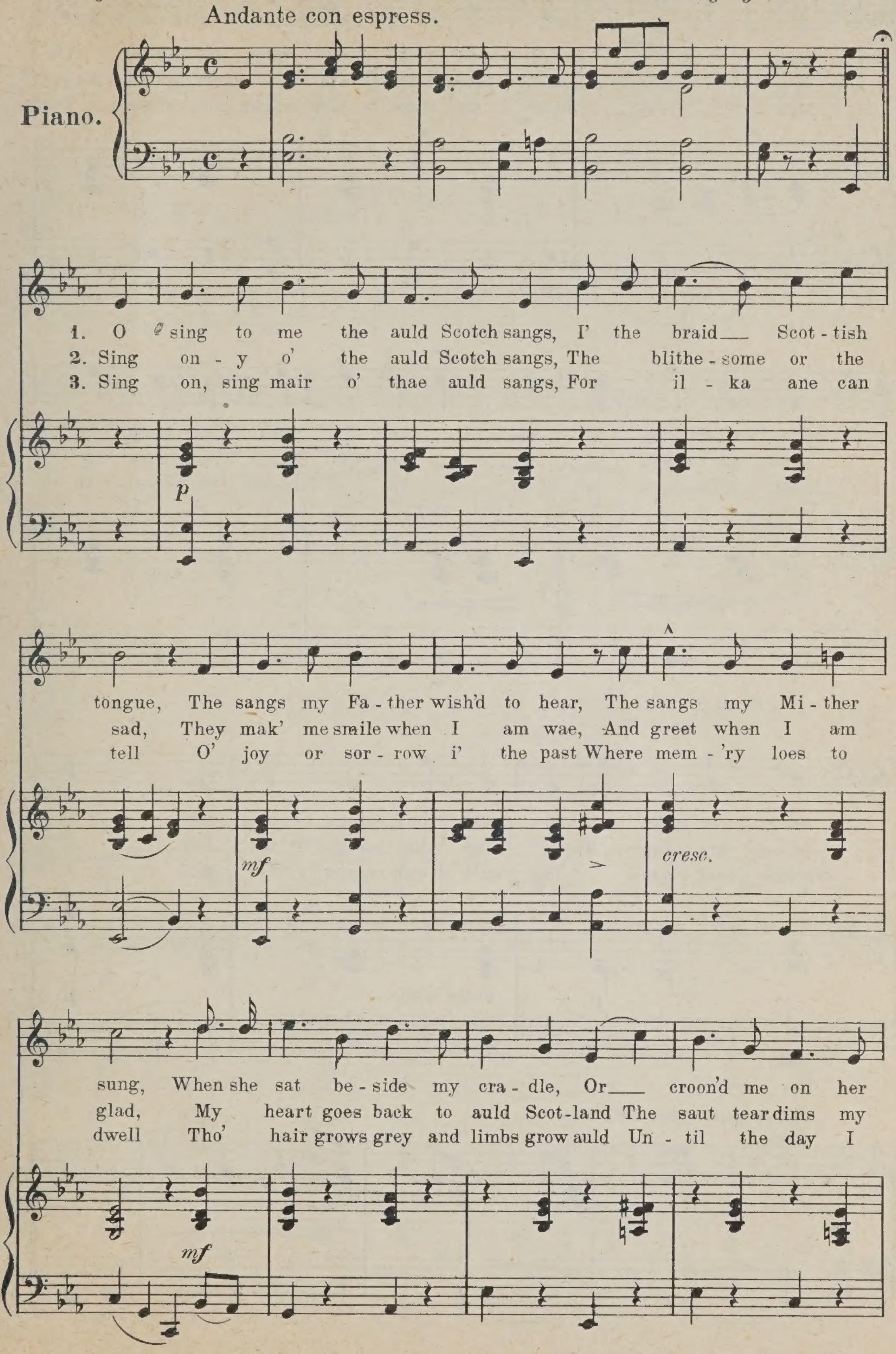

Andante.
Piano.
mf
p
1. Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, — Here's a health to ane I, lo'e dear; — Thou art
sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And saft as their part-ing tear, Jes-sie, Al-
tho' thou maun nev-er be mine, — Al-tho' e-ven hope is de-nied; — 'Tis
sweet-er for thee de-spair-ing, Than aught in the world be-side, Jes-sie!

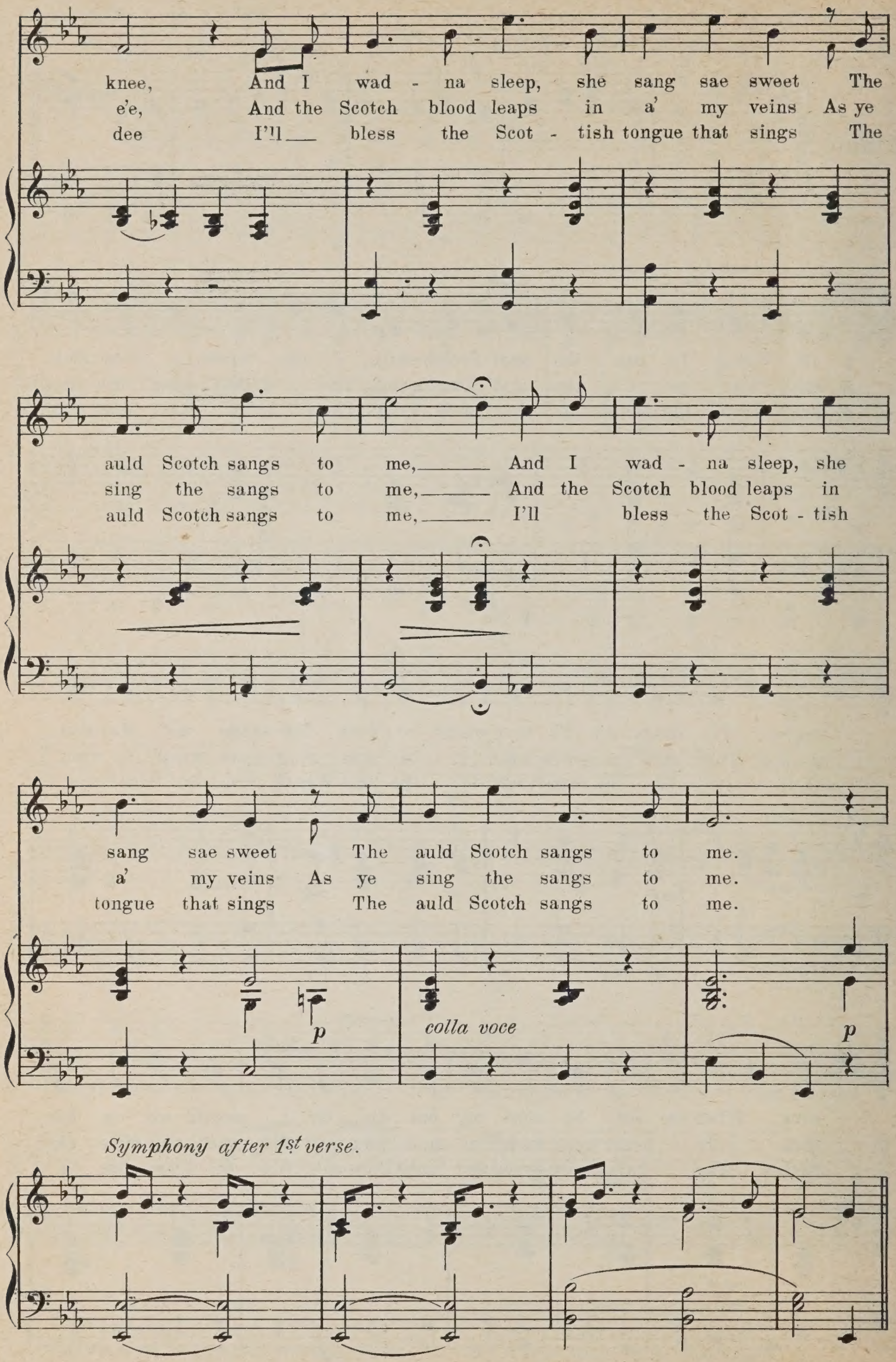
2. I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e; —
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree? — Jessie!

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

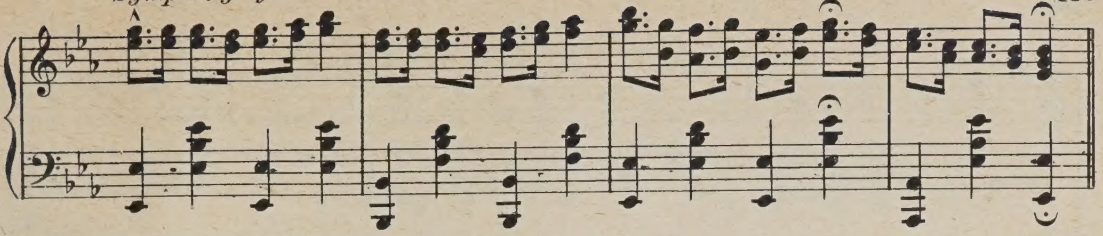
Words by Rev. Dr. Bethune. *Melody by J. F. Leeson.*


Andante con espress.
Piano.
1. O sing to me the auld Scotch sangs, I' the braid___ Scot - tish
2. Sing on - y o' the auld Scotch sangs, The blithe - some or the
3. Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs, For il - ka ane can
p
tongue, The sangs my Fa - ther wish'd to hear, The sangs my Mi - ther
sad, They mak' me smile when I am wae, And greet when I am
tell O' joy or sor - row i' the past Where mem - 'ry loes to
mf
cresc.
sung, When she sat be - side my cra - dle, Or___ croon'd me on her
glad, My heart goes back to auld Scot-land The saut tear dims my
dwell Tho' hair grows grey and limbs grow auld Un - til the day I
mf

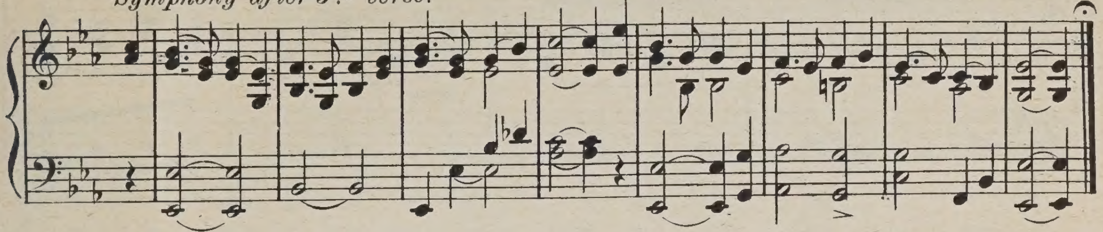

knee, And I wad - na sleep, she sang sae sweet The
e'e, And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins As ye
dee I'll___ bless the Scot - tish tongue that sings The
auld Scotch sangs to me,___ And I wad - na sleep, she
sing the sangs to me,___ And the Scotch blood leaps in
auld Scotch sangs to me,___ I'll bless the Scot - tish
sang sae sweet The auld Scotch sangs to me.
a' my veins As ye sing the sangs to me.
tongue that sings The auld Scotch sangs to me.
p
colla voce
p

Symphony after 1st verse.

Symphony after 2nd verse.



Symphony after 3rd verse.

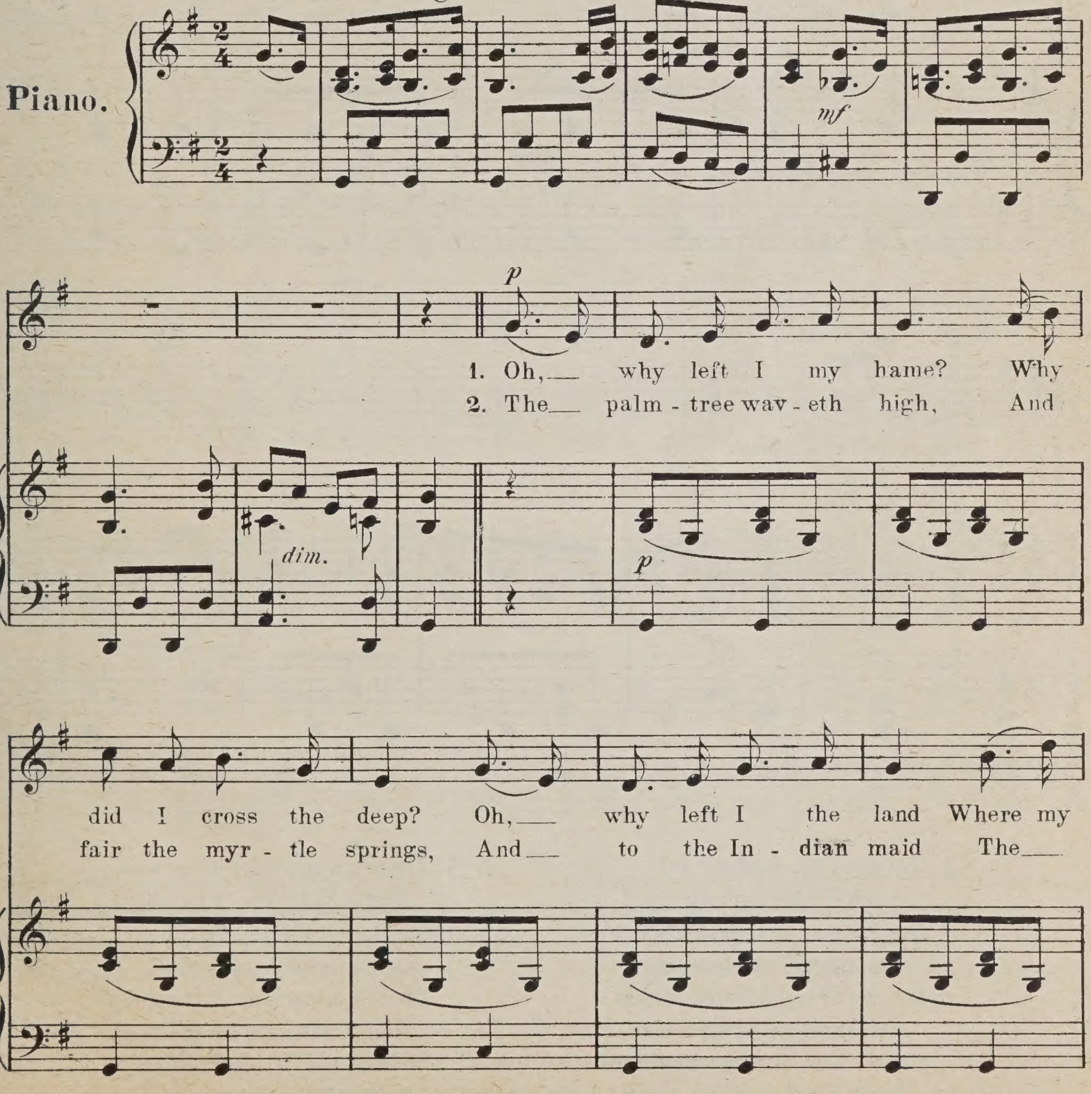


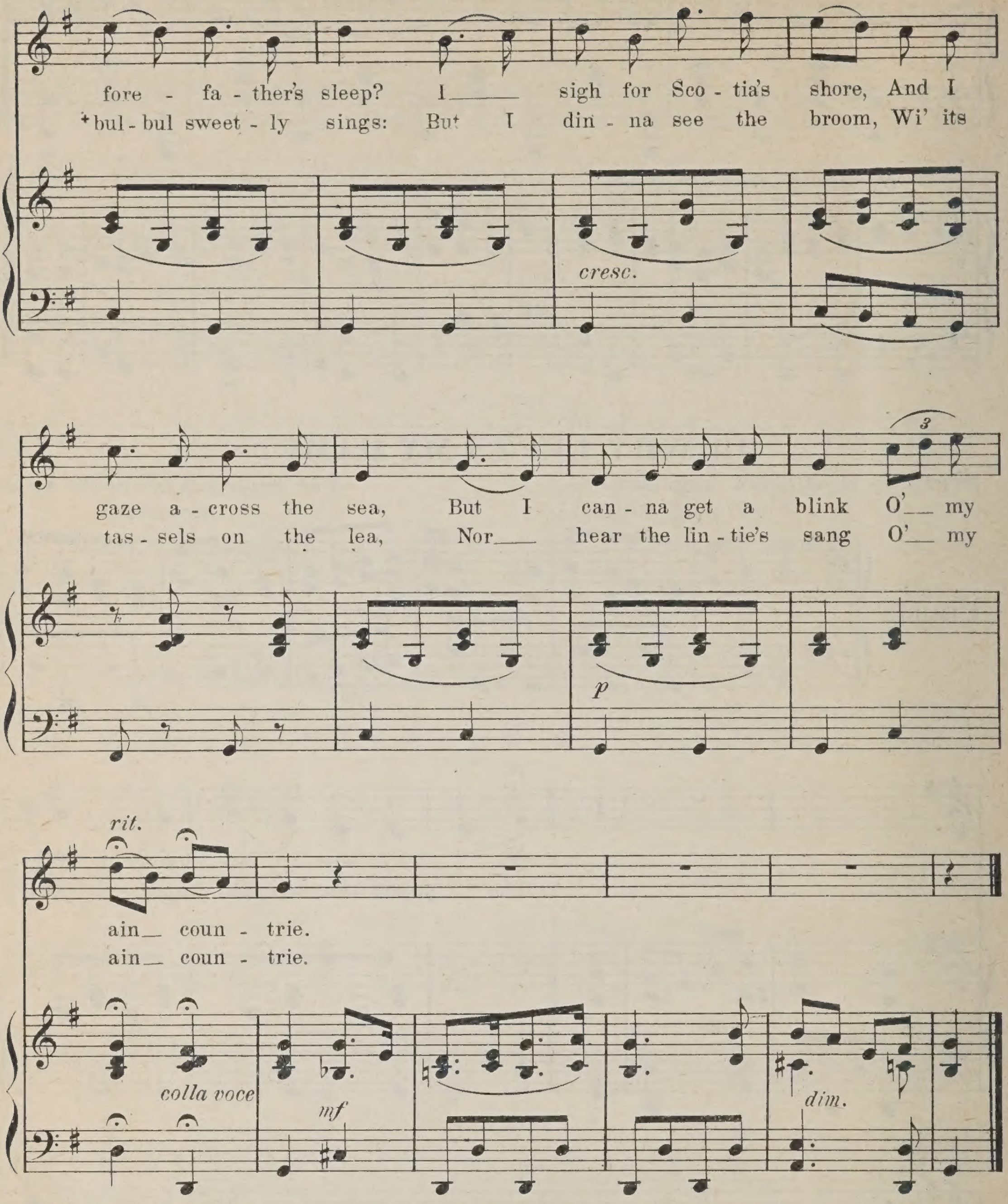
OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

Written by R. Gilfillan. (1798-1850)

The melody by Peter Mc Leod. (1797-1859)

Slow, with feeling.


Piano.
mf
p
dim.
p
1. Oh,__ why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh,__ why left I the land Where my
2. The__ palm-tree wav-eth high, And fair the myr-tle springs, And__ to the In-dian maid The__


fore - fa - ther's sleep? I___ sigh for Sco - tia's shore, And I
*bul - bul sweet - ly sings: But I din - na see the broom, Wi' its
cresc.
gaze a - cross the sea, But I can - na get a blink O'__ my
tas - sels on the lea, Nor___ hear the lin - tie's sang O'__ my
3
p
rit.
ain__ coun - trie.
ain__ coun - trie.
colla voce
mf
dim.

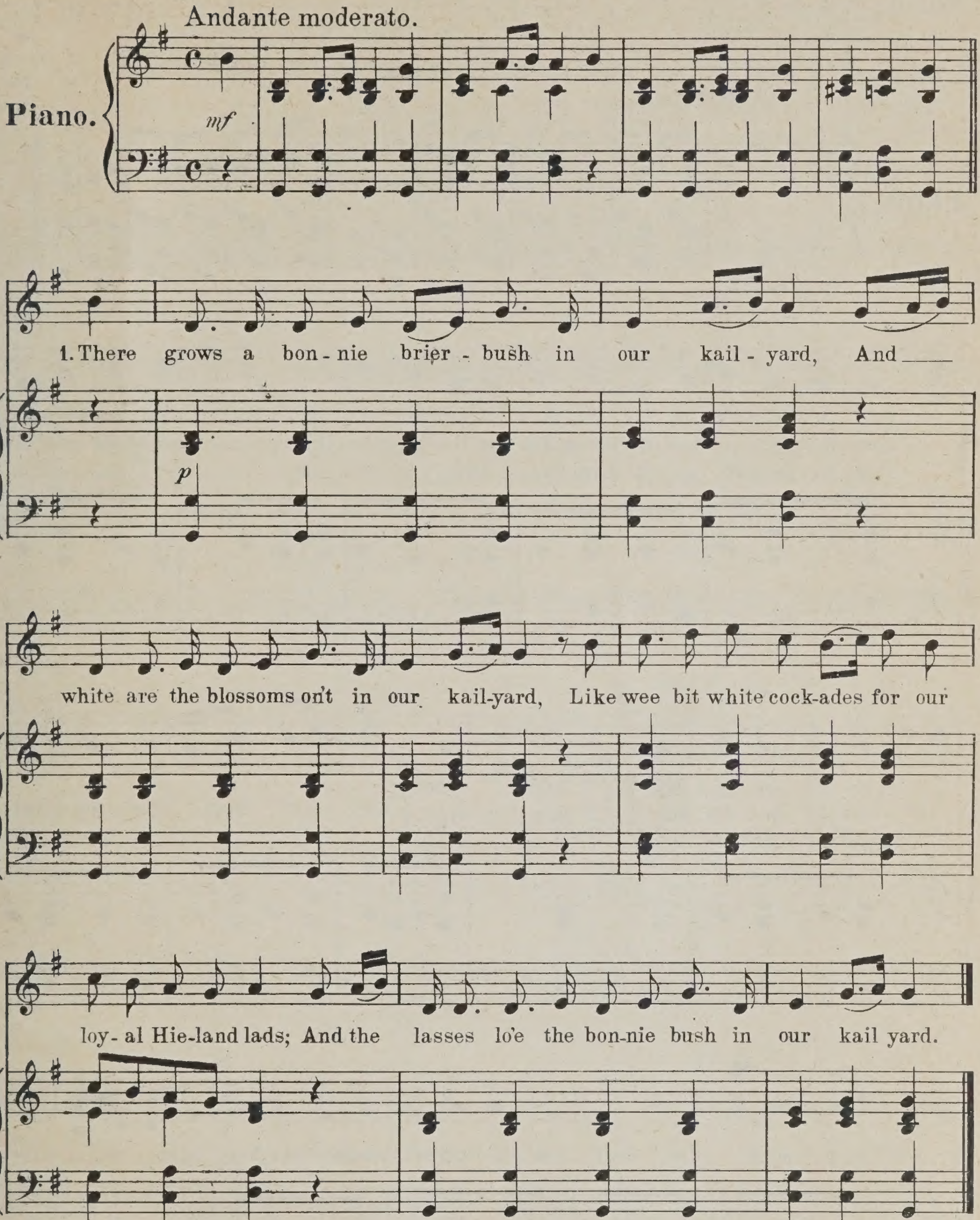
*) The Indian Nightingale.

3. Oh! here no sabbath bell
   Awakes the sabbath morn,
Nor song of reaper's heard
   Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
   And the wail of slaverie:
But the sun of freedom shines
   In my ain countrie.

4. There's a hope for ev'ry woe,
   And a balm for ev'ry pain,
But the first joys of our heart
   Come never back again
There's a track upon the deep,
   And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
   To their ain countrie.

THE BONNIE BRIER-BUSH.

Anonymous.


Andante moderato.
Piano.
mf
p
1. There grows a bon-nie brier-bush in our kail-yard, And___
white are the blossoms on't in our kail-yard, Like wee bit white cock-ades for our
loy-al Hie-land lads; And the lasses lo'e the bon-nie bush in our kail yard.

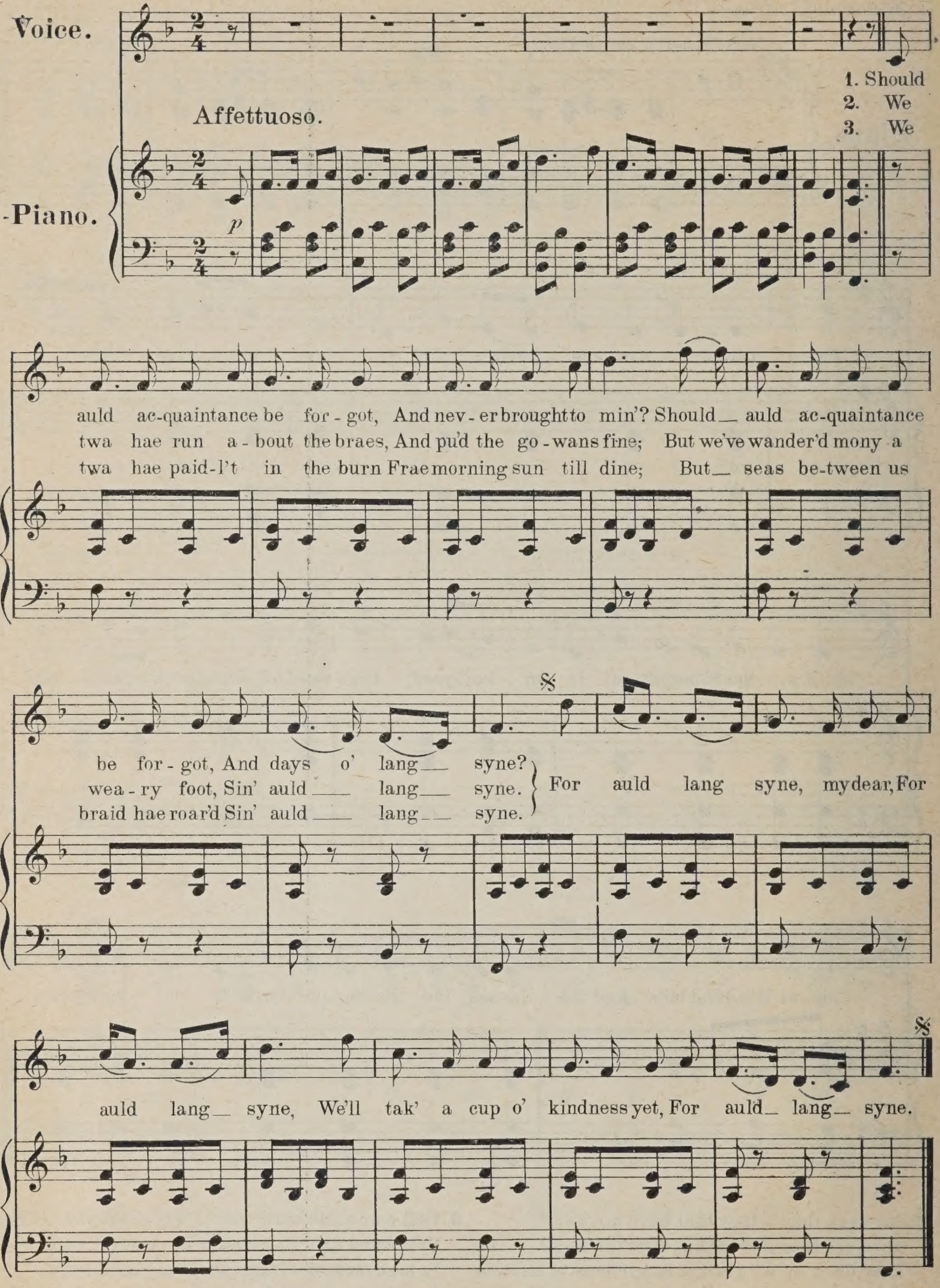
2. But were they a' true that were far awa'?
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

3. Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green;
Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

4. He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee;
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Words by Burns. (Written in 1788) *Air "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas"*(1759-1796)


Voice.
Affettuoso.
-Piano.
p
1. Should
2. We
3. We
auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to min'? Should auld ac-quaintance
twa hae run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the go-wans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
twa hae paid-l't in the burn Frae morning sun till dine; But seas be-tween us
be for-got, And days o' lang syne?
wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
braid hae roar'd Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

4. And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

5. And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
As surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kirdness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

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Heaven is My Home	Sauvage.
He Was Despised	Handel.
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say	Rathbun.
I'm a Pilgrim	Ashford.
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say	Harriss.
If With All Your Hearts	Mendelssohn.
I Know that My Redeemer Liveth	Handel.
Just As I Am	Cutter.
Just As I Am	Danks.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul	MacDougall.
Keep Us, Saviour, Day by Day	Sankey.
Lord, Whom My Heart holds Dear	Hiller.
Lord is King (The)	Coombs.
My God and Father While I Stray	Marston.
My Shepherd	Lynes.
No Night There	Danks.
Not Ashamed of Christ	Danks.
Nazareth	Gounod.
Ninety and Nine (The)	Campion.
Not a Sparrow Falleth	Gilbert.
Only Tired	White.
O Lord, Correct Me	Handel.
Oh That Will Be Glory	Gabriel.
O Rest in the Lord	Mendelssohn.
Prayer	Hiller.
Resurrection (The)	Shelley.
Singing in God's Acre	Bartlett & Vannah
Star of the East	Kennedy.
Sweet Bye and Bye	Webster.
Song of Heaven and Homeland	Sankey.
Thy Will Be Done	Wolcott.
There's a Beautiful Land on High	Taylor.
There is a Land My Eyes Hath Seen	Crowninshield.
When I Can Read My Title Clear	Thomas.

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